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MASTERS IN LITERATURE

BY

ROBERT F. SAVAGE

EDITOR OF
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PREFACE

This volume has been prepared principally for those who are taking up a systematic study of English Literature for the first time. The aim has been to show in simple, brief, and, it is hoped, interesting manner the successive developments in our literature's history, and to give our great writers their proper historical setting.

In a volume such as this it is obviously impossible, even if it were desirable, to include all the authors of eminence in each of the various periods. Those writers, however, of whom biographical and critical notices are given will be found sufficiently representative of the literary tendency of their time, and the extracts of prose and verse so freely supplied throughout are included as fairly illustrative of each author's genius and style of writing.

An endeavour has been made to secure a sense of unity or completeness in each extract selected, and the shorter poems, letters, and essays are in themselves complete.

The general aim of the work has been to stimulate in the minds of young readers a more intelligent literary interest, and to awaken a more sympathetic understanding of the individual thought and literary expression of our great writers.

Thanks are due to the following publishers for the use of copyright matter, viz., Messrs Cassell & Co., Ltd., for the extract from *Treasure Island*, by R. L. Stevenson, and Messrs Macmillan & Co., Ltd., for passages from the *Short History of the English People*, by J. R. Green, and from *Lay Sermons, Addresses, and Reviews*, by T. H. Huxley.

R. F. S.

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MASTERS IN LITERATURE

OLD ENGLISH PERIOD

Cædmon.—Native English literature first flourished in Northumbria, and Whitby was "the cradle of English poetry." There, in the minster of the Abbess Hilda, a house connected with the Keltic monastery of Lindisfarne, Cædmon turned into English verse the story of the Bible. This he did so well that Hilda and the monks felt that this simple and unlettered man, who acted as neat-herd for the Abbey, had received the "divine gift of making songs." Cædmon's *Metrical Paraphrase of the Scriptures* remained in manuscript till the year 1605, when it was printed for the first time—almost a thousand years after it had been written.

Bede.—Farther north, and a little later in time, there lived in the monastery of Jarrow-on-Tyne, the Venerable Bede, or Baeda. He was famed far and near for his scholarship and his blameless life. He wrote in Latin an *Ecclesiastical History of Britain*, and just before he died he finished a translation into English of the *Gospel according to St John*.

King Alfred the Great.—Forty years or so after the death of the Venerable Bede, the heathen Danes raided the Northumbrian coasts mercilessly. Schools and monasteries were destroyed, manuscripts burned, and teachers and scholars killed or driven to a safer home farther south. Alfred the Great not only saved his own kingdom, he provided a shelter for literature in Wessex. He founded schools and monasteries, and invited learned men from other lands to help him. Latin books were translated into the English of Wessex, which became in a sense the literary language of England.

Alfred's own translations included Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*, *Consolations of Philosophy* (a favourite work in the Middle Ages) by Boethius, and the *Chronicles of Orosius*, the chief work in general history at the time and for long after. Alfred also rewrote and extended the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, which had been designed by monks long before to give the history of passing events. Alfred's description of the events of his own times is "a splendid piece of writing," and entitles him to a place in our literature as well as in our history. His writing is the earliest English prose now extant.

The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle was continued for a hundred years after the Norman Conquest, and is, as Dr Sweet calls it, "a perfect model of Old English prose."

Ælfric.—The only other Old English writer of importance was Ælfric, who lived about Dunstan's time. He wrote a series of *Homilies*, and *Lives of the Saints*. He also translated into simple, free-flowing English a large part of the Old Testament.

MIDDLE ENGLISH PERIOD

1. ANGLO-NORMAN PERIOD

In 1066, England was conquered by the Normans, who were near kinsmen of the Danes, and who had been settled in the north of France for about a century and a half. There they had adopted the speech of the French, and when the Normans came to England, French became the official language and the language of all the upper classes. English became "a mere peasants' dialect," and the literary supremacy of Wessex English was destroyed.

Roger Bacon and other writers on science used the Latin tongue, but most of the romance literature was written in French.

In course of time the two races—Norman and English—became fused, and the struggle between the languages ended in the triumph of English. In 1258, English was employed officially, and about a hundred years later the use of English was allowed in schools.

When English at last took its rightful place in the united nation, there was a vigorous revival of the national literature. Early in the thirteenth century three remarkable books were written in English, viz., the *Brut*, the *Ormulum*, and the *Ancren Riwle*.

The Brut.—A Welsh priest, Geoffrey of Monmouth, collected and wrote down in Latin a great many fanciful legends, that professed to tell the story of Britain from the coming of Brutus, the great-grandson of Æneas of Troy, whom these myths represented as the founder of the British race and nation. This collection—*Historia Britonum*—has formed what has been termed "a corner-stone of romance."

A French trouvère, named Wace, translated the *Historia Britonum* into French verse, and styled his poem *Le Brut d'Angleterre*.

Then Layamon, an English priest, made an English paraphrase of Wace's work, and added thereto so much from Bede and Alfred the Great that the work was twice as long as formerly. Layamon's *Brut* contains the stories to be found in *King Lear* and *Cymbeline*, and the history of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. Many tales have flowed from this poem as fountain head. The stately prose romance of Malory, *Morte d'Arthur*, and Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* are both founded on this work.

The Ormulum is a collection of metrical homilies intended to explain the portion of the Scriptures appointed to be read throughout the year. It was written about 1215 by an Augustinian monk named Ormin, to instruct the people in the "Gospel's holy teaching."

The Ancren Riwle, or Rule of the Anchoresses or Nuns, was written for the guidance and comfort of a sisterhood of three ladies of noble birth who wished to live a religious life in Dorset. Professor Sweet calls this work "one of the most perfect models of simple, natural, eloquent prose in our language."

2. THE AGE OF CHAUCER

The New English.—The Norman-French conquest of England resulted in the infusion of thousands of French words — really Latin words "once removed" — into the vocabulary of English. English sentences became simpler, more direct, and more easily understood. Alliteration, too, which was the chief characteristic of Old English verse, gave place to the metre now in use.

The Travels of Sir John Mandeville.—The first book in prose of the new English was *The Travels of Sir John Mandeville*, written by an author about whose identity there is great uncertainty. The original work was in French, and consisted of a collection of travellers' tales from Marco Polo and other sources. It was very popular, and is valuable as showing the standard of culture and the widespread credulity of the people in the fourteenth century.

John Wycliffe (1324-1384) was the first to give a complete version of the Scriptures to the English people in the English tongue. This work and his preaching in the native tongue exerted an immense influence over the minds of the people, and prepared the way for the great change in religion two centuries later.

The following shows his rendering (spelling modernised) of a part of the story of the Prodigal Son :—

The Prodigal Son

A man had two sons; and the younger of them said unto his father, Father, give me a portion of the substance that falleth to me. And the father de-parted him his goods. And soon after this young son gathered all that fell to him, and went forth in pilgrimage into a far country; and there he wasted his goods, living in lechery. And after that he had ended all his goods, there fell a great hunger in that land, and he began to be needy. And he went out and cleaved to one of the citizens of that country, and this citizen sent him into his town to keep swine. And this son coveted to fill his belly with those *holes*[1] that the hogs eat, and no man gave him. And he, turning again, said, How many hinds in my father's house be full of loaves, and I perish here for hunger. I will rise, and go to my father, and say to him, Father, I have sinned in Heaven and before thee; now I am not worthy to be cleped[2] thy son, make me as one of thy hinds. And he rose and came to his father. And yet when he was far, his father saw him, and was moved by mercy, and running against his son, fell on his neck and kissed him. And the son said to him, Father, I have sinned in Heaven and before thee; now I am not worthy to be cleped thy son. And the father said to his servants anon, Bring ye forth the first stole, and clothe ye him, and give ye a ring in his hand, and shoon upon his feet. And bring ye a fat calf, and slay him, and eat we, and feed us; for this son of mine was dead, and is quickened again, and he was perished, and is found.

[1] *husks.* [2] *called.*

John Gower (-1408), "the moral Gower," besides works in Latin and French, wrote in English the *Confessio Amantis*, or *The Confessions of a Lover*. This was the first English poem to be translated into other languages.

John Barbour (1316-1395) was the first of a long line of Scottish poets. His chief poem, *The Brus*, celebrates the fortunes of Robert the Bruce in the riming couplets of eight syllables, which Sir Walter Scott has made famous.

The following from **The Brus** is often quoted:

A! fredome is a nobill thing!
Fredome mayss man to haiff liking! *makes*
Fredome all solace to man giffis; *gives*
He levys at ess that frely levys! *lives*
A noble hart may haiff nane ese,
Na ellys nocht that may him plese, *else*
Gyff fredome failythe: for fre liking
Is yearnyt our all other thing. *desired*

William Langland (1332-1400) wrote the last important poem in alliterative verse, viz., *Piers Plowman*. In it he denounced the sins of society, and encouraged men to seek a higher life. He was the poet of the poor, and wrote in a homely English dialect which all classes could understand.

Geoffrey Chaucer (1340-1400)

The first great figure in English poetry—the first English poet to be recognised on the Continent of Europe as great—was Geoffrey Chaucer. He was the first, too, to go direct to Nature as the source of his inspiration, and it was he whose writings fixed the national literary language of our country. "England took rank among the foremost literary countries when she produced Chaucer."

He was the son of a prosperous wine merchant, was trained at Court, and travelled in foreign lands. He became a diplomatist, and was sent by the king on no fewer than seven missions abroad. In 1386 he was made Knight of the Shire for Kent. On the downfall of his patron, John of Gaunt, Chaucer was dismissed from all his offices, and his last days were spent in comparative poverty. When he died

in 1400 he was buried in Westminster Abbey, being the first of that long list of poets who have been laid to rest in the Poets' Corner.

Chaucer's fame rests mainly on the *Canterbury Tales.* Being about to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, he passes the night at the Tabard hostelry in Southwark. The inn is filled with a crowd of pilgrims of all ages and of both sexes, bound like himself for Canterbury. They all ride forth next morning under the genial guidance of Harry Bailey, the innkeeper, who had proposed that they should enliven the journey by telling stories on the way.

The best of the *Canterbury Tales* (which Chaucer did not live to finish according to his plan), are:

The Knight's Tale: the story of Palamon and Arcite.

The Man of Law's Tale: the story of Constance.

The Squire's Tale: the story of Canacé, which Chaucer left "half told."

The Clerk's Tale: the story of Griselda—one of the best tales of "love and duty" in the whole field of literature.

The *Prologue* to the *Canterbury Tales* is Chaucer's finest work. It is a piece of vivid portrait-painting in words, in which we can read the social condition of England in the fourteenth century. The following excerpts from *The Canterbury Tales* are somewhat modernised in spelling:—

The Gathering at the Tabard Inn

Whenne that Aprilè with his show'rès sote, *sweet*
The drought of March hath piercèd to the root,
And bathèd every vein in such liquór *moisture*
Of which virtúe engendered is the flow'r;
When Zephirus eke with his sotè breath *also*
Inspirèd hath in every holt and heath *wood*
The tender croppès, and the youngè sun
Hath in the Ram his halfè course yrun,
And smallè fowlès maken melody, *birds*
That sleepen alle the night with open eye.
Befel, that in that season on a day,
In Southwark, at the Tabard, as I lay
Ready to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Canterbury with devout coúráge,

At night was come into that hostelry
Well nine and twenty in a company
Of sundry folk, by ádventure yfall
In fellowship, and pilgrims were they all,
That towárd Canterbury woulden ride.

The Host of the Tabard Inn

A seemly man our hostè was withal
For to have been a marshal in a hall.
A largè man he was, with eyen steep, *bright eyes*
A fairer burgess is there none in Cheap:
Bold of his speech, and wise and well ytaught;
And of manhóod him lackèd rightè nought.
Eke thereto was he right a merry man.

The Host's Proposal

Lordings, quod he, now hearkeneth for the best;
But take it not, I pray you, in disdain:
This is the point, to speak it plat and plain,
That each of you, to shorten with your way,
In this viáge shall tellen talès tway; *journey*
To Canterbury ward, I mean it so,
And homeward he shall tellen other two,
Of ádventures that whilom have befall.
And which of you that beareth him best of all,
That is to say, that telleth in this case
Talès of best senténce and most soláce,
Shall have a supper at your aller cost,
Here in this place, sitting by this post,
When that ye come again from Canterbury.

The Knight

A Knight there was, and that a worthy man,
That from the timè that he first began
To riden out, he lovèd chivalry,
Truth and honóur, freedom and courtesy.

Full worthy was he in his lordès war,
And thereto had he ridden, no man far', *farther*
As well in Christendom as in Heatheness:
And ever honour'd for his worthiness.

The Knight's Son

There was his son, a young Squiér,
A lover and a lusty bachelor,
With lockès curl'd as they were laid in press;
Of twenty year of age he was, I guess.
Of his statúre he was of even length,
And wonderly deliver,[1] and great of strength.
Embroidered was he, as it were a mead,
All full of freshè flow'res, white and red.
Singing he was, or floyting[2] all the day:
He was as fresh as is the month of May.
Short was his gown, with sleevès long and wide.
Well could he sit on horse, and fairè ride.
He couldè songès make, and well indite,[3]
Joust, and eke dance, and well pourtray,[4] and write.
Courteous he was, lowly, and serviceable,[5]
And carv'd before his father at the table.

The Yeoman

A yeoman had he, and servánts no mo,
At that time, for him lustè to ride so;
And he was clad in coat and hood of green;
A sheaf of peacock arrows, bright and keen,
Under his belt he bare full thriftily.
Well could he dress his tackle yeomanly:
His arrows droopèd not with feathers low,
And in his hand he bare a mighty bow.
A not-head had he, with a brown viság, *knob*
Of woodcraft could he well all the uságe.

[1] *active.* [2] *playing on the flute.* [3] *dictate or relate.*
[4] *draw.* [5] *willing to be of service.*

Upon his arm he bare a gay bracér,
And by his side a sword, and a buckèler,
And on that other side a gay daggére
Harnessed well, and sharp as point of spear.

The Prioress

There was also a nun, a Prioress,
That of her smiling was full simple and coy;
Her greatest oath was but by Saint Eloy;
And she was clepèd Madame Eglantine. *called*
Full well she sang the servicè divine,
Entunèd in her nose full sweetèly.
And French she spake full fair and fetisly, *neatly*
After the school of Stratford-atte-Bow;
For French of Paris was to her unknow.
At meatè was she well ytaught withal;
She let no morsel from her lippès fall;
Ne wet her fingers in her saucè deep.
Well could she carry a morsel, and well keep,
Thattè no drop ne fell upon her breast.
But for to speaken of her conscience,
She was so charitable and so piteous,
She wouldè weep if that she saw a mouse
Caught in a trap, if it were dead or bled.
Of smallè houndès had she, that she fed
With roasted flesh, and milk, and wastel bread.
But sorè wept she, if one of them were dead;
Or if men smote it with a yerdè smart.
And all was conscience and tender heart.

From *The Prologue.*

3. THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

During the fifteenth century no worthy successor to Chaucer appeared in England, but the period was rich in great events. The three epoch-making events of the century were the invention of printing, the discovery of America, and the revival of learning. As great events are

usually followed by brilliant achievements in literature, this century may be remembered as the seed-time of the Elizabethan harvest that followed.

The Invention of Printing had a profound influence on the development of literature. The pioneer of printing in England was William Caxton, a London mercer, who learned the new art at Bruges, and who printed in 1474 *The Recuyell of the Histories of Troy*, which was the first book to be printed in English. In 1476 he returned to London, and set up his press at Westminster, whence was issued the *Dictes and Sayings of Philosophers*, the first book to be printed in England. "The printing-press has been, and still is, the greatest instrument of education the world possesses."

James I. of Scotland.—The century and a half following the death of Chaucer was one of the richest and most prolific periods in the literary history of Scotland. Unlike the southern kingdom, Scotland had poets of a high order. These were the genuine successors of Chaucer. James I. of Scotland describes in *The King's Quair*, or Book, how from his prison window in London he saw Lady Jane Beaufort whom he afterwards wedded.

Bewailing in my chamber thus alone,
Despairèd of all joy and remedy,
Fortired[1] of my thought, and wo-begone,
And to the window gan I walk in hie,[2]
To see the world and folk that went forby[3];
As, for the time, though I of mirthès food
Might have no more, to look it did me good.

. . . . . .

And therewith cast I down mine eye again,
Where as I saw, walking under the Tower
Full secretly, new comen her to playn,[4]
The fairest and the freshest youngè flower
That ever I saw, methought, before that hour:
For which sudden abate[5] anon astart[6]
The blood of all my body to my heart.

. . . . . .

[1] *tired out.* [2] *haste.* [3] *past.*
[4] *amuse.* [5] *shock.* [6] *rushed.*

Of her array the form gif[1] I shall write,
Toward her golden hair, and rich attire,
In fretwise couchèd all with pearlès white,
And greatè balais[2] gleaming as the fire,
With many an emeraunt and fair sapphire;
And on her head a chaplet fresh of hue,
Of plumès parted red and white and blue;

All full of quaking spangles bright as gold,
Forgèd of shape like to the amorettes,[3]
So new, so fresh, so pleasant to behold;
The plumès eke like to the flower jonettes,[4]
And other of shape like to the round crokettes
And, above all this, there was, well I wot
Beauty enough to make a world to doat.

Henry the Minstrel (commonly known as Blind Harry) wrote a long rude poem on the exploits of *Wallace*. His lines are full of the fierce spirit of freedom and of hatred of his country's foes, the English.

William Dunbar (1465-1513), sometimes called the Chaucer of Scotland, was by far the greatest of the Scottish singers of the century. Educated at St Andrews University, he became a wandering friar of the Order of St Francis. In later life he won the favour of James IV., and was a member of the embassy sent to London in connection with the marriage of James and Henry VII.'s daughter, Margaret. In honour of this wedding he composed *The Thistle and the Rose*. His verse is strongly tinged with a "love of wild Nature for its own sake," and covers a wide variety of subjects.

Ballad Literature.—Probably the most popular literature of the later part of the Middle English Period consisted of the famous old ballads, whose wild charm has delighted listeners and readers all through the years. *The Battle of Otterbourne, Chevy Chase,* and *The Nut Brown Maid* belong to the fifteenth century. So does the group of ballads that centre

[1] *if.* [2] *rubies.* [3] *love-knots.* [4] *St John's wort.*

round Robin Hood. They are by unknown authors and show a love of Nature, of wild freedom, and of life in the open air. "The ballads owe no little of their merit to the countless riddlings, siftings, shiftings, omissions, and additions of innumerable reciters."

The Battle of Otterbourne

It fell about the Lammas tide,
When the muir-men win their hay,
The doughty Douglas bound him to ride
Into England, to drive a prey.

He chose the Gordons and the Græmes,
With them the Lindesays, light and gay,
But the Jardines wald not with him ride,
And they rue it to this day.

And he has burn'd the dales of Tyne,
And part of Bambrough shire;
And three good towers on Reidswire fells,
He left them all on fire.

And he march'd up to Newcastle,
And rode it round about;
"O wha's the lord of this castle,
Or wha's the lady o't?"

But up spake proud Lord Percy then,
And O but he spake hie!
"I am the lord of this castle,
My wife's the lady gay."

"If thou'rt the lord of this castle,
Sae weel it pleases me!
For, ere I cross the Border fells,
The tane of us shall dee."

He took a lang spear in his hand,
  Shod with the metal free,
And for to meet the Douglas there,
  He rode right furiouslie.

But O how pale his lady look'd,
  Frae aff the castle wa'.
When down before the Scottish spear
  She saw proud Percy fa'.

"Had we twa been upon the green,
  And never an eye to see,
I wad hae had you, flesh and fell;
  But your sword sall gae wi' me."

"But gae ye up to Otterbourne,
  And wait there dayis three;
And, if I come not ere three dayis end,
  A fause knight ca' ye me."

"The Otterbourne's a bonnie burn;
  'Tis pleasant there to be;
But there is nought at Otterbourne
  To feed my men and me.

"The deer rins wild on hill and dale,
  The birds fly wild from tree to tree;
But there is neither bread nor kale,
  To fend my men and me.

"Yet I will stay at Otterbourne,
  Where you shall welcome be;
And, if you come not at three dayis end,
  A fause lord I'll ca' thee."

"Thither will I come," proud Percy said,
  "By the might of Our Ladye!"
"There will I bide thee," said the Douglas,
  "My troth I plight to thee."

They lighted high on Otterbourne,
Upon the bent sae brown;
They lighted high on Otterbourne,
And threw their pallions down.

And he that had a bonnie boy,
Sent out his horse to grass;
And he that had not a bonnie boy,
His ain servant he was.

But up then spake a little page,
Before the peep of dawn—
"O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,
For Percy's hard at hand."

"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud!
Sae loud I hear ye lie:
For Percy had not men yestreen
To dight my men and me.

"But I have dreamed a dreary dream,
Beyond the Isle of Skye;
I saw a dead man win a fight,
And I think that man was I."

He belted on his guid braid sword,
And to the field he ran;
But he forgot the helmet good,
That should have kept his brain.

When Percy with the Douglas met,
I wat he was fu' fain!
They swakked their swords, till sair they swat,
And the blood ran down like rain.

But Percy, with his good broad sword,
That could so sharply wound,
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
Till he fell to the ground.

Then he called on his little foot-page,
And said, "Run speedilie,
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,
Sir Hugh Montgomery."

"My nephew good," the Douglas said,
"What recks the death of ane!
Last night I dream'd a dreary dream
And I ken the day's thy ain.

"My wound is deep; I fain would sleep;
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And hide me by the braken bush,
That grows on yonder lilye lee.

"O bury me by the braken bush,
Beneath the blooming brier,
Let never living mortal ken
That ere a kindly Scot lies here."

He lifted up that noble lord,
Wi' the saut tears in his ee;
He hid him in the braken bush,
That his merrie-men might not see.

The moon was clear, the day drew near,
The spears in flinders flew,
But mony a gallant Englishman
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons good, in English blood
They steep'd their hose and shoon;
The Lindsays flew like fire about,
Till all the fray was done.

The Percy and Montgomery met,
That either of other were fain;
They swapped swords, and they twa swat,
And aye the blood ran down between.

"Now yield thee, yield thee, Percy," he said,
"Or else I vow I'll lay thee low!"
"To whom must I yield," quoth Earl Percy,
"Now that I see it must be so?"

"Thou shalt not yield to lord or loun,
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;
But yield ye to the braken bush,
That grows upon yon lilye lee!"

"I will not yield to a braken bush,
Nor yet will I yield to a brier;
But I would yield to Earl Douglas,
Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were here."

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
He struck his sword's point in the gronde;
The Montgomery was a courteous knight,
And quickly took him by the honde.

This deed was done at Otterbourne
About the breaking of the day;
Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush,
And the Percy led captive away.

The recited ballad slowly disappeared with the invention and spread of printing. The courtly minstrel became a professional stroller, and was classed by the law as a vagabond or a beggar.

MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE

THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

Characteristics.—The chief things to be noted in the development of our literature during the sixteenth century are :—

(*a*) The English Renaissance with its revival of classical studies and the study of theology.
(*b*) The Reformation in England.
(*c*) The Rise of the English Drama.
(*d*) The Influence of Italian literature on that of England.

The Revival of Learning.—Constantinople had been from early times the home of Greek culture and religion. Its capture by the Turks in 1453 compelled the Greek scholars to seek retreats in the west. With their libraries of precious manuscripts, they gradually spread over most of Europe. Schools of learning were founded, and the study of letters revived in Italy, France, Spain, and elsewhere. There sprang up everywhere a passionate desire for knowledge. This Renaissance not only affected the literature of the time, but made the Reformation in the Church both necessary and possible.

John Colet, who founded St Paul's School, was the first in England to work for the revival of learning and religious reform. He was joined by Thomas More and Erasmus, and the small circle of Oxford scholars soon made their influence felt. The new learning opened up the greatest literature the world had ever seen, and seemed to clear off the gloom of the mediæval night.

The Reformation in England.—Previous to the sixteenth century, Western Christendom was united in one

Church—the Roman, or the "Holy Catholic" Church, of which the Pope or Bishop of Rome was the head. Following close on the invention of printing and the revival of learning came a series of national revolts against the rule of Rome. This strife involved ten generations in the turmoils of revolution, and was political as well as religious.

Martin Luther began the struggle in Germany. Henry VIII. was the first Protestant sovereign in England, and after a Catholic restoration in the reign of Queen Mary, Protestantism was firmly established in the reign of Elizabeth.

This Reformation movement, which was only "one wave in the advancing tide of civilisation," gave a powerful stimulus to national literature.

The Rise of the Drama in England.—The English drama had its beginnings somewhere in the eleventh century, when monks of the Roman Church put the story of the Bible into the form of rude plays, which they acted before the people. These were *Miracle Plays* and were designed to make the teaching of the monks more attractive and more easily understood.

At first only churchmen were allowed to take part in the presentment of the plays, but by and by the trades-guilds began to take part. In Chester, for example, the drapers presented the Creation, the Fall, and the Death of Abel, while other guilds of the city played different parts of the Bible story. During holiday times, the town might become one great open-air theatre for a whole week.

Somewhat later came the *Mystery Plays* which dealt with the lives of the Saints. At a still later date—some time in the reign of Henry VI.—came the *Morality Plays*, in which each of the players represented some virtue or vice, such as Envy, Happiness, Deceit. In this way they tried to teach the people the beauty of goodness and the hatefulness of sin.

By and by the people began to tire of these staged sermons—for they were little more—and to crave for something more entertaining and less tedious. This eventually resulted in the *Interlude*, which was a short amusing scene played just before or during some break in the performance of a religious play.

The first regular English *comedy, Ralph Roister Doister,* was written about the middle of the sixteenth century by Nicholas Udall, Headmaster of Eton, for the amusement of his pupils.

Shortly afterwards, the first English *tragedy* appeared. This was *The Tragedie of Gorboduc,* or *Ferrex and Porrex,* written by Sir Thomas Sackville, and printed in 1571.

Italian Influence.—Italy, which was the first home of the new learning in the west, also gave England a new model for her poetry. English writers from Chaucer to Shakespeare were mainly influenced by the literature of Italy. Lyrical poetry came from Italy, and our poets seized on the lyric and the sonnet to sing of "the joys and sorrows of their loves." The poetry was marked by the fresh buoyant spirit of the time.

Sir Thomas Malory is a writer of this period about whom we have no accurate record. We know, from Caxton, that he was a knight, and completed his great book *Morte d'Arthur* in 1470, which Caxton printed some fifteen years later. This collection of Arthurian romances is probably the most important English work of the time, more especially if we consider its influence on subsequent literature. Tennyson, Swinburne, and Morris have all drawn upon this rich source of inspiration.

How Balin le Savage met and fought with his Brother Balan till they were both wounded to Death

Then afore him he saw come riding out of a castle a knight, and his horse trapped all red, and himself in the same colour. When this knight in the red beheld Balin him thought it should be his brother Balin by cause of his two swords, but by cause he knew not his shield he deemed it was not he. And so they aventryd[1] their spears and came marvellously fast together, and they smote each other in the shields, but their spears and their course were so big that it bare down horse and man that they lay both in a swoon.

[1] *couched.*

But Balin was bruised sore with the fall of his horse, for he was weary of travel. And Balan was the first that rose on foot and drew his sword, and went towards Balin, and he arose and went against him; but Balan smote Balin first, and he put up his shield and smote him through the shield and tamyd[1] his helm. Then Balin smote him again with that unhappy sword, and well nigh had felled his brother Balan, and so they fought together till their breaths failed. Then Balin looked up to the castle and saw the towers stand full of ladies. So they went unto battle again, and wounded each other dolefully, and then they breathed ofttimes, and so went unto battle that all the place there as they fought was blood red.

And at that time there was none of them both but they had either smitten other seven great wounds, so that the least of them might have been the death of the mightiest giant in this world. Then they went to battle again so marvellously that doubte[2] it was to hear of that battle for the great blood shedding, and their hauberks unnailed that naked they were on every side.

At last Balan the younger brother withdrew him a little and laid him down. Then said Balin le Savage, What knight art thou? for or now I found never no knight that matched me. My name is, said he, Balan, brother unto the good knight Balin. Alas, said Balin, that ever I should see this day, and therewith he fell backward in a swoon. Then Balan yede[3] on all four feet and hands, and put off the helm of his brother, and might not know him by the visage it was so ful hewen,[4] and bledde; but when he awoke he said, O, Balin, my brother, thou hast slain me and I thee, wherefore all the wide world shall speak of us both.

Alas, said Balan, that ever I saw this day, that through mishap I might not know you, for I espied well your two swords, but by cause ye had another shield I deemed ye had been another knight. Alas,

[1] *crushed.* [2] *fearful.* [3] *went.* [4] *gashed.*

said Balin, all that made an unhappy knight in the castle, for he caused me to leave my own shield to our both's destruction, and if I might live I would destroy that castle for ill customs. That were well done, said Balan, for I had never grace to depart from them syne[1] that I came hither, for here it happed me to slay a knight that kept this island, and syne might I never depart, and no more should ye, brother, an ye might have slain me as you have, and escaped yourself with the life.

Right so came the lady of the tower with four knights and six ladies and six yeomen unto them, and there she heard how they made their moan either to other, and said, We are both of one mother, and so shall we lie both in one pit. So Balan prayed the lady of her gentleness, for his true service, that she would bury them both in that same place where the battle was done. And she granted them with weeping it should be done richly in the best manner.

Now, will ye send for a priest, that we may receive our sacrament, and receive the blessed body of our Lord Jesus Christ? Yea, said the lady, it shall be done; and so she sent for a priest and gave them their rites. Now, said Balin, when we are buried in one tomb, and the mention made over us how two brethren slew each other, there will never good knight nor good man see our tomb but they will pray for our souls. And so all the ladies and gentlewomen wept for pity. Then anon Balan died, but Balin died not till the midnight after, and so were they buried both, and the lady let make a mention of Balan how he was there slain by his brother's hands, but she knew not Balin's name.

In the morning came Merlin and let write Balin's name on the tomb with letters of gold, that here lieth Balin le Savage that was the knight with the two swords, and he that smote the dolorous stroke.

From *Morte d'Arthur.*

[1] *since.*

How Sir Galahad sat in the Siege[1] Perilous, and how he drew the Sword from the Stone

At the vigil of Pentecost, when all the fellowship of the Round Table were come unto Camelot, right so entered into the hall a full fair gentlewoman on horseback; then she alighted and came before King Arthur and saluted him: "Sir," said she, "for God's sake show me where Sir Launcelot is!" "Yonder may ye see him," said King Arthur.

Then she went unto Sir Launcelot and said, "Sir Launcelot, I salute you on King Pelles' behalf, and I require you to come with me hereby into a forest." So Sir Launcelot bade his squire to saddle his horse and bring his armour; and in all haste he did his commandment.

Then came the Queen unto Sir Launcelot and said, "Will ye leave us at this high feast?" "Madame," said the gentlewoman, "wit ye well he shall be with you to-morrow by dinner-time." Right so departed Sir Launcelot with the gentlewoman, and rode till they came into a forest, and into a great valley, where he saw an abbey of nuns; and there was a squire ready to open the gates.

So they entered in, and descended from their horses, and there came a fair fellowship about Sir Launcelot, and welcomed him, and were passing glad of his coming; and then they led him into the abbess's chamber, and unarmed him. As they stood talking together, there came in twelve nuns, which brought with them Galahad, the which was passing fair and well made, that men in all the world might not find his match; and all those ladies wept. "Sir," said the ladies, "we bring here this child, the which we have nourished, and we pray you to make him a knight; for of a worthier man's hand may he not receive the order of knighthood."

Then said Sir Launcelot, "Cometh this desire of himself?" He and all they said, "Yea." "Then shall he,"

[1] *seat.*

said Sir Launcelot, "receive the high order of knighthood to-morrow at the reverence of the high feast."

That night Sir Launcelot had passing good cheer, and on the morrow at the hour of prime, at Galahad's desire, he made him knight, and said: "God make him a good man, for beauty faileth him not as any that liveth!"

"Now, fair sir," said Sir Launcelot, "will ye come with me unto the Court of my lord King Arthur?" "Nay," said he, "I will not go with you as at this time." Then Launcelot departed from them, and so came unto Camelot by the hour of nine on Whitsun-day.

So when the King and all the knights were come from the service, the barons spied in the sieges of the Round Table all about written with letters of gold; and they came unto the Siege Perilous, where they found letters newly written of gold that said: "Four hundred winters and four and fifty accomplished after the passion of our Lord Jesus Christ ought this siege to be fulfilled."

Then they all said: "This is a full marvellous thing, and an adventurous." "In the name of God, it seemeth me," said Sir Launcelot, "this siege ought to be fulfilled this same day, for this is the Feast of Pentecost after the 'four hundred and four and fifty years,' and if it would please all parties, I would that none of these letters were seen this day, till he be come that ought to achieve this adventure."

Then made they to ordain a cloth of silk to cover these letters in the Siege Perilous. And as they stood speaking in came a squire and said unto the King: "Sir, there is here beneath at the river a great stone which I saw float above the water, and therein I saw a sword sticking." Then said the King, "I will see that marvel."

So all the knights went with him, and when they came unto the river they found there a stone floating as it had been of red marble, and therein stuck a fair and a rich sword, and in the pommel thereof were precious stones, wrought with subtle letters of gold. Then the barons read the letters, which were in this wise: "Never shall man take me hence, but only he by whom I ought

to hang, and he shall be the best knight of the world." When the King had seen these letters, he said unto Sir Launcelot, "Fair sir, this sword ought to be yours; for I am sure that ye be the best knight of the world."

Then Sir Launcelot answered soberly, "Certainly, sir, it is not my sword. Also, sir, wit ye well I have no hardyness to set my hand to it, for it belongeth not to hang by my side. Also, whoso assayeth to take that sword, and faileth of it, he shall receive a wound by that sword that he shall not be whole long after. And I will that ye know that this same day will the adventures of the Sancgreal (that is called the holy vessel) begin."

"Now, my fair nephew," said the King unto Sir Gawaine, "assay ye once for my love." "Sir," said he, "save your grace, I shall not do that." "Sir," said the King, "assay to take the sword at my command." "Sir," said Sir Gawaine, "your command I will obey." And therewithal he took the sword by the handle, but he might not stir it. "I thank you," said King Arthur unto Sir Gawaine.

"My lord, Sir Gawaine," said Sir Launcelot, "now wit ye well this sword shall touch you so sore that ye shall will ye had never set your hand thereto for the best castle of this realm." "Sir," said Sir Gawaine, "I might not withstand mine uncle's will and commandment." But when King Arthur heard this, he repented it much.

Then he bade Sir Percivale that he should assay for his love. And therewithal he set his hand upon the sword and drew at it strongly, but he might not once move it. Then were there no more that durst be so hardy to set their hands thereto. "Now may ye go unto your dinner," said Sir Kay unto King Arthur, "for a marvellous adventure have ye seen."

So the King and all his knights went into the Court, and every knight knew his own place, and they set them therein, and young men that were knights served them. And when they were served, and all the sieges fulfilled save only the Siege Perilous, anon there befell a marvellous adventure, that all the doors and the windows

of the palace shut by themselves; but for all that the hall was not greatly darkened, and therewith they were all abashed both one and the other. Then King Arthur spake first, and said: "Fair fellows and lords, we have seen this day marvels, but ere night I suppose we shall see greater marvels."

In the meanwhile came in a good old man and an ancient, all in white, and there was no knight that knew from whence he came. And with him he brought a young knight, in red arms, without sword or shield, save a scabbard hanging by his side, and these words he said: "Peace be with you, fair lords." Then the old man said unto King Arthur, "Sir, I bring you here a young knight that is of king's lineage, and of the kindred of Joseph of Arimathea, whereby the marvels of this Court and of strange realms shall be fully accomplished."

The King was right glad of his words, and said unto the good man, "Sir, ye be right heartily welcome and the young knight with you." Then the old man bade the young knight to unarm himself, and anon he brought him unto the Siege Perilous, where beside sat Sir Launcelot. And the good old man lifted up the cloth, and found there letters that said, "This is the siege of Sir Galahad, the good knight." "Sir," said the old man, "wit ye well this place is yours." And then he set him down surely in that siege.

Then all the knights of the Round Table marvelled greatly at Sir Galahad that he durst sit there in the Siege Perilous, and was so tender of age. Then Sir Launcelot beheld his son, and had great joy of him. Then Sir Bors told his fellows: "Upon pain of my life, this young knight shall come unto great worship."

This noise was great in all the Court, so that it came to the Queen. Then she had great marvel what knight it might be that durst adventure him to sit in the Siege Perilous. Many said unto the Queen that he resembled Sir Launcelot. So when dinner was done the King went unto the Siege Perilous and lifted up the cloth, and found there the name of Sir Galahad, and then he

showed it unto Sir Gawaine, and said, "Fair nephew, now have we among us Sir Galahad, the good knight that shall bring worship to us all, and upon pain of my life he shall achieve the Sancgreal, as Sir Launcelot hath caused us to understand." Then came King Arthur unto Sir Galahad and took him by the hand, and went down from the palace to show Sir Galahad the adventure of the stone.

The Queen heard thereof, and came after with many ladies, and showed them the stone which hove on the waters. "Sir," said the King to Sir Galahad, "here is as great a marvel as ever I saw, and right good knights have assayed and failed." "Sir," said Sir Galahad, "that is no marvel; for this adventure is not theirs but mine, and for the surety of this sword I brought none with me, for here by my side hangeth the scabbard." And anon he laid his hand on the sword and lightly drew it out of the stone, and then he put it into the scabbard and said unto the King, "Now it goeth better than it did aforetime."

From *Morte d'Arthur.*

Gavin Douglas (1474?-1522) was Bishop of Dunkeld. His chief work in verse is his translation of Virgil's *Æneid* into the "Scottis" dialect. This is the first version of a great Latin poet made into English. He also wrote two long allegories, *The Palace of Honour* and *King Heart.* Like Chaucer's work, they are marked by love of Nature and of life in the open air.

Sir David Lindsay (1490-1557), Lord Lyon King-at-Arms, was educated at St Andrews. He was brought up at the Court of James IV. and became the companion of young Prince James. He denounced the evils and the vices then prevalent in Church and State in his *Dreme* and his *Satire of the Three Estates.* Lindsay was the poet of the Reformation, as Dunbar had been that of the Scottish Renaissance. In his kindling eye was—

> The flash of that satiric rage,
> Which, bursting on the early stage,
> Branded the vices of the age,
> And broke the keys of Rome.

Sir Thomas More (1478-1535), the son of a Judge of the King's Bench, was educated at Oxford. He became Chancellor of England on the fall of Wolsey. He was one of the foremost figures in the New Learning movement in England. He was a special favourite of Henry VIII., but when he was asked by that monarch to acknowledge Anne Boleyn as Henry's lawful wife, he lost the royal favour by his refusal. He was sent to the Tower and was beheaded for treason. More's best known work is *Utopia* (Nowhere), written in Latin, but after More's death translated into English. It describes an ideal republic where no one was persecuted, the poor well cared for, and only the good allowed to govern.

Roger Ascham (1515-1568) was educated at Cambridge and was tutor to Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, and Lady Jane Grey. He wrote two noteworthy books in English. The one, *Toxophilus,* dealing with archery, and the other, *The Scholemaster,* a book on education.

A Wise Instructor

One example, whether love or fear doth work more in a child for virtue and learning, I will gladly report; which may be heard with some pleasure, and followed with more profit. Before I went into Germany, I came to Broadgate in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceedingly much beholden. Her parents, the duke and the duchess, with all the household, gentlemen, and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber, reading Phœdon Platonis in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Bocace. After salutation and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her, why she would lose such pastime in the park? Smiling, she answered me, "I wiss, all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant." "And how came you, Madam," quoth I, "to this deep knowledge of pleasure?

And what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto?" "I will tell you," quoth she, "and tell you a truth which, perchance, ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me, is that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently, sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways, which I will not name for the honour I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr Elmer; who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing, whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatever I do else, but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that, in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me."

From *The Scholemaster*.

Wind and Snow

I rode in the highway betwixt Topcliffe upon Swale, and Boroughbridge, the way being somewhat trodden before by wayfaring men. The fields on both sides were plain and lay almost yard deep with snow, the night before had been a little frost, so that the snow was hard and crusted above. That morning the sun shone bright and clear, the wind was whistling aloft, and sharp according to the time of year. The snow in the highway lay loose and trodden with horse feet: so as the wind blew, it took the loose snow with it, and made it so slide

upon the snow in the field which was hard and crusted by reason of the frost over night, that thereby I might see very well the whole nature of the wind as it blew that day. And I had a great delight and pleasure to mark it, which maketh me now far better to remember it. Sometime the wind would be not past two yards broad, and so it would carry the snow as far as I could see. Another time the snow would blow over half the field at once. Sometime the snow would tumble softly, by and by it would fly wonderful fast. And this I perceived also, that the wind goeth by streams and not whole together. For I should see one stream within a score of yards on me, then the space of two score no snow would stir, but after so much quantity of ground, another stream of snow at the same very time should be carried likewise, but not equally. For the one would stand still when the other flew apace, and so continue sometime swifter, sometime slower, sometime broader, sometime narrower, as far as I could see. Now it flew not straight, but sometime it crooked this way, sometime that way, and sometime it ran round about in a compass. And sometime the snow would be lift clean from the ground up into the air, and by and by it would be all clapped to the ground, as though there had been no wind at all, straightway it would rise and fly again.

And that which was the most marvel of all, at one time two drifts of snow flew, the one out of the west into the east, the other out of the north into the east: and I saw two winds by reason of the snow, the one cross over the other, as it had been two highways. And again, I should hear the wind blow in the air, when nothing was stirred at the ground. And when all was still where I rode, not very far from me the snow should be lifted wonderfully. This experience made me more marvel at the nature of the wind, than it made me cunning in the knowledge of the wind; but yet thereby I learned perfectly that it is no marvel at all though men in a wind loose their length in shooting, seeing so many ways the wind is so variable in blowing. From *Toxophilus*.

Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503-1542) and **Henry Howard**, Earl of Surrey (1517-1547), were the first modern English poets—"the twin stars of the dawn." They were largely influenced by Italian literature, and it is to them we owe the introduction of the *Sonnet*, or Italian stanza, into English poetry. Surrey was the first poet to write in blank verse.

The following is a characteristic sonnet by Surrey :—

Description of Spring

The soote[1] season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale,
The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
The turtle to her make[2] hath told her tale.
Summer is come, for every spray now springs.
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;
The fishes fleet[3] with new repaired scale;
The adder all her slough away she flings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies small;
The busy bee her honey now she mings;[4]
Winter is worn that was the flower's bale.[5]
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

The following love lyric, addressed to his mistress by Wyatt, is often quoted as one of the best of its kind :—

Forget Not Yet

Forget not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant;
My great travail so gladly spent,
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet when first began
The weary life, ye know since whan,
The suit, the service, none tell can;
Forget not yet!

[1] *sweet.* [2] *mate.* [3] *float.* [4] *mixes.* [5] *destruction.*

Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience in delays
Forget not yet!

Forget not! Oh! forget not this,
How long ago hath been, and is
The mind that never went amiss,
Forget not yet!

Forget not then thine own approv'd,
The which so long hath thee so lov'd,
Whose steadfast faith yet never mov'd,
Forget not this!

Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586) was the ideal courtier of his time—brave, chivalrous, and accomplished. He wrote many poems and a pastoral romance, *Arcadia,* full of poetic thought. His *Defence of Poesy* is the first piece of pure literary criticism in the English language.

A well-known sonnet on sleep is given below:—

Come, Sleepe, O Sleepe, the certaine knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balme of woe,
The poore man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge betweene the high and low.
With shield of proofe shield me from out the prease[1]
Of those fierce darts Despaire at me doth throw;
O make in me those civill warres to cease!
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillowes, sweetest bed;
A chamber deaf of noise, and blind of light;
A rosie garland, and a weary hed.
And if these things, as being thine in right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.

[1] *press.*

My True Love hath my Heart

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange the one for the other giv'ne:
I hold his deare, and mine he cannot misse;
There never was a better bargaine driv'ne.
His heart in me keepes me and him in one;
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his owne;
I cherish his because in me it bides.
His heart has wound received from my sight;
My heart was wounded with his wounded heart,
For as from me on him his hurt did light,
So still methought in me his hurt did smart:
Both equal hurt, in this change sought our blisse,
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

From the *Arcadia*.

Sir Walter Raleigh (1552-1618), sailor, soldier, courtier, statesman, and poet, was born in Devonshire and educated in Oxford. He fought the Spanish galleons that carried treasure from South America, and thereby gaining the favour of Queen Elizabeth he was knighted and presented with a large estate in Ireland.

In 1591 he wrote an account of the *Fight of the Revenge*, when his cousin, Sir Richard Grenville, in a single ship, engaged the whole Spanish fleet at the Azores. An extract from this spirited account is given below. Tennyson followed this description closely in his poem, *The Revenge: A Ballad of the Fleet*.

Raleigh assisted Drake when the latter "singed the King of Spain's beard." On the accession of James I., he was thrown into prison on account of his connection with the plot to place Arabella Stuart on the throne. During his twelve years' imprisonment he began a *History of the World*. After an unsuccessful attempt to discover a gold-mine in Guiana, he was executed to please the Spaniards.

The following apostrophe to Death is generally regarded as Raleigh's most eloquent and forceful utterance:—

"O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast perswaded; what none have dared

thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet!*"

The Pilgrimage

Give me my scallop-shell[1] of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon;
My scrip of joy, immortal diet;
My bottle of salvation;
My gown of glory, hope's true gage,
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage!
Blood must be my body's balmer,
No other balm will there be given;
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of Heaven;
Over the silver mountains
Where spring the nectar fountains:
There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before;
But after, it will thirst no more.
Then by that happy blissful day,
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
That have cast off their rags of clay,
And walked apparelled fresh like me.

How the *Revenge* fought the Spaniards

The Spanish ships which attempted to board the *Revenge*, as they were wounded and beaten of, so alwaies others came in their places, she having never lesse then two mightie Gallions by her sides, and aboard her. So that ere the morning from three of the clocke the day

[1] *The badge of a pilgrim.*

before, there had fifteene severall Armados assailed her; and all so ill approved their entertainment, as they were by the breake of day far more willing to harken to a composition then hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day encreased, so our men decreased: and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts. For none appeared in fight but enemies, saving one small ship called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by Iacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the successe: but in the mornyng bearing with the *Revenge*, was hunted like a hare amongst many ravenous houndes, but escaped.

All the powder of the *Revenge* to the last barrell was now spent, all her pikes broken, fortie of her best men slaine, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundred free from sickness, and fourescore and ten sicke, laid in hold upon the Ballast. A small troupe to man such a ship, and a weake Garrison to resist so mighty an Army. By those hundred all was sustained, the voleis, bourdings, and entrings of fifteene shippes of warre, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrarie, the Spanish were alwaies supplied with souldiers brought from everie squadron: all maner of Armes and pouder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons; the mastes all beaten over board, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper worke altogither rased, and in effect evened shee was with the water, but the verie foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left over head either for flight or defence. Syr Richard finding himselfe in this distresse, and unable anie longer to make resistance having endured in this fifteene houres fight, the assault of fifteene severall Armadoes, all by tornes aboorde him, and by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillerie besides manie assaults and entries; and that himselfe and the shippe must needes be possessed by the enemie, who were now all cast in a ring round about him; the *Revenge* not able to move one way or other, but as she was moved

with the waves and billow of the sea, commanded the maister Gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sinke the shippe; that thereby nothing might remaine of glorie or victorie to the Spaniards; seeing in so manie houres fight, and with so great a Navie they were not able to take her, having had fifteene houres time, fifteene thousand men, and fiftie and three saile of men of warre to performe it withall. And perswaded the companie, or as manie as he could induce, to yeelde themselves unto God and to the mercie of none els; but as they had like valiant resolute men repulsed so manie enimies, they should not now shorten the honour of their nation by prolonging their owne lives for a few houres or a few daies.

John Foxe (1516-1587) studied at Oxford. He sympathised with the Reformers, and, during the reign of Queen Mary, had to flee for safety to the Continent. He returned to England on the accession of Elizabeth, and immortalised his name by writing a book describing the lives and sufferings of those who died at the stake during the religious persecution. It is popularly called Foxe's *Book of Martyrs.*

Richard Hooker (1553-1600), "one of the great glories of the English Church," studied at Oxford, and was for some time Master of the Temple, London. His puritanical views, however, did not agree with those of his colleague, and the "Judicious Hooker" thought it better to retire from his charge. In the quiet of a Wiltshire rectory, he finished his book on the *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity,* one of the greatest books of philosophical thought in the language.

Law the Harmony of the World

Since the time that God did first proclaim the edicts of his law upon the world, heaven and earth have hearkened unto his voice, and their labour hath been to do his will. He made a law for the rain; he gave his decree unto the sea, that the waters should not pass his commandment. Now, if nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether, though it were for a while,

From Print in British Museum.] [*After Painting in possession of Earl of Kinnoull.*

Edmund Spenser.

the observation of her own laws; if those principal and mother elements of the world, whereof all things in this lower world are made, should lose the qualities which now they have; if the frame of that heavenly arch erected over our heads should loosen and dissolve itself; if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by irregular volubility turn themselves any way as it might happen; if the prince of the lights of heaven, which now, as a giant, doth run his unwearied course, should, as it were, through a languishing faintness, begin to stand and to rest himself; if the moon should wander from her beaten way, the times and seasons of the year blend themselves by disordered and confused mixture, the winds breathe out their last gasp, the clouds yield no rain, the earth be defected of heavenly influence, the fruits of the earth pine away, as children at the withered breasts of their mother, no longer able to yield them relief; what would become of man himself, whom these things do now all serve? See we not plainly, that obedience of creatures unto the law of nature is the stay of the whole world?

Of Law there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God; her voice the harmony of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her homage; the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power. Both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy. From *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity.*

Edmund Spenser (1552-1599)

The second English poet who achieved work of the very highest order was Edmund Spenser, the earliest of our great modern writers of poetry. He was born in London and was educated at Cambridge. He lived for a time among the hills and valleys of Lancashire, and later at Penshurst with Sir Philip Sidney.

In 1580 he was appointed private secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. He afterwards lived mostly in Ireland, having received a grant of 3000 acres in County Cork. On a visit to London, he was introduced to Queen Elizabeth by Sir Walter Raleigh, and when the first cantos of *The Faerie Queene* were published, it was dedicated "to the most magnificent Empresse Elizabeth." All England at once realised that a great poet had arisen in their midst. Spenser was made Poet Laureate, and given a pension of £50 a year.

About 1594 Spenser celebrated his marriage by his *Epithalamion,* said to be "the most glorious love-song in the English tongue."

During an Irish rebellion, Spenser's castle was plundered and burned. With his wife and children, the poet fled to Cork and then to London. There, broken-hearted, he died in poverty, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, in a grave near to that of Chaucer.

Spenser's fame rests chiefly on his allegorical poem, *The Faerie Queene.* Its general purpose was "to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline." Twelve knights, each the champion of one of "the private moral virtues," were to undertake for the Faerie Queene perilous combats with the various vices. Prince Arthur was to fall in with each in turn and rescue him from destruction. The Red Cross Knight of holiness is described in the first book, and the other five books published recount the adventures of the knights of temperance, chastity, justice, friendship, and courtesy.

Professor Hales describes *The Faerie Queene* as "informed by a wealth of fancy and of musical diction that give it a place among English narrative poems, not far below the greatest of them—*Paradise Lost.*"

The Red Cross Knight and Una

A gentle knight was pricking on the plain,
Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield,
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,
The cruel marks of many a bloody field;

Yet arms till that time did he never wield:
His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,
As much disdaining to the curb to yield:
Full jolly knight he seem'd, and fair did sit,
As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit.

And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living, ever Him adored;
Upon his shield the like was also scored,
For sovereign hope, which in his help he had,
Right, faithful, true he was in deed and word;
But of his cheer [1] did seem too solemn sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.[2]

Upon a great adventure he was bond,[3]
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest glorious Queen of Fairy lond)
To win him worship, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave.
And ever as he rode, his heart did yearn
To prove his puissance in battle brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learn;
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stern.

A lovely lady rode him fair beside,
Upon a lowly ass more white than snow;
Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide
Under a veil, that wimpled was full low;
And over all a black stole [4] she did throw,
As one that inly mourn'd; so was she sad,
And heavy sate upon her palfrey slow;
Seemèd in heart some hidden care she had;
And by her in a line a milk-white lamb she lad.[5]

[1] *countenance.* [2] *dreaded.* [3] *bound.*
[4] *a long robe.* [5] *led.*

So pure and innocent, as that same lamb,
She was in life and every virtuous lore,
And by descent from royal lineage came
Of ancient kings and queens, that had of yore
Their sceptres stretch'd from east to western shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernal fiend with foul uproar
Forwasted all their land, and them expell'd;
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far compell'd.

From *The Faerie Queene.*

To his Wife

Lo! where she comes along with portly pace,
Like Phœbe, from her chamber of the East,
Arising forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seems[1] a virgin best.
So well it her beseems, that ye would ween[2]
Some angel she had been.
Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween,
Do like a golden mantle her attire;
And, being crownèd with a garland green,
Seem like some maiden Queen.
Her modest eyes, abashèd to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixed are:
Nor dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
So far from being proud.
Nathless[3] do ye still loud her praises sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,[4]
Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight.

[1] *beseems.* [2] *suppose.* [3] *nevertheless.* [4] *spirit.*

There dwells sweet love, and constant chastity,
Unspotted faith, and comely womanhood,
Regard of honour, and mild modesty;
There virtue reigns as Queen in royal throne,
And giveth laws alone,
The which the base affections do obey,
And yield their services unto her will;
No thought of thing uncomely ever may
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures,
And unrevealèd pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her praises sing,
That all the woods should answer, and your echo ring.

From the *Epithalamion.*

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

Characteristics.—In the seventeenth century we find a continuation of the Elizabethan literature. We have an age of creative literature followed by an age of thoughtfulness. It was the century in which the metaphysical poets and the cavalier poets flourished, and it witnessed the eclipse of the drama, and its revival under new influences after the Restoration. The three great historical events of the century were the Rebellion, the Restoration, and the Revolution, each of which had its own direct influence on the trend of our national literature.

The Revival of Learning had stirred men, in the early years of the sixteenth century, to read and to imitate the great writers of Greece and Rome. As time went on, however, Englishmen were roused to create for themselves, and, in the Elizabethan age, works of genius were produced which take high rank among the literature of all time. The drama of the day was an outburst of vigorous national life, and the greatest name among the dramatists is that of the world's greatest poet—William Shakespeare.

The drama of Elizabethan times represented with bold vigour "human passions to a passionate and vigorous

age." It began with the minor dramatists, Peele, Kyd, Greene, Nash, Marlowe, and others, all men of fierce brawling lives. These writers set at naught all the classic rules that had hitherto been followed in the conduct of a drama. Then Shakespeare followed to rule the powers of this new, free drama without limiting their range. "In him the creative age of English literature reached its crowning point."

Christopher Marlowe (1564-1593) was the greatest of all the "wits" that preceded Shakespeare, and the only one whose influence can be traced in any of the plays of the "myriad-minded dramatist." He was born at Canterbury, and educated at the King's School of that city and at Cambridge.

Marlowe led a wild and irregular life, and was stabbed to death in a tavern brawl at Deptford.

He left seven plays, of which the best known are *The Tragical History of Dr Faustus, The Jew of Malta, Tamburlaine,* and *Edward II.*, the first great historical play of the Elizabethan dramatists. Marlowe's dramas, with the exception of *Edward II.*, are lacking in dramatic construction, but are notable for the many passages of rare poetic beauty. His *Edward II.* is a worthy predecessor of Shakespeare's historical plays.

Death-Scene of Edward II. at Berkeley Castle

Edward. Who's there? what light is that? wherefore com'st thou?

Lightborn. To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.

Edw. Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks!
Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.

Light. To murder you, my most gracious lord!
Far is it from my heart to do you harm.
The queen sent me to see how you were used,
For she relents at this your misery:
And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
To see a king in this most piteous state.

Edw. Weep'st thou already? list a while to me,
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,

Or as Matrevis, hewn from the Caucasus,
Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.
This dungeon where they keep me is a sink
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.

Light. O villains!

Edw. And there, in mire and puddle, have I stood
This ten days' space; and lest that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum.
They give me bread and water, being a king;
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind's distempered, and my body's numbed,
And whether I have limbs or no, I know not.
O would my blood drop out from every vein,
As doth this water from my tattered robes!
Tell Isabel, the queen, I looked not thus,
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhorsed the Duke of Cleremont.

Light. O speak no more, my lord! this breaks my heart.
Lie on this bed, and rest yourself a while.

Edw. These looks of thine can harbour nought but death:
I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
Yet stay a while, forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That even then, when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more steadfast on my God.

Light. What means your highness to mistrust me thus?

Edw. What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?

Light. These hands were never stained with innocent blood,
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.

Edw. Forgive my thought, for having such a thought.
One jewel have I left, receive thou this.
Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
Oh, if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,

Let the gift change thy mind, and save thy soul.
Know that I am a king: Oh, at that name
I feel a hell of grief. Where is my crown?
Gone, gone; and do I still remain alive?

Light. You're overwatched,[1] my lord; lie down and rest.

Edw. But that grief keeps me waken, I should sleep;
For not these ten days have these eyelids closed.
Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear
Open again. O wherefore sitt'st thou here?

Light. If thou mistrust me, I'll be gone, my lord.

Edw. No, no; for if thou mean'st to murder me,
Thou wilt return again; and therefore stay.

Light. He sleeps.

Edw. O let me not die; yet stay, O stay a while.

Light. How now, my lord?

Edw. Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me if I sleep, I never wake;
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus.
And therefore tell me wherefore art thou come?

Light. To rid thee of thy life. Matrevis, come.

Edw. I am too weak and feeble to resist;
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul.

From *Edward II.*

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and vallies, dales, and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

[1] *Worn out with watching.*

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wooll,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair linèd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight, each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The Nymph's Reply

(*By Sir Walter Raleigh.*)

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But Time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb, *nightingale*
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall. *autumn*

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cup, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

William Shakespeare, "the chief of all the poets," was born at Stratford-on-Avon, in Warwickshire. He was educated at the Grammar School where he was taught the Latin language and literature. The chief English book accessible to him at this time was the Bible.

The amusements of Shakespeare's boyhood were probably those open to all boys in a country town—hunting, hawking, and fishing. He had opportunities, too, of acquiring a taste for the drama. Several companies of players visited Stratford when he was a boy, and he was at school when Queen Elizabeth made a progress through Warwickshire to Kenilworth, the castle of her favourite, the Earl of Leicester.

As Shakespeare's father became poorer in circumstances, the boy was removed from school at an unusually early age. When he was thirteen, it became necessary for him to try to earn a living for himself. What he actually did, however, is not certainly known.

In 1582, when he was only eighteen years of age, he married Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a yeoman near Stratford.

According to Nicholas Rowe, the first editor of Shakespeare's works, a poaching adventure was the immediate cause of his leaving his native place.

Whether this tradition is well founded or not, it is certain that about the age of twenty-one, Shakespeare left his native town, not to return to it permanently till his life's course was nearly run. But he never for a moment lost touch with Stratford, and as soon as he had made a footing for himself in London, "he set to work with the definite aim of acquiring land and property in the town from which he had gone forth penniless and humiliated. His father should hold up his head again, and the family honour be re-established."

In London, Shakespeare found regular occupation at one of the only two theatres that existed there at the time of his arrival. He soon became known as an actor of considerable promise and an adapter of old plays. From re-writing old dramas, he began to create works of his own.

His fame as a writer increased, and with his growing honours as a dramatist and poet, came material prosperity which enabled him to become one of the proprietors of the Globe Theatre. He visited Stratford frequently, built "the best house in the town" for himself, and brought thither his aged parents to live with him.

Shortly after middle life, he retired from London to his own house in Stratford-on-Avon, where in its quiet retirement he continued to add to those marvellous creations which have made him the wonder of all ages.

"His last days are full of the gentle and loving calm of one who has known sin and sorrow and fate, but has risen above them into peaceful victory."

"The name of Shakespeare is the greatest in our literature; it is the greatest in all literature. No man ever came near him in the creative powers of the mind; no man ever had such strength at once, and such variety of imagination."

He wrote thirty-seven plays, and many sonnets and other poems. The plays may be grouped thus:—

i. Comedies.—Of which the best are *The Tempest*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

ii. TRAGEDIES.—Of which the best are *Hamlet*, *Macbeth* *Othello*, *King Lear*, and *Julius Cæsar*.

iii. HISTORICAL PLAYS.—Of which the best are the English historical plays, *King John*, *Richard II.*, *Henry IV.*, *Henry V.*, and *Henry VIII.*

Henry V. at Agincourt

Westmoreland. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!
King Henry. What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enough
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say "To-morrow is Saint Crispian":
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,

And say "These wounds I had on Crispin's day."
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages,
What feats he did that day.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:

The Seven Ages of Man

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice;
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes

And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

From *As You Like It.*

Antony stirs up the Roman People to avenge the Murder of Cæsar

Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill.
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me:
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Citizen. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Second Citizen. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Citizen. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Citizen. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Citizen. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Second Citizen. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Citizen. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Citizen. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Antony. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men;
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue

Fourth Citizen. We'll hear the will; read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Antony. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad;
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it?

Fourth Citizen. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Antony. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it;
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

Fourth Citizen. They were traitors; honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

Second Citizen. They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will!

Antony. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

Several Citizens. Come down.

Second Citizen. Descend.

Third Citizen. You shall have leave.

(*Antony comes down.*)

Fourth Citizen. A ring; stand round.

First Citizen. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

Second Citizen. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

Antony. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.
Several Citizens. Stand back; room, bear back.
Antony. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii;
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

. . . . .

I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That give me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood. I only speak right on;

I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

From *Julius Cæsar.*

Harmony

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim.
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

From *The Merchant of Venice.*

Mercy

The quality of Mercy is not strained;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown.
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway—
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,

It is an attribute of God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

From *The Merchant of Venice.*

Sonnet

(*Comfort of Friendship*)

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And from old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's date-less night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

Blow, Blow, thou Winter Wind

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

From *As You Like It.*

Ariel's Songs

I.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!
Bow-wow.
The watch-dogs bark:
Bow-wow.

II.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them—Ding-dong, bell.

III.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

From *The Tempest.*

Francis Bacon (1561-1626) was born in York House, in the Strand, London, where he afterwards lived when he was Lord Chancellor of England. His father was Sir Nicholas Bacon, Queen Elizabeth's first Lord Keeper of the Great

Seal. At the early age of twelve he was sent to Cambridge, and afterwards spent some time in travel on the Continent. Called home by the death of his father he began the study of law, and was called to the Bar.

It was only on the accession of James I. that his learning and talent were duly recognised. Then, however, he was successively knighted, raised to the Peerage, and created Viscount St Albans. After holding office for four years as Lord High Chancellor, he was put on trial for taking bribes —a practice all too common at this time. He was found guilty, was deprived of the Great Seal, fined £40,000, condemned to imprisonment during the king's pleasure, and disabled from sitting in Parliament. But he remained in the Tower for only a few days, and the fine was subsequently assigned by the king to trustees for Bacon's own use. The last five years of his life were spent in retirement.

It was Bacon's ambition, as a scholar, to create a new system of philosophy founded on a right interpretation of nature, and the *Novum Organum*, written in Latin, is the keystone of his system. *The New Atlantis*, also in Latin, is the story of an ideal state in the Southern seas. His works in English include *The Advancement of Learning* and his *Essays*—"fragments of my conceits," he calls them—the fruit of his watchful observation of men and affairs.

Bacon stands easily first among the writers of essays. His "conceits" represent opinions formed after long and deep thought. In their final form, the *Essays* numbered fifty-eight, and they cover a wide and varied field. The language in which they are couched is clear, compact, and, above all, terse, and there is hardly any work in the whole range of English literature that will so fully repay close study. "We read from beginning to end in a few hours, and yet, after the twentieth perusal, one seldom fails to remark in it something overlooked before."

Of Youth and Age

A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time; but that happeneth rarely. Generally, youth is like the first cogitations, not so wise as the second: for there is a youth in thoughts, as well as in ages; and yet the invention of young men is more

lively than that of old, and imaginations stream into their minds better, and, as it were, more divinely. Natures that have much heat, and great and violent desires and perturbations, are not ripe for action till they have passed the meridian of their years; but reposed natures may do well in youth.

On the other side, heat and vivacity in age is an excellent composition for business. Young men are fitter to invent than to judge, fitter for execution than for counsel, and fitter for new projects than for settled business: for the experience of age, in things that fall within the compass of it, directeth them; but in new things abuseth them. The errors of young men are the ruin of business; but the errors of aged men amount but to this, that more might have been done, or sooner.

Young men, in the conduct and manage of actions, embrace more than they can hold, stir more than they can quiet; fly to the end, without consideration of the means and degrees; pursue some few principles which they have chanced upon absurdly; care not to innovate, which draws unknown inconveniences; use extreme remedies at first; and, that which doubleth all errors, will not acknowledge or retract them, like an unready horse, that will not neither stop nor turn. Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success.

Certainly it is good to compound employments of both; for that will be good for the present, because the virtues of either age may correct the defects of both; and good for succession, that young men may be learners, while men in age are actors; and, lastly, good for externe accidents, because authority followeth old men, and favour and popularity youth: but, for the moral part, perhaps, youth will have the pre-eminence, as age hath for the politic.

A certain rabbin, upon the text, "Your young

men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams," inferreth that young men are admitted nearer to God than old, because vision is a clearer revelation than a dream; and certainly, the more a man drinketh of the world, the more it intoxicateth: and age doth profit rather in the powers of understanding, than in the virtues of the will and affections. There be some have an over-early ripeness in their years, which fadeth betimes: these are, first, such as have brittle wits, the edge whereof is soon turned: such as was Hermogenes the rhetorician, whose books are exceeding subtle, who afterwards waxed stupid: a second sort is of those that have some natural dispositions, which have better grace in youth than in age; such as is a fluent and luxuriant speech, which becomes youth well, but not age: the third is of such as take too high a strain at the first, and are magnanimous more than tract of years can uphold. From *Essays*.

Of Studies

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned.

To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar; they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience—for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own

use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation.

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books: else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtile; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend; nay, there is no stand or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies: like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises; bowling is good for the back, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head and the like; so if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen, for they are "Cymini sectores";[1] if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases: so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt. From *Essays*.

[1] *Splitters of straws.*

Of Discourse

Some in their discourse desire rather commendation of wit, in being able to hold all arguments, than of judgment, in discerning what is true; as if it were a praise to know what might be said, and not what should be thought. Some have certain common places and themes, wherein they are good and want variety; which kind of poverty is for the most part tedious, and when it is once perceived, ridiculous. The honourablest part of talk is to give the occasion; and again to moderate and pass to somewhat else, for then a man leads the dance. It is good in discourse, and speech of conversation, to vary and intermingle speech of the present occasion with arguments, tales with reasons, asking of questions with telling of opinions, and jest with earnest; for it is a dull thing to tire, and as we say now, to jade anything too far.

As for jest, there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it; namely, religion, matters of state, great persons, any man's present business of importance, and any case that deserveth pity; yet there be some that think their wits have been asleep, except they dart out somewhat that is piquant, and to the quick; that is a vein which would be bridled. And, generally, men ought to find the difference between saltness and bitterness. Certainly, he that hath a satirical vein, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he had need be afraid of others' memory.

He that questioneth much, shall learn much, and content much; but especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the persons whom he asketh; for he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself shall continually gather knowledge; but let his questions not be troublesome, for that is fit for a poser; and let him be sure to leave other men their turns to speak; nay, if there be any that would reign and take up all the time, let him find means to take them off, and to bring others on, as musicians use to do with those that dance too long galliards.

If you dissemble sometimes your knowledge of that you are thought to know, you shall be thought, another time, to know that you know not. Speech of a man's self ought to be seldom, and well-chosen. I knew one was wont to say in scorn, "He must needs be a wise man, he speaks so much of himself": and there is but one case wherein a man may commend himself with good grace, and that is in commending virtue in another, especially if it be such a virtue whereunto himself pretendeth. From *Essays.*

John Milton (1608-1674)

John Milton was born in the city of London eight years before the death of Shakespeare. His father, John Milton, was a prosperous London scrivener, who had a taste for letters, wrote verses, and was an excellent musician. He gave his son the best possible literary education, first under a private tutor, then at St Paul's School, and afterwards at Christ's College, Cambridge.

On leaving Cambridge, Milton went to reside at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, where his father had acquired an estate. There he spent six peaceful years, following the fancies of his own sweet will, amid the charming scenery of the middle valley of the Thames.

In 1638, Milton started on a tour through France to Italy, the land of science and beauty. He met men of letters, men of the world, and musicians, and amongst them, at Florence, Galileo, the "Tuscan artist."

The setting up of the Commonwealth changed for a time the whole current of Milton's life. In 1649 he was appointed Latin Secretary under Cromwell, and for eleven years was immersed in the turmoil of politics and controversy.

He had already written pamphlets on divorce, the outcome of his own troubles, and in 1644, the *Areopagitica,* or *Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing.* The most famous of his political pamphlets, which were written in Latin, were *Eikonoklastes,* a reply to a book on the sufferings of Charles I., and the *Defensio Pro Populo Anglicano,* an answer to a work in defence of the king, both of which were afterwards burned by the hangman.

From Painting by John Faed, R.S.A.] [*By Permission of Henry Graves & Co., London.*

John Milton in his Study.

At the Restoration, he had to go into hiding for a time, and, after the passing of the Act of Oblivion, he settled in a house at Bunhill Fields. Here he found what he had hoped for, "a still time, when there shall be no chiding," and here he finished the *Paradise Lost,* which was published in 1667. Here also he died in 1674. He was buried in St Giles's, Cripplegate.

While he was a student at Cambridge, he wrote an *Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity,* "perhaps the finest ode in the English language." During his Horton holiday, he wrote the best of his charming minor poems—*L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, The Comus,* and *Lycidas.* "The *L'Allegro,* which begins with the early morning and ends at night, is paralleled, thought by thought, and scene by scene, with the *Penseroso,* which begins with the late evening and ends towards the noon of the next day. The one is the expression of the mind of a man filled with a sense of the joy of living; the other expresses the feeling of a man of calmer and more reflective mood."

The *Comus,* "the richest fruit of Milton's early genius," is a masque presented in 1634 at Ludlow Castle, before the Lord President of Wales. It is a poem extolling the glory and asserting the triumph of virtue.

Lycidas, which "reaches the high-water mark of English poetry," is a dirge in memory of Edward King, a college friend of Milton, who, sailing from Chester to Dublin, was shipwrecked and drowned.

His masterpiece in prose is the *Areopagitica,* an appeal for the free expression of ideas.

In 1660, the year of the Restoration, Milton set himself to the writing of a great poem—a purpose that he had brooded over for thirty years. The result was the *Paradise Lost,* an epic poem in twelve books, and one of the few immortal books of the world.

The *Samson Agonistes,* a tragedy written on the Greek model, describes the revenge and the death of Samson, and the action of the drama is limited to the last day of Samson's life. There is a strong personal and historical element in the tragedy, which contains the last words of the greatest Englishman of his time.

Lycidas

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas[1] is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,[2]
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse:
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour *my* destined urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud!
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill;
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Toward heav'n's descent had sloped his west'ring wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to the oaten flute,
Rough Satyrs[3] danced, and Fauns with cloven heel

[1] Edward King, Milton's fellow-student at Cambridge.
[2] Muses, the goddesses of Poetry.
[3] Gods of the forest, partly human, partly animal in form.

From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damœtas[1] loved to hear our song.
But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flow'rs, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

. . . . .

Weep no more, woeful Shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Thro' the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
Where other groves, and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.

[1] A herdsman; supposed to refer to Milton's tutor.

The Hymn of Adam and Eve in the Garden

"These are Thy glorious works, Parent of good!
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair: Thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these Thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels, for ye behold Him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle His throne rejoicing, ye in heaven:
On earth, join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge Him thy greater, sound His praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,

Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance His praise.
His praise, ye winds that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune His praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls, ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.
Hail, universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark."

From *Paradise Lost.*

Nature's Joys

Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow
Through the sweet briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;

While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames of amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some Beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

From *L'Allegro.*

Song of Comus

The star that bids the shepherd fold
Now the top of heaven doth hold;
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay

In the steep Atlantic stream;
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the East;
Meanwhile welcome Joy, and Feast.

Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head.
Strict Age and sour Severity,
With their grave saws, in slumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the starry quire,
Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;
And, on the tawny sands and shelves,
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs, decked with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep;
What hath night to do with sleep?

Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round.

On his Blindness

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labour, light-denied?"
I fondly ask; but Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not need
Either man's work, or His own gifts; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

Against the Censorship of the Press

Lords and Commons of England! consider what nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors; a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtile and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point that human capacity can soar to. Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means.

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; whoever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. He who hears what praying there is for light and clear knowledge to be sent down among us, would think of other matters to be constituted beyond the discipline of Geneva, framed and fabricked already to our hands. Yet when the new light which we beg for shines in upon us, there be who envy and oppose, if it come not first in at their casements. What a collusion is this, whenas we are exhorted by the wise man to use diligence, "to seek for wisdom as for hidden

treasures," early and late, that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by statute! When a man hath been labouring the hardest labour in the deep mines of knowledge, hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage, drawn forth his reasons, as it were a battle ranged, scattered and defeated all objections in his way, calls out his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun, if he please, only that he may try the matter by dint of argument; for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambushments, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valour enough in soldiership, is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of Truth. For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings, to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defences that error uses against her power; give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps.

Ben Jonson (1573?-1637), the son of a London clergyman, was born in Westminster. He was a builder or bricklayer for some years, then he enlisted as a volunteer to fight against the Spaniards in the Low Countries. At the end of one campaign he returned to England and began to write for the stage. He was tutor for about two years to the son of Sir Walter Raleigh. On his death in 1637, he was accorded a burial in Westminster Abbey, where, carved on a slab, may be seen the words,

"Oh Rare Ben Jonson."

His best plays are *Every Man in his Humour; Volpone,* or *The Fox;* the comedy *Epicæne,* or *The Silent Woman;* and the satire *The Alchemist.*

Hymn to Diana

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright!

Earth, let not thy envious shade
  Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
  Heaven to clear, when day did close:
Bless us then with wishèd sight,
Goddess excellently bright!

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
  And thy crystal shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
  Space to breathe, how short soever—
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright!

The Perfect Life

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make men better be;
Or standing like an oak three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sere;
  A lily of a day
  Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauty see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

Sweet Neglect

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed:
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art:
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

William Drummond of Hawthornden (1585-1649) was educated in Edinburgh, and studied law at Bruges. In 1610 he settled down in his beautiful ancestral home at Hawthornden, and lived the life of a poet and man of letters. In 1618 Ben Jonson stayed as his guest for some weeks. Drummond wrote many short poems, and translated largely from the works of Italian writers. Charles Lamb classes him among "the sweetest names which carry a perfume in the mention."

The following sonnet shows not only Drummond's poetic style but his own attitude to the world.

In Praise of a Retired Life

Thrice happy he who by some shady Grove,
Far from the clam'rous World, doth live his own.
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal Love;
O how more sweet is Birds' harmonious Moan,
Or the hoarse Sobbings of the Widow'd Dove,
Than those smooth Whisperings near a Prince's Throne,
Which Good make doubtful, do the Evil approve!
O how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome Breath,
And Sighs embalm'd, which new-born Flow'rs unfold,
Than that Applause vain Honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are Streams to poyson drunk in Gold!
The World is full of Horrors, Troubles, Slights,
Woods' harmless Shades have only true Delights.

The Cavalier Lyrists.—The Cavalier poets were a group of song-writers in the time of Charles I. They were Royalists—careless, gay, and witty—and "their songs were struck from their wild lives like the sparks from their rapiers." The forerunner of them all was **Thomas Carew**, who has been described as "an elegant Court trifler" in poetry. The best of the others were **Montrose**, **Waller**, **Sir John Suckling**, **Richard Lovelace**, and **Robert Herrick**.

Robert Herrick (1591-1674), one of the finest lyrists that our literature can show, was born in Cheapside, London, where his father was a wealthy goldsmith. He was educated

at Cambridge, which he left at the age of thirty-eight, when he was presented by Charles I. to the living of Dean Prior, on the borders of Dartmoor, in Devon.

In 1647, as one of the "deprived clergy," he was ejected from Dean Prior, and returned gladly to London, where, on former frequent visits, he had been wont to meet Ben Jonson at those "lyric feasts made at the Sun, the Dog, the Triple Tun." He was restored in 1662, and spent the last twelve years of his life in Devonshire.

His graceful lyrics, which include the well-known *To Daffodils,* were published under the title of *Hesperides.* Herrick has been styled "the first in rank and station of English song-writers."

Undying Love

He that loves a rosy cheek,
  Or a coral lip admires,
Or from starlike eyes doth seek
  Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
  Gentle thoughts and calm desires;
Hearts with equal love combined,
  Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

THOMAS CAREW.

I Will Reign Alone

As Alexander I will reign,
  And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did never more disdain
  A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
  Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
  To gain or lose it all. MONTROSE.

Go, Lovely Rose

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her, that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That, had'st thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

EDMUND WALLER.

Constancy

Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
  Is due at all to me;
Love with me had made no stays,
  Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
  And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
  A dozen in her place.

Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

To Lucasta, on going to the Wars

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
  That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
  To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
  The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
  A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
  As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
  Loved I not honour more.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

To Daffodils

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
  You haste away so soon:
As yet the early-rising Sun
  Has not attained his Noon.
    Stay, stay,
  Until the hasting day
    Has run
  But to the Evensong;
And, having prayed together, we
  Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a Spring;
As quick a growth to meet Decay,
As you, or anything.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the Summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of Morning's dew
Ne'er to be found again.

ROBERT HERRICK.

George Herbert (1593-1633), born at Montgomery Castle, his father's seat in Wales, was educated at Westminster School and at Cambridge. He became the clergyman of a quiet parish in Wiltshire, and the calm piety of his short life led to his being spoken of as "Holy" George Herbert. After his death, his poems, which consist of sacred and moral pieces, were published as *The Temple.*

Vertue

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridall of the earth and skie,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angrie and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
Thy musick shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and vertuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

Abraham Cowley (1618-1667), poet and essayist, was the son of a stationer in Cheapside. He was educated at Westminster School and at Cambridge, and spent many of the best years of his life in the royal service. Disappointed, however, of preferment by Charles II., he retired to farm an estate on the Thames at Chertsey, where he cultivated his fields and wrote of solitude and liberty. He was popular as a poet, and as a prose writer he is accorded a place of distinction. When the King heard of the poet's death, he somewhat tardily exclaimed, "Mr Cowley has not left behind him a better man in England."

Hymn to Light

Say from what golden quivers of the sky,
Do all thy winged arrows fly?
Swiftness and power by birth are thine:
From thy great sire they came, thy sire the word divine.

When, goddess, thou lift'st up thy wakened head,
Out of the morning's purple bed,
Thy quire of birds about thee play,
And all the joyful world salutes the rising day.

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st;
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st;
The virgin lillies in their white
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.

Through the soft wayes of heav'n, and air, and sea,
Which open all their pores to thee,
Like a clear river thou dost glide,
And with thy living stream through the close channels slide.

Character of Oliver Cromwell

What can be more extraordinary than that a person of mean birth, no fortune, no eminent qualities of body, which have sometimes, or of mind, which have often, raised men to the highest dignities, should have

the courage to attempt, and the happiness to succeed in, so improbable a design as the destruction of one of the most ancient and most solidly-founded monarchies upon the earth? That he should have the power or boldness to put his prince and master to an open and infamous death; to banish that numerous and strongly-allied family; to do all this under the name and wages of a parliament; to trample upon them too as he pleased, and spurn them out of doors when he grew weary of them; to raise up a new and unheard-of monster out of their ashes; to stifle that in the very infancy, and set up himself above all things that ever were called sovereign in England; to oppress all his enemies by arms, and all his friends afterwards by artifice; to serve all parties patiently for a while, and to command them victoriously at last; to overrun each corner of the three nations, and overcome with equal facility both the riches of the south and the poverty of the north; to be feared and courted by all foreign princes, and adopted a brother to the gods of the earth; to call together parliaments with a word of his pen, and scatter them again with the breath of his mouth; to be humbly and daily petitioned that he would please to be hired, at the rate of two millions a year, to be the master of those who had hired him before to be their servant; to have the estates and lives of three kingdoms as much at his disposal as was the little inheritance of his father, and to be as noble and liberal in the spending of them; and lastly (for there is no end of all the particulars of his glory), to bequeath all this with one word to his posterity; to die with peace at home, and triumph abroad; to be buried among kings, and with more than regal solemnity; and to leave a name behind him, not to be extinguished, but with the whole world; which, as it is now too little for his praises, so might have been too for his conquests, if the short line of his human life could have been stretched out to the extent of his immortal designs?

From *Miscellanies.*

Samuel Butler (1612-1680) was born in Worcestershire and educated at King's College, Worcester. Little is known of his life or movements till he was past fifty years of age. "He is one of the most shrouded figures in the whole history of our literature." At the Restoration he was made Steward of Ludlow Castle, the seat of the Lord President of Wales. Deprived, for some reason, of this office, he died in great poverty. Butler's *Hudibras*, which is the longest and the wittiest burlesque in English, is a clever satire of the Puritan party.

The Metaphysical Poets.—Many of the poets of this century strained after unusual turns of thought and modes of expression. These Metaphysical poets, as they were afterwards called, were, for the most part, writers on sacred subjects, and the fashion was at its height in the days of **Dr John Donne** (1573-1631), Dean of St Paul's. He wrote "the most penetrating and the most silly things at the same moment," and has been spoken of as "this very great and very puzzling poet."

Sonnet

At the round earth's imagined corners blow
Your trumpets, angels, and arise, arise
From death, you numberless infinities
Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go,
All whom the flood did, and fire shall, o'erthrow;
All, whom war, death, age, ague's tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance, hath slain; and you, whose eyes
Shall behold God, and never taste death's woe.
But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space;
For, if above all these my sins abound,
'Tis late to ask abundance of Thy grace,
When we are there. Here on this holy ground
Teach me how to repent: for that's as good
As if Thou hadst sealed my pardon with Thy blood.

The Restoration Drama.—The rise of the Elizabethan drama, with its brilliant galaxy of playwrights, was marvellous in its suddenness. The first regular plays—those of Udall and Sackville—were written about the middle of the sixteenth century. Before its close, Shakespeare was

producing his immortal works. The decay was equally sudden: it began, indeed, in the lifetime of Shakespeare himself. When Ben Jonson died there was no one to take his place as a dramatist.

In 1641, Parliament ordered all places of amusement to be closed, and in 1648, the theatres were dismantled, and actors were rendered liable to be whipped, and spectators to be fined. Play-writing for the time became dormant.

But the year 1660 witnessed a new departure in all kinds of writing. With the Restoration of Charles II. came the re-opening of the theatres, which had been closed for twenty years. This, of course, was at once followed by a revival of the drama, and the time of the Stuarts is richer in good stage plays than any period of our literature, except the Elizabethan.

The new dramatists imitated French models. They adapted, translated, and assimilated French plays—a course which was fostered by the king's liking for everything French. Their plays were pictures of the court life of the day. The most important of the writers whose dramatic activity began with the Restoration was John Dryden.

John Dryden (1631-1700)—the "Glorious John" of Will's Coffee-house—was born in the vicarage of Aldwinkle, near Oundle, in Nottinghamshire. He was educated first at the village schools of Titmarsh and Oundle, and then at Westminster School. He afterwards studied for seven years at Cambridge.

In 1659 he wrote *Heroic Stanzas* on the death of Cromwell, and in the following year he wrote with as much vigour, *Astræa Redux*, to celebrate the Restoration of Charles II.

In 1667 he produced his *Annus Mirabilis*, or Wonderful Year, in which he tells the story of the Dutch War and the Fire of London.

In 1663, Dryden had taken to play-writing as a profession, and in 1668 he undertook to supply three new plays a year to the King's Theatre. His life was now a busy one, but it was not till 1681 that Dryden was recognised as the first of the poets of his age. This position he attained by the publication of *Absalom and Achitophel*, the first of his series of satires and didactic poems.

Dryden next turned his attention to theology. In 1682 he wrote *Religio Laici*, to defend the Church of England as the established teacher of the people. It has been described as a "half-way house between Protestantism and the religion of a Roman Catholic." But soon after the Popish Plot there came a change in his convictions, and he went over to the Church of Rome. This change of faith he justified in *The Hind and the Panther*, an allegory in which "the Anglican panther persecutes the milk-white Roman hind," and the Nonconformists are represented by "the bear, the boar, and every savage name."

When the Revolution came he refused to take the oath of allegiance to William III. In consequence, he lost the offices he held, including the laureateship, which was given to his "dogged enemy" Shadwell. At the age of fifty-seven he was thrown on his own resources, and began life anew with energy and fortitude. He wrote plays, translated Virgil, and did a vast amount of miscellaneous writing. One of these occasional pieces—a piece "such as no other living man could have written"—was *Alexander's Feast*, an ode written to order for the Feast of St Cecilia's Day.

In 1700 Dryden died and was buried with great ceremony in Westminster Abbey, by the side of Chaucer, but under "a rude and nameless stone."

Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Ben Jonson

Shakespeare was the man who of all modern and perhaps ancient poets had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily: when he describes anything you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into

bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him.

Beaumont and Fletcher had, with the advantage of Shakespeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study; Beaumont especially being so accurate a judge of plays, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and, 'tis thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots. The first play that brought Fletcher and him into esteem was their *Philaster;* for before that they had written two or three very unsuccessfully, as the like is reported of Ben Jonson, before he wrote *Every Man in his Humour.* Their plots were generally more regular than Shakespeare's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation much better; whose wild debaucheries and quickness of wit in repartees no poet before them could paint as they have done. Humour, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe; they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection; what words have since been taken in are rather superfluous than ornamental.

As for Jonson, I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit and language, and humour also in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavouring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such a height. Humour was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people.

He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them. He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft in other poets, is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represents old Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, it was, that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially; perhaps, too, he did a little too much Romanize our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them: wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakespeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakespeare the greater wit. Shakespeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets; Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing: I admire him, but I love Shakespeare.

From *Essay of Dramatic Poesy.*

London after the Fire.

Methinks already from this chymic flame,
I see a city of more precious mould:
Rich as the town which gives the Indies name,
With silver pav'd, and all divine with gold.

Already labouring with a mighty fate,
She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow,
And seems to have renew'd her charter's date,
Which heaven will to the death of Time allow.

More great than human now, and more august,
Now deified she from her fires does rise:
Her widening streets on new foundations trust,
And opening into larger parts she flies.

Before, she like some shepherdess did show,
Who sat to bathe her by a river's side;
Not answering to her fame, but rude and low,
Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride.

Now like a maiden queen she will behold,
From her high turrets, hourly suitors come;
The East with incense, and the West with gold,
Will stand like suppliants to receive her doom.

The silver Thames, her own domestic flood,
Shall bear her vessels like a sweeping train;
And often wind, as if his mistress proud,
With longing eyes to meet her face again.

From *Annus Mirabilis.*

Thomas Fuller (1608-1661), the son of a Northamptonshire clergyman, was first taught at home by his father, and then sent to Cambridge. He entered the Church, in which he held many offices, and died in London of typhoid fever, just when he was looking forward to a bishopric. His best work, that which shows the writer's quaint yet modern style, his rippling and playful humour, his excellence as a story-teller, is his *Worthies of England.* In this book he deals with each county of England, one by one, describing all its physical features, its memorable buildings, its great men, and all "to present examples to the living," and "to entertain the reader with delight."

On Reading Books

Some books are only cursorily to be tasted of: namely, first, voluminous books, the task of a man's life to read them over; secondly, auxiliary books, only to be repaired to on occasions; thirdly, such as are mere pieces of formality, so that if you look on them you look through them, and he that peeps through the casement of the index, sees as much as if he were in the house. But the laziness of those cannot be excused, who perfunctorily pass over authors of consequence, and only trade in their

tables and contents. These, like city-cheaters, having gotten the names of all country gentlemen, make silly people believe they have long lived in those places where they never were, and flourish with skill in those authors they never seriously studied.

From *Worthies of England.*

Six Points on Jesting

Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits: wherefore jesting is not unlawful if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or season.

1. *It is good to make a jest, but not to make a trade of jesting.* The Earl of Leicester, knowing that Queen Elizabeth was much delighted to see a gentleman dance well, brought the master of the dancing school to dance before her. "Psha," said the Queen, "it is his profession, I will not see him." She liked it not where it was a master quality, but where it attended on other perfections. The same may we say of jesting.

2. *Jest not with the two-edged sword of God's Word.* Will nothing please thee to wash thy hands in, but the font, or to drink healths in, but the church chalice? And know the whole art is learnt at the first admission, and profane jests will come without calling. If in the troublesome days of King Edward the Fourth, a citizen in Cheapside was executed as a traitor for saying he would make his son heir to the Crown, though he only meant his own house, having a crown for the sign; more dangerous it is to wit-wanton it with the majesty of God. Wherefore, if without thine intention, and against thy will, by chance medley thou hittest Scripture in ordinary discourse, yet fly to the city of refuge and pray to God to forgive thee.

3. *Wanton jests make fools laugh, and wise men frown.* Seeing we are civilised Englishmen, let us not be naked savages in our talk. Such rotten speeches are worst in withered age, when men run after that sin in their words which flieth from them in the deed.

4. *Let not thy jests, like mummy, be made of dead men's flesh.* Abuse not any that are departed; for to wrong their memories is to rob their ghosts of their winding-sheets.

5. *Scoff not at the natural defects of any which are not in their power to amend.* Oh, it is cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches! Neither flout any for his profession, if honest, though poor and painful. Mock not a cobbler for his black thumbs.

6. *He that relates another man's wicked jests with delight adopts them to be his own.* Purge them therefore from their poison. If the profaneness may be severed from the wit, it is like a lamprey; take out the string in the back, it may make good meat. But if the staple conceit consists in profaneness, then it is a viper, all poison, and meddle not with it.

From *The Holy and Profane State.*

Jeremy Taylor (1613-1667), who has been called the Shakespeare of English prose, and the "Spenser of divinity," was born at Cambridge, where he was educated for the Church. Driven from his rectory in Rutland by the Puritans, he served as Chaplain to a Royalist regiment, and was imprisoned for his devotion to the King's cause. At the Restoration he was appointed Bishop of Dromore in Ireland. He possessed great gifts as a preacher, "being at all times of a great and convincing eloquence." As a writer, he had an imagination which often beautifully and aptly brightened up the subject. His prose is rich and musical, though sometimes overladen with the abundance of similes. His fame as a writer rests upon two books, *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying*.

Profitable Studies

Spend not your time in that which profits not; for your labour and your health, your time and your studies, are very valuable; and it is a thousand pities to see a diligent and hopeful person spend himself in gathering cockle-shells and little pebbles, in telling sands upon the shores, and making garlands of useless daisies. Study that which is profitable, that which will make you useful

to churches and commonwealths, that which will make you desirable and wise. Only I shall add this to you, that in learning there are variety of things as well as in religion: there is mint and cummin, and there are the weighty things of the law; so there are studies more and less useful, and everything that is useful will be required in its time: and I may in this also use the words of our blessed Saviour, "These things ought you to look after, and not to leave the other unregarded." But your great care is to be in the things of God and of religion, in holiness and true wisdom, remembering the saying of Origen, "That the knowledge that arises from goodness is something that is more certain and more divine than all demonstration," than all other learnings of the world.

From *Sermons.*

How to Secure Contentment

Enjoy the present whatsoever it be, and be not solicitous for the future; for if you take your foot from the present standing, and thrust it forward towards to-morrow's event, you are in a restless condition: it is like refusing to quench your present thirst by fearing you shall want drink the next day. If it be well to-day, it is madness to make the present miserable by fearing it may be ill to-morrow; for it may be you shall not, and then to what purpose was this day's affliction? But if to-morrow you shall want, your sorrow will come time enough, though you do not hasten it: let your trouble tarry till its own day comes. But if it chance to be ill to-day, do not increase it by the care of to-morrow. Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly; for this day is only ours: we are dead to yesterday, and we are not yet born to the morrow. He, therefore, that enjoys the present, if it be good, enjoys as much as is possible; and if only that day's trouble leans upon him, it is singular and finite. "Sufficient to the day (said Christ) is the evil thereof"; sufficient, but not intolerable.

If you will secure a contented spirit, you must measure your desires by your fortune and condition, not your fortunes by your desires—that is, be governed by your needs, not by your fancy; by nature, not by evil customs and ambitious principles. When we create needs that God or nature never made, we have erected to ourselves an infinite stock of trouble that can have no period. Sempronius complained of want of clothes, and was much troubled for a new suit, being ashamed to appear in the theatre with his gown a little threadbare; but when he got it, and gave his old clothes to Codrus, the poor man was ravished with joy and went and gave thanks to God for his new purchase; and Codrus was made richly fine and cheerfully warm by that which Sempronius was ashamed to wear.

From *Holy Living.*

Be not Intolerant

When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stopping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was a hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, and caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven? The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God; at which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was? He replied, I thrust him away because he did not worship thee: God answered him, I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonoured me, and couldst thou not endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble? Upon this, saith the story, Abraham

fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction. *Go thou and do likewise,* and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham.

From *The Liberty of Prophesying.*

Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682) was the son of a mercer of Cheapside, London. Educated at Winchester School and at Oxford, he took the degree of M.D. at the University of Leyden, and settled as a physician in Norwich. The success of his book, *Religio Medici,* written in highly latinised English, was extraordinary. "Hardly ever," wrote a contemporary, "was a book published in Britain that made more noise." Browne was a man "consistently humble, extremely beloved, and entirely happy."

Light the Shadow of God

Light that makes things seen makes some things invisible. Were it not for darkness, and the shadow of the earth, the noblest part of creation had remained unseen, and the stars in heaven as invisible as on the fourth day, when they were created above the horizon with the sun, and there was not an eye to behold them. The greatest mystery of religion is expressed by adumbration, and in the noblest part of Jewish types we find the cherubim shadowing the mercy-seat. Life itself is but the shadow of death, and souls departed but the shadows of the living. All things fall under this name. The sun itself is but the dark Simulachrum, and light but the shadow of God.

From *Urn Burial.*

Isaak Walton (1593-1683), the first and best of writers on the angler's "gentle art," was the son of a yeoman of Staffordshire. Winchester was his home in later life. At the age of sixty he published *The Compleat Angler,* one of the famous books of the English language. Walton "was well beloved of all good men."

Thankfulness for Blessings

Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us, who, with the expense of a little money, have ate and drank, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely; and rose next day, and cast away care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again, which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. Let me tell you, scholar, I have a rich neighbour that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money; he is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says, "The hand of the diligent maketh rich;" and it is true indeed: but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy: for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, "That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them." And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful! Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches, when as God knows the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silkworm, that, when she seems to play, is at the very same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself; and this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have probably unconscionably got. Let us therefore be thankful for health and competence, and, above all, for a quiet conscience. . . . Let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value, or not praise him, because they be common; let us not

forget to praise Him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and fountains that we have met with since we met together? I have been told, that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in his full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this, and many other like blessings, we enjoy daily. And for most of them because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises; but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a-fishing.

From *The Compleat Angler.*

John Bunyan (1628-1688), the son of a "tinker," was born at Elstow near Bedford. He attended Bedford Grammar School, and was a boy of passionate temper and given to lying and using bad language.

When he joined his father's trade he became a wild youth and was ringleader in all sorts of mischief. He was haunted by evil visions, and saw evil spirits that terrified him.

After his marriage he became more settled and attended church regularly. After a long mental struggle he found peace at last and became a member of the Baptist congregation. He began to take part in the "ministry," and preached in chapels, barns, and village greens. He was extremely popular and great crowds flocked to hear him.

After the Restoration he was arrested as "a common upholder of unlawful meetings," and was sent to prison. There he wrote *The Pilgrim's Progress,* a work that has affected the religious opinions of the English race all

over the world, more than any other book except the Bible. It is an allegory, and represents the efforts of a soul seeking holiness.

When he was released from prison at the age of forty-four, he was made pastor of the Baptist Chapel of Bedford. The remainder of his life was spent in preaching and writing.

Doubting Castle

Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair, and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping; wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds.

Then, with a grim and surly voice, he bade them awake, and asked them whence they were and what they did in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims and that they had lost their way. Then said the Giant, "You have this night trespassed on me by trampling in and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me."

So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in fault. The Giant therefore drove them before him, and put them into his castle, in a very dark dungeon. Here, then, they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any person to ask how they did. In this place Christian had double sorrow, because it was through his counsel that they were brought into this distress.

Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence. So he told his wife what he had done, that he had taken a couple of prisoners, and cast them into his dungeon for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best do further with them? So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound? and he told her. Then

she counselled him that when he arose in the morning he should beat them without mercy.

So when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating them as if they were dogs. Then he fell upon them and beat them fearfully in such sort that they were not able to help themselves or to turn upon the floor. This done, he withdraws and leaves them there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress.

The next night she, talking with her husband further about them, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves.

So when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner, as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them that since they were never likely to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison; for why, said he, should you choose to live, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness?

But they desired him to let them go. With that, he looked ugly upon them, and rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits (for he sometimes in sunshiny weather fell into fits), and lost for a time the use of his hands. Wherefore he withdrew and left them as before to consider what to do.

Towards evening the Giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel; but when he came there, he found them alive, and truly, alive was all. For now, for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe.

But, I say, he found them alive, at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them that seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than

if they had never been born. At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian fell into a swoon; but coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the Giant's counsel, and whether yet they had best take it or no.

Now the Giant's wife asked him concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel. To which he replied, "They are sturdy rogues; they choose rather to bear all hardships than to make away with themselves."

Then said she, "Take them into the castle yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those that thou hast already despatched; and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou wilt tear them in pieces as thou hast done their fellows before them."

So when the morning was come, the Giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle yard and shows them as his wife had bidden him.

"These," said he, "were once pilgrims as you are, and they trespassed on my grounds as you have done, and when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces; and so within ten days I will do you. Go, get you down to your den again!" and with that he beat them all the way thither. They lay therefore all day on Saturday in lamentable case as before.

Now, when night was come, Mistress Diffidence and her husband the Giant began to renew their discourse of their prisoners; and the old Giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied:—

"I fear," said she, "that they live in hopes that some will come to relieve them; or that they have pick-locks about them, by means of which they hope to escape."

"And sayest thou so, my dear?" said the Giant; "I will therefore search them in the morning."

Well, on Saturday about midnight they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out into this passionate speech:—

"What a fool," quoth he, "am I to lie in a dungeon,

when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle."

Then said Hopeful, "That's good news; good brother, pluck it out of thy bosom and try."

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt as he turned the key gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door that leads into the castle yard, and with his key opened that door also. After that he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went hard, yet the key did open it.

Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed, but that gate as it opened made such a creaking, that it waked Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail, for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the king's highway, and so were safe.

Now when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at that stile to prevent those that should come after from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the side thereof this sentence: "Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims." Many therefore that followed after read what was written and escaped the danger.

From *The Pilgrim's Progress*, Pt. I.

Grim and the Lions

So they went on, till they came in sight of the lions. Now Mr Great-heart was a strong man; so he was not afraid of a lion: but yet, when they were come up to the place where the lions were, the boys that went before were glad to cringe behind, for they were afraid of the

lions; so they stepped back, and went behind. At this their guide smiled, and said, "How now, my boys! do you love to go before, when no danger doth approach, and love to come behind so soon as the lions appear?"

Now, as they went up, Mr Great-heart drew his sword, with intent to make a way for the pilgrims, in spite of the lions. Then there appeared one that, it seems, had taken upon him to back the lions; and he said to the pilgrims' guide, "What is the cause of your coming hither?"

Now the name of that man was Grim, or Bloody-man, because of his slaying of pilgrims; and he was of the race of the giants.

Then said Great-heart, the pilgrims' guide, "These women and children are going on a pilgrimage; and this is the way they must go, and go they shall, in spite of thee and the lions."

"This is not their way," said Grim, "neither shall they go therein. I am come forth to withstand them, and to that end will back the lions."

Now, to say truth, by reason of the fierceness of the lions, and of the grim carriage of him that did back them, this way had of late lain much unoccupied, and was almost all grown over with grass.

Then said Christiana, "Though the highways have been unoccupied heretofore, and though the travellers have been made in time past to walk through by-paths, it must not be so now I am risen."

Then Grim swore by the lions that it should; and therefore bid them turn aside, for they should not have passage there.

But their guide made first his approach unto Grim, and laid so heavily at him with his sword, that he forced him to a retreat. Then said he that attempted to back the lions, "Will you slay me upon mine own ground?"

"It is the King's highway that we are in," replied Great-heart, "and in his way it is that thou hast placed thy lions; but these women and these children, though weak, shall hold on their way in spite of thy lions."

And with that he gave him again a downright blow, and brought him upon his knees. With this blow he also broke his helmet, and with the next he cut off an arm.

Then did the giant roar so hideously, that his voice frighted the women, and yet they were glad to see him lie sprawling upon the ground.

Now the lions were chained, and so of themselves could do nothing. Wherefore, when old Grim, that intended to back them, was dead, Mr Great-heart said to the pilgrims, "Come now, and follow me, and no hurt shall happen to you from the lions." They therefore went on, but the women trembled as they passed by them; the boys also looked as if they would die, but they all got by without further hurt.

From *The Pilgrim's Progress*, Pt. II.

Samuel Pepys (1633-1703), born in Northamptonshire, was the son of a London tailor. He was educated at Huntingdon, St Paul's School, and Cambridge. He entered the Civil Service, and received rapid promotion. In 1673, he became a Member of Parliament, and was appointed Secretary to the Admiralty. Pepys's gossiping *Diary*, which was first published in 1825, belongs to the class of writing which has been of so much use "in giving colour to history." The *Diary*, which is perhaps the most extraordinary ever written, covers a period of ten years, and gives graphic accounts of the Great Plague and the Fire of London.

The Great Plague

August 3rd. To Dagenhams. All the way people, citizens, walking to and fro, enquire how the plague is in the City this week by the Bill; which by chance, at Greenwich, I had heard was 2020 of the plague, and 3000 and odd of all diseases. By and by met my Lord Crewe returning; Mr Marr telling me by the way how a maid-servant of Mr John Wright's (who lives thereabouts) falling sick of the plague, she was removed to an out-house, and a nurse appointed to look to her; who, being

once absent, the maid got out of the house at the window, and run away. The nurse coming and knocking, and having no answer, believed she was dead, and went and told Mr Wright so; who and his lady were in great strait what to do to get her buried. At last resolved to go to Burntwood hard by, being in the parish, and there get people to do it. But they would not; so he went home full of trouble, and in the way met the wench walking over the common, which frighted him worse than before; and was forced to send people to take her, which he did: and they got one of the pest coaches and put her into it to carry her to a pest house. And passing in a narrow lane Sir Anthony Browne, with his brother and some friends in the coach, met this coach with the curtains drawn close. The brother being a young man, and believing there might be some lady in it that would not be seen, and the way being narrow, he thrust his head out of his own into her coach, and to look, and there saw somebody look very ill, and in a sick dress, and stunk mightily: which the coachman also cried out upon. And presently they come up to some people that stood looking after it, and told our gallants that it was a maid of Mr Wright's carried away sick of the plague; which put the young gentleman into a fright had almost cost him his life, but is now well again.

12th. The people die so, that now it seems they are fain to carry the dead to be buried by day-light, the nights not sufficing to do it in. And my Lord Mayor commands people to be within at nine at night all, as they say, that the sick may have liberty to go abroad for air.

From *The Diary.*

The Fire of London

Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhith, and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace, and so below bridge at the water-side; but little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so

fast. Good hopes there was of stopping it at the Three Cranes above, and at Buttolph's Wharf below bridge, if care be used; but the wind carries it into the City, so as we know not by the water-side what it do there. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water, and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of Virginalls in it. Having seen as much as I could now, I away to White Hall by appointment, and there walked to St James's Park, and there met my wife and Creed and Wood and his wife, and walked to my boat; and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still increasing, and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's faces in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little ale-house on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there stayed till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow, and as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid, malicious bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. Barbary and her husband away before us. We stayed till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long; it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire, and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruin. So home with a sad heart, and there find every body discoursing and lamenting the fire; and poor Tom Hater come with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which was burned upon Fish-street Hill. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods, but was deceived in his lying there, the news coming every

moment of the growth of the fire, so as we were forced to begin to pack up our own goods, and prepare for their removal; and did by moonshine (it being brave dry and moonshine and warm weather) carry much of my goods into the garden, and Mr Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as thinking that the safest place. And got my bags of gold into my office, ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallies into a box by themselves. So great was our fear, as Sir W. Batten hath carts come out of the country to fetch away his goods this night. We did put Mr Hater, poor man, to bed a little; but he got but very little rest, so much noise being in my house, taking down of goods.

From *The Diary.*

John Locke (1632-1704), the founder of English Philosophy, was born near Bristol. He was the son of an attorney, and was educated at Westminster School and at Oxford, with a view to his becoming a physician. The state of his health prevented him from completing his studies, and a good part of his life was spent as a member of the household of the Earl of Shaftesbury. In his *Essay concerning the Human Understanding,* he elaborates the doctrine that all ideas and all knowledge are gained by experience. Former philosophers had taught that the mind had certain "innate ideas" with which it begins life. Locke maintains that ideas are only gained by contact with the outer world and by reflection on our experiences.

Use and Practice

We are born with faculties and powers capable almost of anything, such at least as would carry us farther than can be easily imagined; but it is only the exercise of those powers which gives us ability and skill in anything, and leads us towards perfection.

A middle-aged ploughman will scarce ever be brought to the carriage and language of a gentleman, though his body be as well proportioned, and his joints as supple, and his natural parts not any way inferior. The legs of

a dancing-master, and the fingers of a musician, fall, as it were, naturally, without thought or pains, into regular and admirable motions. Bid them change their parts, and they will in vain endeavour to produce like motions in the members not used to them, and it will require length of time and long practice to attain but some degrees of a like ability. What incredible and astonishing actions do we find rope-dancers and tumblers bring their bodies to! not that but sundry in almost all manual arts are as wonderful; but I name those which the world takes notice of for such, because, on that very account, they give money to see them. All these admired motions, beyond the reach and almost the conception of unpractised spectators, are nothing but the mere effects of use and industry in men, whose bodies have nothing peculiar in them from those of the amazed lookers-on.

As it is in the body, so it is in the mind; practice makes it what it is; and most even of those excellencies which are looked on as natural endowments will be found, when examined into more narrowly, to be the product of exercise, and to be raised to that pitch only by repeated actions.

To what purpose all this, but to show that the difference, so observable in men's understandings and parts, does not arise so much from the natural faculties, as acquired habits? He would be laughed at that should go about to make a fine dancer out of a country hedger, at past fifty. And he will not have much better success who shall endeavour at that age to make a man reason well, or speak handsomely, who has never been used to it, though you should lay before him a collection of all the best precepts of logic or oratory. Nobody is made anything by hearing of rules, or laying them up in his memory; practice must settle the habit of doing without reflecting on the rule; and you may as well hope to make a good painter or musician extempore by a lecture and instruction in the arts of music and painting, as a coherent thinker, or strict reasoner, by a set of rules, showing him wherein right reasoning consists.

From the *Essay concerning the Human Understanding.*

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

The Classical Age.—The seventeenth century was an age of fresh creation in our literature—an age whose prose was no less imaginative than its verse. The eighteenth was the least creative but the most critical in our literary history.

Both in prose and in verse, that writing was looked upon as best which seemed most closely to follow the models of Latin style. It was a century, not of pathos or passion, but of correct expression and polished sentences. An artificial school of poetry grew up, and all serious verse was practically tied down to the heroic couplet. "Vigour was given to this new method in Art by Dryden, and perfection of artifice added to it by Pope."

The Augustan Age.—The reigns of Anne and the first two Georges are sometimes called the Augustan Age of English Literature. The term implies a comparison with the times of the Roman Emperor, Augustus, when Virgil and Horace flourished under royal favour. But there is little real ground for the comparison. Neither Anne nor the Georges were patrons of literature, and there was no literary output to be placed alongside the works of either Virgil or Horace.

The most that can be said is that the writers of the period strove to attain the classic style. Literature was tested by the fixed rules of the schools, and nothing was held to be good that did not conform to these rules.

The Essayists.—The years between 1709, when *The Tatler* was first published, and 1712, when *The Spectator* ceased to be issued, served to create the English Essay. The credit of inventing the Periodical Essay belongs to **Richard Steele**, but **Joseph Addison**, his fellow-worker on both *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*, was a more brilliant writer. The aim of Addison and Steele was to furnish regularly to their readers social gossip, poetry, learning, and the news of the day. The best of the essays are those of Addison, in which Sir Roger de Coverley and the people about him in his London Club and in his country home are described.

Joseph Addison (1672-1719), the son of a clergyman who became Dean of Lichfield, was born in a Wiltshire rectory. He was educated as was Richard Steele, at Oxford. For a time he was in poverty, but the publication of *The Campaign* laid the foundation of his good fortune. He became Member of Parliament, and held various offices of state. His best work are his *Essays* which appeared in *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*. As a writer, his humour was gentle and his style charming in its elegance.

The Vision of Mirza

On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here refreshing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, surely, said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, but who was in reality a being of superior nature. I drew near with profound reverence, and fell down at his feet. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability, that familiarised him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me."

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock; and placing me on the top of it, "Cast thy eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." "I see," said I, "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it." "The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the vale of misery; and the tide of water that thou seest, is part of the great tide of eternity." "What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see rises out of

a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?" "What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called time measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now," said he, "this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it." "I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide." "The bridge thou seest," said he, "is human life; consider it attentively." Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three score and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. "But tell me further," said he, "what thou discoverest on it." "I see multitudes of people passing over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it." As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, than they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud than many fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire. There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep

melancholy, to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them, to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation, stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles, that glittered in their eyes, and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou seest any thing thou dost not comprehend." Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches." "These," said the genius, "are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life."

I here fetched a deep sigh. "Alas," said I, "man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!" The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it." I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or not the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for

the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean, planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers. Gladness grew in me at the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. "The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore. There are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasure of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them: every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him."—I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, "Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds, which cover the ocean

on the other side of the rock of adamant." The genius making no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels, grazing upon the sides of it.

From *The Spectator*.

The True Fine Gentleman

It is a most vexatious thing to an old man, who endeavours to square his notions by reason, and to talk from reflection and experience, to fall in with a circle of young ladies at their afternoon tea-table. This happened very lately to be my fate. The conversation, for the first half hour, was so very rambling that it is hard to say what was talked of, or who spoke least to the purpose. The various motions of the fan, the tossings of the head, intermixed with all the pretty kinds of laughter, made up the greatest part of the discourse. At last, this modish way of shining and being witty, settled into something like conversation, and the talk ran upon fine gentlemen.

From the several characters that were given, and the exceptions that were made, as this or that gentleman happened to be named, I found that a lady is not difficult to be pleased, and that the town swarms with fine gentlemen. A nimble pair of heels, a smooth complexion, a full-bottom wig, a laced shirt, an embroidered suit; a pair of fringed gloves, a hat and feather; any one or more of these and the like accomplishments ennobles a man, and raises him above the vulgar, in a female imagination. On the contrary, a modest serious behaviour, a plain dress, a thick pair of shoes, a leathern belt, a waistcoat not lined with silk, and such like imperfections, degrade a man, and are so many blots in his escutcheon.

I went home, however, full of a great many serious reflections upon what had passed: and though, in complaisance, I disguised my sentiments, to keep up the good humour of my fair companions, and to avoid being looked upon as a testy old fellow, yet out of the goodwill I bear to the sex, and to prevent for the future their being imposed upon by counterfeits, I shall give them the distinguishing marks of "a true fine gentleman."

When a good artist would express any remarkable character in sculpture, he endeavours to work up his figure into all the perfection his imagination can form; and to imitate not so much what is, as what may or ought to be. I shall follow their example, in the idea I am going to trace out of a fine gentleman, by assembling together such qualifications as seem requisite to make the character complete. In order to this I shall premise in general, that by a fine gentleman I mean a man completely qualified as well for the service and good, as for the ornament and delight, of society. When I consider the frame of mind peculiar to a gentleman, I suppose it graced with all the dignity and elevation of spirit that human nature is capable of. To this I would have joined a clear understanding, a reason free from prejudice, a steady judgment, and an extensive knowledge. When I think of the heart of a gentleman, I imagine it firm and intrepid, void of all inordinate passions, and full of tenderness, compassion, and benevolence. When I view the fine gentleman with regard to his manners, methinks I see him modest without bashfulness, frank and affable without impertinence, obliging and com plaisant without servility, cheerful and in good humour without noise.

These amiable qualities are not easily obtained; neither are there many men that have a genius to excel this way. A finished gentleman is perhaps the most uncommon of all the great characters in life. Besides the natural endowments with which the distinguished man is to be born, he must run through a long series of education. Before he makes his appearance and shines

in the world, he must be principled in religion, instructed in all the moral virtues, and led through the whole course of the polite arts and sciences. He should be no stranger to courts and to camps: he must travel to open his mind, to enlarge his views, to learn the policies and interests of foreign states, as well as to fashion and polish himself, and to get clear of national prejudices, of which every country has its share. To all these more essential improvements, he must not forget to add the fashionable ornaments of life, such as are the languages and the bodily exercises most in vogue; neither would I have him think even dress itself beneath his notice.

It is no very uncommon thing in the world to meet with men of probity; there are likewise a great many men of honour to be found. Men of courage, men of sense, and men of letters are frequent: but a true fine gentleman is what one seldom sees. He is properly a compound of the various good qualities that embellish mankind. As the great poet animates all the different parts of learning by the force of his genius, and irradiates all the compass of his knowledge by the lustre and brightness of his imagination; so all the great and solid perfections of life appear in the finished gentleman, with a beautiful gloss and varnish; everything he says or does is accompanied with a manner, or rather a charm, that draws the admiration and good-will of every beholder. From Sir Richard Steele.

Alexander Pope (1688-1744) was the son of a linen merchant of the city of London. He was weakly in body, and all his life, which was "one long disease," he was unable to move about until he was "laced into a sort of armour." But his brain was strong and his intellect keen. He was "a very great man imprisoned in a little rickety body."

At the age of twenty-two Pope had written the *Essay on Criticism,* and two years later had won the foremost place among the poets of his time by the publication of that "delicious little thing," *The Rape of the Lock*—a piece of "flawless jewel-work." This "dwarf epic," as it has been called, is a burlesque, written to reconcile a lady to her

lover, who had offended her by stealing a lock of her hair as she was drinking coffee at a picnic. The machinery of the poem, which Hazlitt calls "the most exquisite specimen of filigree work ever invented," is made up of sylphs, gnomes, and other spirits of the seventeenth century philosophers.

He next wrote *Windsor Forest,* a pastoral poem, and then spent eleven years on the great task of translating the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* of Homer into English verse. The nine thousand guineas he received for the work secured him independence during the rest of his life.

On the death of his father, Pope settled with his mother at Twickenham, where he spent the remainder of his life. Here he wrote *The Dunciad,* the strongest poetical satire in our literature, and also *Moral Essays* and the *Essay on Man.* Pope's ideas were expressed with terse clearness, and many of his polished lines have passed into the currency of common quotation.

Self-love and Reason

Two principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and reason, to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation still,
Ascribe all good; to their improper, ill.
Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And but for this, were active to no end:
Fixed like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroyed.
Most strength the moving principle requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Formed but to check, deliberate, and advise.
Self-love still stronger, as its objects nigh;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:

That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng.
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to reason still attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains.
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite;
And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire;
But greedy that, its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r;
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

From *Essay on Man.*

Happiness

O Happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content, whate'er thy name!
That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlooked, seen double, by the fool, and wise.
Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair op'ning to some Court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reaped in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:

Fixed to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis nowhere to be found, or ev'rywhere:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, St John! dwells with thee.

From *Essay on Man.*

A Lady's Portrait

Fair nymphs and well-drest youths around her shone,
But every eye was fixed on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those.
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide;
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

From *The Rape of the Lock.*

Familiar Quotations

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring.

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

The feast of reason and the flow of soul.

Good nature and good sense must ever join;
To err is human, to forgive divine.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be blest.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.

The proper study of mankind is man.

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

John Gay (1688-1732) was born at Barnstaple in Devonshire, and was apprenticed to a silk-mercer in London. He grew tired of the shop and took to literature. He wrote a collection of *Fables* in verse, and in *The Beggar's Opera*, a comedy which gave rise to English opera, he revived an old form of the drama. Of his lyrical pieces, *Black-eyed Susan* is still a popular song.

The Hare with many Friends

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendships; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.
A Hare who, in a civil way,
Complied with everything, like Gay,
Was known to all the bestial train
Who hunt the wood, or graze the plain;
Her care was never to offend,
And every creature was her friend.
As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies.
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near approach of death:
She doubles to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy ground;

Till, fainting, in the public way,
Half dead with fear, she gasping lay.
What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the horse appeared in view!

"Let me," says she, "your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight;
To friendship every burden's light."

The horse replied, "Poor honest Puss,
It grieves my heart to see you thus:
Be comforted, relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear."
She next the stately bull implored;
And thus replied the mighty lord:
"Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a favourite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And where a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.
To leave you thus would seem unkind:
But see, the goat is just behind."

The goat remarked her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye:
"My back," says she, "may do you harm;
The sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."

The sheep was feeble, and complained,
"His sides a load of wool sustained;"
Said he was slow, confessed his fears,
"For hounds eat sheep as well as hares."

She now the trotting calf addressed,
To save from death a friend distressed:
"Shall I," says he, "of tender age,
In this important case engage?
Older and abler passed you by;
How strong are those! how weak am I!

Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence,
Excuse me, then; you know my heart;
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! adieu;
For see, the hounds are just in view."

From *Fables.*

Isaac Watts (1674-1748), "a man who never wrote but for a good purpose," was born at Southampton. Though educated at Oxford, he chose to take his lot with his father's people, who were Dissenters. His well-known *Hymns* were first published as *Horæ Lyricæ.*

The following has been called "the most majestic hymn in English speech":—

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See! from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

James Thomson (1700-1748) was the eldest son of the minister of Ednam, in Roxburgh. At the age of sixteen, he was sent to Edinburgh University, to study for the Church. But he was gradually drawn away from divinity towards

literature, and at the age of twenty-five he went off to London. He carried with him the manuscript of his poem on *Winter,* which proved so successful that he followed it up by other descriptive poems on *Summer, Spring,* and *Autumn. The Seasons* marks the return of poetry to Nature as a subject.

In the last year of his life he finished *The Castle of Indolence,* an allegory written in the beautiful Spenserian stanza.

The Approach of Winter

First, joyless rains obscure
Drive through the mingling skies with vapour foul,
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods
That grumbling wave below. The unsightly plain
Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and deepening into night shut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
Each to his home, retire; save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air,
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from the untasted fields return,
And ask, with meaning low, their wonted stalls,
Or ruminate in the contiguous shade.
Thither the household feathery people crowd—
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive and dripping; while the cottage hind
Hangs o'er the enlivening blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.
Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swelled,
And the mixed ruin of its banks o'erspread,
At last the roused-up river pours along:
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far;
Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,
Calm, sluggish, silent: till again, constrained

Between two meeting hills, it burst away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream—
There gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.

From *The Seasons.*

The Castle of Indolence

It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;
And there a season atween June and May,
Half prankt with spring, with summer half imbrowned,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne carèd even for play.

Was nought around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
And flowery beds that slumbrous influence kest,
From poppies breathed, and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime, unnumbered glittering streamlets played,
And hurlèd everywhere their waters sheen;
That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant[1] shepherds piping in the dale;
And, now and then, sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stockdoves plain[2] amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil[3] the grasshopper did keep;
Yet all these sounds yblent inclinèd all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood,
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood;
And up the hills, on either side, a wood

[1] *free from care.* [2] *complain; sing mournfully.* [3] *noise.*

Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass
For ever flushing round a summer-sky:
There eke the soft delights that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast;
And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh;
But whate'er smacked of noyance or unrest,
Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

Thomas Chatterton (1752-1770) was the son of a writing-master in Bristol. When a child he had access, in his mother's house, to various parchments of the Middle Ages. Before he was eleven, he began to write what he believed was Middle English prose and verse. He was apprenticed to an attorney at the age of fifteen. Various attempts in prose and verse he imposed on the public as coming "from an old MS." He pretended he had found these parchments in an old chest in the muniment room of a Bristol church. The so-called "Rowley Poems" deceived even Horace Walpole. Others, however, detected the forgery, though marvelling at the genius displayed by the youth. Chatterton went to London and did well for a time, but later hard times came upon him, and rather than accept a dinner from his landlady, he preferred to die by his own hand. "The marvellous boy that perished in his pride."

The Minstrels' Song

O sing unto my roundelay;
O drop the briny tear with me;
Dance no more on holiday,
Like a running river be;
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed
All under the willow-tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,
White his neck as the summer snow,
Red his face as the morning light,
Cold he lies in the grave below;
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed
All under the willow-tree.

Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note,
Quick in dance as thought can be;
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout;
Oh! he lies by the willow-tree.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed
All under the willow-tree.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing,
In the briered dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing,
To the nightmares as they go.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

From *Ælla.*

The Hapless Pilgrim

The sun was gleaming in the mid of day,
Dead still the air, and eke the welkin blue,
When from the sea arist[1] in drear array
A heap of clouds of sable sullen hue,
The which full fast unto the woodland drew,
Shrouding at once the sunnès festive face,
And the black tempest swelled and gathered up apace.

Beneath a holm,[2] fast by a pathway side,
Which did unto Saint Godwin's convent lead,

[1] *arose.* [2] *holly.*

A hapless pilgrim moaning did abide,
Poor in his view, ungentle in his weed,[1]
Long breast-full of the miseries of need.
Where from the hailstone could the palmer fly?
He had no hostel there, nor any convent nigh.

The gathered storm is ripe; the big drops fall;
The sun-burnt meadows smoke, and drink the rain;
The coming ghastness doth the cattle pall,[2]
And the full-flocks are driving o'er the plain;
Dashed from the clouds the waters sweep again;
The welkin opes; the yellow lightning flies;
And the hot fiery steam in mighty wreathings dies.

Spurring his palfrey o'er the watery plain,
The Abbot of Saint Godwin's convent came;
His chapournette[3] was dripping with the rain,
His 'broidered girdle met with mickle shame;
He backwards told his bederoll[4] at the same;
The storm increases, and he drew aside,
With the poor alms-craver near to the holm to bide.

His cloak was all of Lincoln cloth so fine,
With a gold button fastened near his chin;
His autremete[5] was edged with golden twine,
And his peaked shoon a lord's might well have been;
Full well it showed he thought great cost no sin.
The trammels of his palfrey pleased his sight,
For the horse-milliner his head with roses dight.

"An alms, sir priest!" the drooping pilgrim said,
"Oh! let me wait within your convent door,
Till the sun shineth high above our head,
And the loud tempest of the air is o'er;
Helpless and old am I, alas! and poor.
No house, no friend, no money in my pouch,
All that I call my own is my silver crouche."[6]

[1] *dress.* [2] *appal.* [3] *small round hat.* [4] *told his beads backwards, i.e., cursed.* [5] *loose white robe.* [6] *cross.*

"Varlet," replied the Abbot, "cease your din;
This is no season alms and prayers to give,
My porter never lets a beggar in;
None touch my ring who not in honour live."
And now the sun with the black clouds did strive,
And shot upon the ground his glaring ray;
That Abbot spurred his steed, and eftsoons rode away.

From *An Excelente Balade of Charitie.*

Ossian's Poems were published between 1760 and 1763, and their popularity was both immediate and immense. No real British writer enjoyed the respect of Europe so wholly as the "shadowy Ossian" did at the close of the eighteenth century. The influence of *Ossian's Poems* on the natural trend of literature was undoubtedly great. "Most of all," says Dr Garnett, "the pent-up lyricism, that instinct for untrammelled song, which the eighteenth century had kept so closely caged, had been stimulated to an eager beating of its wings by the mysterious allusiveness of the pseudo-Ossian." **James Macpherson**, a Highlander born at Kingussie, in Inverness-shire, said he had copied the poetry of Ossian from old manuscripts in Gaelic, but these he absolutely declined to produce. It is probable that he was in possession of fragments, orally preserved, and that he set himself to weave round them a fictitious narrative.

The Song of Colma

It is night; I am alone, forlorn on the hill of storms. The wind is heard in the mountain. The torrent pours down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain; forlorn on the hill of winds!

Rise, moon, from behind thy clouds! Stars of the night, arise! Lead me, some light, to the place where my love rests from the chase alone! his bow near him, unstrung! his dogs panting around him. But here I must sit alone by the rock of the mossy stream. The stream and the wind roar aloud. I hear not the voice of my love. Why delays my Salgar, why the chief of the hill, his promise? Here is the rock, and here the

tree! here is the roaring stream! Thou didst promise with night to be here. Ah! whither is my Salgar gone? With thee I would fly from my father; with thee from my brother of pride. Our race have long been foes; we are no foes, O Salgar!

Cease a little while, O wind! stream, be thou silent a while! let my voice be heard around. Let my wanderer hear me! Salgar, it is Colma who calls. Here is the tree, and the rock. Salgar, my love! I am here. Why delayest thou thy coming? Lo! the calm moon comes forth. The flood is bright in the vale. The rocks are grey on the steep. I see him not on the brow. His dogs come not before him, with tidings of his near approach. Here I must sit alone!

Who lie on the heath beside me? Are they my love and my brother? Speak to me, O my friends! To Colma they give no reply. Speak to me; I am alone! My soul is tormented with fears! Ah, they are dead! Their swords are red from the fight. O my brother, my brother, why hast thou slain my Salgar? why, O Salgar, hast thou slain my brother? Dear were ye both to me! What shall I say in your praise? Thou wert fair on the hill among thousands! he was terrible in fight. Speak to me: hear my voice; hear me, sons of my love! They are silent, silent for ever! Cold, cold are thy breasts of clay! Oh from the rock on the hill; from the top of the windy steep, speak, ye ghosts of the dead! speak, I will not be afraid! Whither are ye gone to rest? In what cave of the hill shall I find the departed? No feeble voice is on the gale; no answer half-drowned in the storm!

I sit in my grief! I wait for morning in my tears! Rear the tomb, ye friends of the dead! Close it not till Colma come. My life flies away like a dream; why should I stay behind? Here shall I rest with my friends, by the sounding rock. When night comes on the hill; when the loud winds arise; my ghost shall stand in the blast, and mourn the death of my friends. The hunter shall hear from his booth. He shall fear

but love my voice! For sweet shall my voice be for my friends; pleasant were her friends to Colma!

Thomas Gray (1716-1771) was, like John Milton, the son of a London scrivener. He was educated at Eton and at Cambridge. He left the latter place in company of Horace Walpole, a fellow-student, for a three years' tour on the Continent. On his return, however, he went back to Cambridge, which became his home for the rest of his uneventful life. He paid frequent visits to Stoke-Pogis, where one of his uncles had a house, and made occasional expeditions to Scotland, Wales, and the English Lakes.

Stoke-Pogis is associated with the *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard*, which is "not only a piece of exquisite work; it is steeped in England." The three odes, *The Bard*, *On a Distant Prospect of Eton College*, and *The Progress of Poesy* constitute the best of his other poems. The *Elegy* is the most characteristic single poem of the eighteenth century, and Gray at the time of his death was "perhaps the most learned man in Europe." His literary product was small, but "as an elegiac poet Gray holds for all ages to come his unassailable sovereign position."

Shakespeare and Milton

Awake, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flowers that round them blow
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Thro' verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rowling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour;
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
To him the mighty mother did unveil

Her awful face; the dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.
"This pencil take," she said, "whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year;
Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horrour that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears."

Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of the abyss to spy.
He passed the flaming bounds of space and time:
The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.

From *The Progress of Poesy.*

God's Acre

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

From *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.*

Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774) was the son of the curate of Pallas in county Longford, who was "passing rich on forty pounds a year." When he was two years old, his father was appointed rector of Kilkenny West, and took a house in the village of Lissoy, which Oliver afterwards immortalised as "Sweet Auburn."

To his early teachers, the future poet and novelist appeared "impenetrably stupid." He was but an indifferent student also at Trinity College, Dublin, where he spent much of his time "lounging about the college gate." He ran away, but was brought back. Finishing his course, he tried tutoring, and thought of emigrating to America. Afterwards, he studied medicine in Edinburgh for two years, and then went to Leyden, where he remained ten months.

In 1755, he set out on "the grand tour" on foot. He "begged, fiddled, and wheedled" his way through Belgium, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, returning to Dover in the following year with only a few half-pence in his pocket. The poetry of this romantic adventure he enshrined in *The Traveller*, a poem which placed him in the front rank of the poets of the day. This was followed by his charming novel, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and a comedy, *The Good-Natured Man.* Later came *The Deserted Village*, the poem on which his fame as a poet now mainly rests; and a comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*, which still holds the stage.

"We read," says Sir Walter Scott, "*The Vicar of Wakefield* in youth and age—we return to it again and again, and bless the memory of an author who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature." Johnson's verdict on Goldsmith was, "Let his faults be forgotten; he was a very great man."

The Village Preacher

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a-year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to Virtue's side;
But in his duty, prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;

Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread
Eternal sunshine settles on his head.

From *The Deserted Village.*

The Man in Black

Though fond of many acquaintances, I desire an intimacy with only a few. The Man in Black, whom I have often mentioned, is one whose friendship I could wish to acquire, because he possesses my esteem. His manners, it is true, are tinctured with some strange inconsistencies, and he may be justly termed a humourist in a nation of humourists. Though he is generous even to profusion, he affects to be thought a prodigy of parsimony and prudence; though his conversation be replete with the most sordid and selfish maxims, his heart is dilated with the most unbounded love. I have known him profess himself a man-hater, while his cheek was glowing with compassion; and while his looks were softened into pity, I have heard him use the language of the most unbounded ill-nature. Some affect humanity and tenderness, others boast of having such dispositions from nature, but he is the only man I ever knew who seemed

ashamed of his natural benevolence. He takes as much pains to hide his feelings as any hypocrite would to conceal his indifference, but on every unguarded moment the mask drops off, and reveals him to the most superficial observer.

In one of our late excursions into the country, happening to discourse upon the provision that was made for the poor in England, he seemed amazed how any of his countrymen could be so foolishly weak as to relieve occasional objects of charity, when the laws had made such ample provision for their support. "In every parish-house," says he, "the poor are supplied with food, clothes, fire, and a bed to lie on: they want no more; I desire no more myself. Yet still they seem discontented. I am surprised at the inactivity of the magistrates in not taking up such vagrants, who are only a weight upon the industrious; I am surprised that the people are found to relieve them, when they must be at the same time sensible that it in some measure encourages idleness, extravagance and imposture. Were I to advise any man for whom I had the least regard, I would caution him by all means not to be imposed upon by their false pretences. Let me assure you, sir, they are impostors, every one of them, and rather merit a prison than relief."

He was proceeding in this strain earnestly to dissuade me from an imprudence of which I am seldom guilty, when an old man who still had about him the remnants of tattered finery, implored our compassion. He assured us that he was no common beggar, but forced into the shameful profession to support a dying wife and five hungry children. Being prepossessed against such falsehoods, his story had not the least influence upon me, but it was quite otherwise with the Man in Black. I could see it visibly operate upon his countenance and effectually interrupt his harangue. I could easily perceive that his heart burned to relieve the five starving children, but he seemed ashamed to discover his weakness to me. While he thus hesitated between compassion and pride I pretended to look another way, and he seized the opportunity of giving the poor petitioner a piece of silver,

bidding him at the same time, in order that I should hear, go work for his bread and not tease passengers with such impertinent falsehoods for the future.

As he had fancied himself quite unperceived, he continued as we proceeded to rail against beggars with as much animosity as before. He threw in some episodes on his own amazing prudence and economy, with his profound skill in discovering impostors; he explained the manner in which he would deal with beggars were he a magistrate, hinted at enlarging some of the prisons for their reception, and told two stories of ladies that were robbed by beggar-men. He was beginning a third to the same purpose, when a sailor with a wooden leg once more crossed our walks, desiring our pity and blessing our limbs. I was for going on without taking any notice, but my friend, looking wistfully upon the poor petitioner, bid me stop and he would show me with how much ease he could at any time detect an impostor.

He now, therefore, assumed a look of importance, and in an angry tone began to examine the sailor, demanding in what engagement he was thus disabled and rendered unfit for service. The sailor replied, in a tone as angrily as he, that he had been an officer on board a private ship of war, and that he had lost his leg abroad in defence of those who did nothing at home. At this reply all my friend's importance vanished in a moment; he had not a single question more to ask; he now only studied what method he should take to relieve him unobserved. He had, however, no easy part to act, as he was obliged to preserve the appearance of ill-nature before me, and yet relieve himself by relieving the sailor. Casting, therefore, a furious look upon some bundles of chips which the fellow carried in a string at his back, my friend demanded how he sold his matches, but, not waiting for a reply, desired, in a surly tone, to have a shilling's worth. The sailor seemed at first surprised at his demand, but, soon recollecting himself, and presenting the whole bundle, "Here, master," says he, "take all my cargo, and a blessing into the bargain."

It is impossible to describe with what an air of triumph my friend marched off with his new purchase; he assured me that he was firmly of opinion that those fellows must have stolen their goods who could thus afford to sell them for half value. He informed me of several different uses to which those chips might be applied; he expatiated largely upon the savings that would result from lighting candles with a match instead of thrusting them into the fire. He averred that he would as soon have parted with a tooth as his money to those vagabonds unless for some valuable consideration. I cannot tell how long this panegyric upon frugality and matches might have continued had not attention been called off by another object more distressful than either of the former. A woman in rags, with one child in her arms and another on her back, was attempting to sing ballads, but with such a mournful voice that it was difficult to determine whether she was singing or crying. A wretch who in the deepest distress still aimed at good-humour was an object my friend was by no means capable of withstanding. His vivacity and his discourse were instantly interrupted; upon this occasion his very dissimulation had forsaken him. Even in my presence he immediately applied his hands to his pockets in order to relieve her; but guess his confusion when he found he had already given away all the money he carried about him to former objects. The misery painted in the woman's visage was not half so strongly expressed as the agony of his. He continued to search for some time, but to no purpose, till, at length recollecting himself, with a face of ineffable good-nature, as he had no money, he put into her hand his shilling's worth of matches.

From *Miscellaneous Essays.*

Allan Ramsay (1686-1758), "of an auld descent," was born at Leadhills, in Lanarkshire. At the age of fifteen he went to Edinburgh and was apprenticed to a wig-maker. In time he gave up wig-making, and established a book-seller's shop, which for thirty years was a centre for all

the literary men of Edinburgh. Ramsay did much for the revival of Scottish song by publishing collections of poems. His own best work is a pastoral poem, *The Gentle Shepherd.* This drama is designed to show the peasants of Scotland in their true characters, as they lived in the seventeenth century. It is a picture of manners, written in the language of rustic everyday life, and contains passages full of fine natural feeling. Allan Ramsay is the connecting link between the Scottish writers of the sixteenth century and Robert Burns.

The Lass o' Patie's Mill

The lass o' Patie's Mill,
  Sae bonnie, blythe, and gay,
In spite of a' my skill
  She stole my heart away.
When teddin out the hay *spreading*
  Bare-headed on the green,
Love 'mid her locks did play,
  And wanton'd in her e'en.

Without the help of art,
  Like flowers that grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart
  Whene'er she spake or smiled;
Her looks they were so mild,
  Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguiled,
  I wished her for my bride.

Oh, had I a' the wealth,
  Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
Insured lang life and health,
  And pleasure at my will;
I'd promise and fulfil,
  That nane but bonnie she,
The Lass o' Patie's Mill,
  Should share the same wi' me.

Robert Fergusson (1750-1774), the son of an accountant in Edinburgh, was educated at the High School there, and later at the Grammar School of Dundee and the University of St Andrews. He is a connecting link in the long chain of poets who have depicted in homely doric the humours and tender pathos of Scottish life. Indeed "his best claim to fame arises from the influence he exerted on the far higher genius of Burns."

The following affords a fair sample of his favourite stanza and his humour and realism :

Now mirk [1] December's dowie [2] face
Glow'rs [3] ow'r the rigs wi' sour grimace,
While, thro' his minimum of space,
The bleer-ey'd sun,
Wi' blinkin' light, and stealing pace,
His race doth run.

Frae naked groves nae birdie sings,
To shepherd's pipe nae hillock rings,
The breeze nae od'rous flavour brings
From Borean cave,
An' dwynin' [4] Nature droops her wings,
Wi' visage grave.

Robert Burns (1759-1796) was born in Alloway, near Ayr. His father was a gardener and farmer. At the age of fifteen, Robert was the chief worker on his father's farm at Mount Oliphant. Afterwards they moved to a larger farm at Lochlea, where the father, worn out with worry and work, died.

Robert and his brother Gilbert entered on a lease of the farm of Mossgiel, and there Burns wrote a large number of songs. But, getting into trouble, he resolved to emigrate to the West Indies as book-keeper on an estate in Jamaica. Before going, however, he published, in 1786, *Poems chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*. This was the famous Kilmarnock edition, a single copy of which was recently sold for 1000 guineas.

[1] *dark.* [2] *sad.* [3] *Looks.* [4] *decaying.*

From Painting by Alex. Nasmyth.] *[National Gallery of Scotland.*

Robert Burns.

Its immediate success changed his plans, and he went to Edinburgh to arrange for a new edition. His stay in Edinburgh, which lasted for eighteen months, was varied by tours in the Highlands and a visit to the old home of the Burneses in Kincardine. With increased fame, and possessed of a considerable sum of money, he returned to farming. He settled at Ellisland, "a poet's choice," near Dumfries, and married Jean Armour.

He received an appointment as an exciseman, and soon afterwards he gave up the farm and went to live in Dumfries. His prospects of advancement in the excise were good, but he caught rheumatic fever, and died at the early age of thirty-seven.

As a song-writer, Burns, the poet of common humanity, is unequalled. "The rank of Burns," says Byron, "is the very first of his art." He was, it has been said, the "incarnation of natural song, the embodiment of that which is most spontaneous in the lyrical poet of nature." *Mary Morison, Sweet Afton,* and *Highland Mary,* are among the best of his love-songs; the *Address to a Mountain Daisy* and *To a Field Mouse* are well-known poems; and *Tam o' Shanter, The Jolly Beggars, Holy Willie's Prayer, The Twa Dogs,* and *The Cotter's Saturday Night,* show his unrivalled humour, satire, and power of graphic description.

To Mary in Heaven

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
  That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
  My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
  Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
  Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
  Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
  To live one day of parting love!

Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past,
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah, little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods thick'ning green:
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest;
The birds sang love on every spray;
Till too, too soon the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

To a Mountain Daisy

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN APRIL 1786

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure *dust*
Thy slender stem.
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonie Lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' spreckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
But thou, beneath the random bield *shelter*
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field, *bare*
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

A Scottish Household

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart-haffets [1] wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales [2] a portion with judicious care,
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name;
Or noble Elgin beets the heav'nward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickl'd ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high,
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre.

[1] *grey side-locks.* [2] *selects.*

William Cowper.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The Power, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well-pleased, the language of the soul;
And in His Book of Life the inmates poor enrol.

From *The Cotter's Saturday Night.*

William Cowper (1731-1800), the son of the rector of Great Berkhampstead, in Berkshire, was educated at Westminster School. After "seven years' apprenticeship to the classics," he was articled to an attorney in London, and in due time was called to the Bar.

He was appointed Clerk of the Journals of the House of Lords, but dread of a formal examination before the peers upset his mind, and for eighteen months he had to be confined in an asylum. He then became a member of the household of the Rev. William Unwin. When the Unwins removed to Olney, in Buckinghamshire, he went with them. At Olney his days were spent in gardening, tending hares, sketching landscapes, and writing poetry.

In conjunction with his clergyman, the Rev. John Newton, he wrote *The Olney Hymns.* But Newton's influence was not bracingly wholesome, and Cowper's melancholy and insanity returned. When Newton left Olney for London, Cowper's life became brighter through the cheerful companionship of Lady Austen and Lady Hesketh, his cousin.

The former told him the diverting story of *John Gilpin*, and to her suggestion also we owe *The Task*. She asked him to write a poem in blank verse and gave him *The Sofa* as a theme. From this beginning grew the six books of his greatest work.

Cowper was the first of English poets to choose simple, commonplace subjects, and to treat them simply. He sees with the poet's eye the beauty of all natural objects, and his interest in them never fails.

Trust in God

God moves in a mysterious way
  His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
  And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
  Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
  And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
  The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
  In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
  But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
  He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
  Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
  But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
  And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
  And He will make it plain.

From *Olney Hymns.*

Winter

O Winter! ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapt in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way;
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seemest,
And dreaded as thou art. Thou holdest the sun
A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering, at short notice, in one group
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee King of intimate delights—
Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening know.
No rattling wheels stop short before these gates;
No powdered pert, proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm, assaults these doors
Till the street rings; no stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound,
The silent circle fan themselves, and quake:
But here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair;
A wreath that cannot fade, of flowers that blow

With most success when all besides decay,
The poet's or historian's page, by one
Made vocal for the amusement of the rest;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out;
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still;
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry: the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.

From *The Task.*

Dr Samuel Johnson (1709-1784), the lexicographer, was the eldest son of a bookseller of Lichfield. From infancy he suffered from scrofula, or king's evil, and his mother took him up to London to be "touched" by Queen Anne—the last time this practice was gone through. He was educated at the Grammar School of Stourbridge, and, when he went up to Oxford, the master of Pembroke College told him he was "the best qualified for the University that he had ever known come there."

On the death of his father, he became usher in a school at Market Bosworth. He set up a school at Lichfield, where David Garrick was one of the elder pupils. This venture proved a failure, and Johnson and Garrick went off to London together.

For some years Johnson was extremely poor, and experienced all the "ills that assail the scholar's life." He wrote a tragedy, which was refused, and a poem named *London;* he joined the staff of the *Gentleman's Magazine,* and became a Parliamentary reporter. But he lived in a garret off the Strand, and was long so poor that he could not show himself in the street because of the shabbiness of his clothes. He started *The Rambler,* a bi-weekly paper, and set himself the huge task of compiling a *Dictionary.* For two years he published *The Idler,* a weekly paper, and on the death of his mother he wrote, in one week, *Rasselas,* a romance, to pay for her funeral.

He finally settled in chambers in Inner Temple Lane, where friends began to gather round him—Boswell, Goldsmith, Burke, Reynolds, and the Thrales. Then in "The

Club," he began to rule the world of letters by his talk. A pension of £300 a year placed him above hack-work, and "he was at liberty," as Macaulay says, "to lie in bed till two in the afternoon, and to sit up talking till four in the morning." It was at this time that he undertook journeys to Wales, France, and Scotland. Urged by his friends to take up his pen again, he spent four years in writing the *Lives of the English Poets*. Of this work Mr Leslie Stephen says:—"It is the work that best reflects his mind, and intelligent readers who have once made its acquaintance will be apt to turn it into a familiar companion."

The following extract from *The Rambler* illustrates the heavy Latinised style of Johnson's earlier works.

The Advantages of Living in a Garret

Some have imagined that the garret is generally chosen by the wits as most easily rented; and concluded that no man rejoices in his aërial abode, but on the days of payment. Others suspect that a garret is chiefly convenient, as it is remoter than any other part of the house from the outer door, which is often observed to be infested by visitants, who talk incessantly of beer, or linen, or a coat, and repeat the same sounds every morning, and sometimes again in the afternoon, without any variation, except that they grow daily more importunate and clamorous, and raise their voices in time from mournful murmurs to raging vociferations. This eternal monotony is always detestable to a man whose chief pleasure is to enlarge his knowledge, and vary his ideas. Others talk of freedom from noise, and abstraction from common business or amusements; and some, yet more visionary, tell us, that the faculties are enlarged by open prospects, and that the fancy is more at liberty, when the eye ranges without confinement.

These conveniences may perhaps all be found in a well-chosen garret; but surely they cannot be supposed sufficiently important to have operated unvariably upon different climates, distant ages, and separate nations. Of an universal practice, there must still be presumed an

universal cause, which, however recondite and abstruse, may be perhaps reserved to make me illustrious by its discovery, and you by its promulgation.

It is universally known that the faculties of the mind are invigorated or weakened by the state of the body, and that the body is in a great measure regulated by the various compressions of the ambient element. The effects of the air in the production or cure of corporeal maladies have been acknowledged from the time of Hippocrates; but no man has yet sufficiently considered how far it may influence the operations of the genius, though every day affords instances of local understanding, of wits and reasoners, whose faculties are adapted to some single spot and who, when they are removed to any other place sink at once into silence and stupidity. I have discovered, by a long series of observations, that invention and elocution suffer great impediments from dense and impure vapours, and that the tenuity of a defecated[1] air at a proper distance from the surface of the earth, accelerates the fancy, and sets at liberty those intellectual powers which were before shackled by too strong attraction, and unable to expand themselves under the pressure of a gross atmosphere. I have found dulness to quicken into sentiment in a thin ether, as water, though not very hot, boils in a receiver partly exhausted; and heads, in appearance empty, have teemed with notions upon rising ground, as the flaccid sides of a football would have swelled out into stiffness and extension.

For this reason I never think myself qualified to judge decisively of any man's faculties, whom I have only known in one degree of elevation; but take some opportunity of attending him from the cellar to the garret, and try upon him all the various degrees of rarefaction and condensation, tension and laxity. If he is neither vivacious aloft, nor serious below, I then consider him as hopeless; but as it seldom happens that I do not find the temper to which the texture of his brain is fitted, I accommodate him in time with a tube of

[1] *purified.*

mercury, first marking the points most favourable to his intellects, according to rules which I have long studied, and which I may, perhaps, reveal to mankind in a complete treatise of barometrical pneumatology.[1]

Another cause of the gaiety and sprightliness of the dwellers in garrets is probably the increase of that vertiginous[2] motion, with which we are carried round by the diurnal revolution of the earth. The power of agitation upon the spirits is well known; every man has felt his heart lightened in a rapid vehicle, or on a galloping horse; and nothing is plainer, than that he who towers to the fifth storey, is whirled through more space by every circumrotation, than another that grovels upon the ground-floor. The nations between the tropics are known to be fiery, inconstant, inventive, and fanciful; because, living at the utmost length of the earth's diameter, they are carried about with more swiftness than those whom nature has placed nearer to the poles; and therefore, as it becomes a wise man to struggle with the inconveniences of his country, whenever celerity and acuteness are requisite, we must actuate our languor by taking a few turns round the centre in a garret.

From *The Rambler*.

Two of Milton's Poems

Of the two pieces, "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," I believe, opinion is uniform; every man that reads them, reads them with pleasure. The author's design is not merely to show how objects derive their colours from the mind, by representing the operation of the same things upon the gay and the melancholy temper, or upon the same man as he is differently disposed; but rather how, among the successive variety of appearances, every disposition of mind takes hold on those by which it may be gratified.

The *cheerful* man hears the lark in the morning; the *pensive* man hears the nightingale in the evening. The

[1] Pneumatics: the science of elastic fluids. [2] *turning.*

cheerful man sees the cock strut, and hears the horn and hounds echo in the wood; then walks, *not unseen*, to observe the glory of the rising sun, or listen to the singing milkmaid, and view the labours of the ploughman and the mower; then casts his eyes about him over scenes of smiling plenty, and looks up to the distant tower, the residence of some fair inhabitant; thus he pursues real gaiety through a day of labour or of play, and delights himself at night with the fanciful narratives of superstitious ignorance.

The *pensive* man at one time walks *unseen* to muse at midnight, and at another hears the sullen curfew. If the weather drives him home, he sits in a room lighted only by "glowing embers"; or by a lonely lamp outwatches the North Star, to discover the habitation of separate souls, and varies the shades of meditation by contemplating the magnificent or pathetic scenes of tragic and epic poetry. When the morning comes—a morning gloomy with rain and wind—he walks into the dark, trackless woods, falls asleep by some murmuring water, and with melancholy enthusiasm expects some dream of prognostication, or some music played by aërial performers.

Both mirth and melancholy are solitary, silent inhabitants of the breast, that neither receive nor transmit communication; no mention is therefore made of a philosophical friend, or a pleasant companion. The seriousness does not arise from any participation of calamity, nor the gaiety from the pleasures of the bottle.

The man of *cheerfulness*, having exhausted the country, tries what "towered cities" will afford, and mingles with scenes of splendour, gay assemblies, and nuptial festivities; but he mingles a mere spectator, as, when the learned comedies of Jonson, or the wild dramas of Shakespeare, are exhibited, he attends the theatre.

The *pensive* man never loses himself in crowds, but walks the cloister, or frequents the cathedral. Milton probably had not yet forsaken the Church.

Both his characters delight in music; but he seems to think that cheerful notes would have obtained from Pluto a complete dismission of Eurydice, of whom solemn sounds procured only a conditional release.

For the old age of Cheerfulness he makes no provision: but Melancholy he conducts with great dignity to the close of life. His Cheerfulness is without levity, and his Pensiveness without asperity.

Through these two poems the images are properly selected and nicely distinguished; but the colours of the diction seem not sufficiently discriminated. I know not whether the characters are kept sufficiently apart. No mirth can, indeed, be found in his melancholy; but I am afraid that I always meet some melancholy in his mirth. They are two noble efforts of imagination.

From *Lives of the English Poets.*

James Boswell (1740-1795) was the son of a Scottish judge, and heir to the estate of Auchinleck, in Ayrshire. He was educated for the Bar at Edinburgh and Glasgow, and went to London in 1760. He had a great admiration for Dr Johnson, and began to note down all his sayings and doings. In all companies, "his face was fixed on Johnson's like a sunflower on the sun." Boswell's *Life of Johnson* was hailed as the most interesting biography ever published, and it holds that position still.

The following extract is from Boswell's *Life of Johnson*—

Goldsmith and the Vicar of Wakefield

He, Goldsmith, I am afraid, had no settled system of any sort, so that his conduct must not be strictly scrutinised; but his affections were social and generous, and when he had money he gave it away very liberally. His desire of imaginary consequence predominated over his attention to truth. When he began to rise into notice, he said he had a brother who was Dean of Durham, a fiction so easily detected, that it is wonderful how he should have been so inconsiderate as to hazard it. He

boasted to me at this time of the power of his pen in commanding money, which I believe was true in a certain degree, though in the instance he gave he was by no means correct. He told me that he had sold a novel for four hundred pounds. This was his *Vicar of Wakefield.* But Johnson informed me that he had made the bargain for Goldsmith, and the price was sixty pounds. "And, sir," said he, "a sufficient price, too, when it was sold; for then the fame of Goldsmith had not been elevated, as it afterwards was, by his *Traveller;* and the bookseller had such faint hopes of profit by this bargain, that he kept the manuscript by him for a long time, and did not publish it till after the *Traveller* had appeared. Then, to be sure, it was accidentally worth more money."

Mrs Piozzi and Sir John Hawkins have strangely mis-stated the history of Goldsmith's situation and Johnson's friendly interference, when this novel was sold. I shall give it authentically from Johnson's own exact narration:—

"I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return; and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill." From *Life of Samuel Johnson.*

Adam Smith (1723-1790), the founder of the modern science of political economy, was born at Kirkcaldy, in Fifeshire. He was Professor of Logic and Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow, and in 1759 published his *Theory of Moral Sentiments.* The work, however, that laid the foundation of his fame was his *Wealth of Nations,* published in 1776. It is remarkable for its abundance of detail and illustration, and "for its philosophic reflections on the economic policy of the civilised world."

The Division of Labour

Observe the accommodation of the most common artificer or day-labourer in a civilised and thriving country, and you will perceive that the number of people, of whose industry a part, though but a small part, has been employed in procuring him this accommodation, exceeds all computation. The woollen coat, for example, which covers the day-labourer, as coarse and rough as it may appear, is the produce of the joint labour of a great multitude of workmen. The shepherd, the sorter of the wool, the wool-comber or carder, the dyer, the scribbler, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, the dresser, with many others, must all join their different arts in order to complete even this homely production. How many merchants and carriers, besides, must have been employed in transporting the materials from some of those workmen to others, who often live in a very distant part of the country! How much commerce and navigation in particular, how many ship-builders, sailors, sail-makers, rope-makers, must have been employed in order to bring together the different drugs made use of by the dyer, which often come from the remotest corners of the world! What a variety of labour, too, is necessary in order to produce the tools of the meanest of those workmen! To say nothing of such complicated machines as the ship of the sailor, the mill of the fuller, or even the loom of the weaver, let us consider only what a variety of labour is requisite in order to form that very simple machine, the shears with which the shepherd clips

the wool. The miner, the builder of the furnace for smelting the ore, the feller of the timber, the burner of the charcoal to be made use of in the smelting-house, the brickmaker, the bricklayer, the workmen who attend the furnace, the millwright, the forger, the smith, must all of them join their different arts in order to produce them. Were we to examine in the same manner all the different parts of his dress and household furniture, the coarse linen shirt which he wears next his skin, the shoes which cover his feet, the bed which he lies on, and all the different parts which compose it, the kitchen-grate at which he prepares his victuals, the coals which he makes use of for that purpose, dug from the bowels of the earth, and brought to him, perhaps, by a long sea and a long land carriage, all the other utensils of his kitchen, all the furniture of his table, the knives and forks, the earthen or pewter plates upon which he serves up and divides his victuals, the different hands employed in preparing his bread and his beer, the glass window which lets in the heat and the light, and keeps out the wind and the rain, with all the knowledge and art requisite for preparing that beautiful and happy invention, without which these northern parts of the world could scarce have afforded a very comfortable habitation, together with the tools of all the different workmen employed in producing those different conveniences; if we examine, I say, all these things, and consider what a variety of labour is employed about each of them, we shall be sensible that, without the assistance and co-operation of many thousands, the very meanest person in a civilised country could not be provided, even according to, what we very falsely imagine, the easy and simple manner in which he is commonly accommodated. Compared, indeed, with the more extravagant luxury of the great, his accommodation must no doubt appear extremely simple and easy; and yet it may be true, perhaps, that the accommodation of a European prince does not always so much exceed that of an industrious and frugal peasant, as the accommodation of the latter exceeds that of many

an African king, the absolute masters of the lives and liberties of ten thousand naked savages.

From *The Wealth of Nations.*

Daniel Defoe (1661-1731) was the son of a Northamptonshire butcher of the name of Foe, settled in London. His father intended him for the Nonconformist ministry, but after a somewhat vague career, he began a wholesale hosiery business. In this he failed. Afterwards he started a brick and tile factory at Tilbury, and became so wealthy that he owned a coach and a yacht.

For a pamphlet entitled *The Shortest Way with Dissenters,* he was placed in the pillory and afterwards sent to Newgate Prison. It was while in Newgate that he started *The Review* newspaper, of which he wrote the whole himself. He was a born journalist, and in many ways may justly be considered the forerunner of modern journalism. His romance of *Robinson Crusoe,* his supreme creative effort in fiction, founded on the adventures of a Scottish sailor, Alexander Selkirk, who had been marooned on Juan Fernandez, was the first of its class in English literature. The book is still "first favourite in the library of boyhood." In his *Journal of the Plague Year,* Defoe exhibits at its best his supreme faculty of "lying like truth." The genius of Defoe lies in the graphic way in which he describes the minutest details so as to give an appearance of reality to the whole.

The Troubles of Wealth

He shared the money very honestly with me; only at the end he told me that though it was true he promised me half, yet as it was the first time, and I had done nothing but look on, so he thought it was very well if I took a little less than he did; so he divided the money, which was £12, 10s., into two exact parts, viz., £6, 5s., in each part; then he took £1, 5s. from my part and told me I should give him that for handsel. "Well," says I, "take it then, for I think you deserve it all"; so however I took up the rest; "and what shall I do with this now," says I, "for I have nowhere to

put it ?"—"Why, have you no pockets," says he.—"Yes," says I, "but they are full of holes." I have often thought since that—and with some mirth too—how I had really more wealth than I knew what to do with, for lodging I had none, nor any box or drawer to hide my money in, nor had I any pockets, but such as I say was full of holes; I knew nobody in the world that I could go and desire them to lay it up for me; for being a poor, naked, ragged boy, they would presently say I had robbed somebody, and perhaps lay hold of me, and my money would be my crime, as they say it often is in foreign countries; and now, as I was full of wealth, behold I was full of care, for what to do to secure my money I could not tell; and this held me so long, and was so vexatious to me the next day, that I truly sat down and cried.

Nothing could be more perplexing than this money was to me all that night. I carried it in my hand a good while, for it was in gold all but 16s., and that is to say, it was four guineas, and that 16s. was more difficult to carry than the four guineas. At last I sat down and pulled off one of my shoes, and put the four guineas into that; but after I had gone awhile my shoe hurt me so I could not go, so I was fain to sit down again and take it out of my shoe and carry it in my hand; then I found a dirty linen rag in the street, and took that up and wrapt it all together and carried it in that a good way.

Well, I carried it home with me to my lodging in the glass-house, and when I went to go to sleep, I knew not what to do with it; if I had let any of the black crew I was with know of it, I should have been smothered in the ashes for it, or robbed of it, or some trick or other put upon me for it; so I knew not what to do, but lay with it in my hand, and my hand in my bosom, but then sleep went from my eyes. Oh, the weight of human care! I, a poor beggar boy, could not sleep, so soon as I had but a little money to keep, who, before that, could have slept upon a

heap of brickbats, stones, or cinders, or anywhere, as sound as a rich man does on his down bed, and sounder too.

As soon as it was day I got out of the hole we lay in, and rambled abroad in the fields towards Stepney: and there I mused and considered what I should do with this money, and many a time I wished that I had not had it; for, after all my ruminating upon it, and what course I should take with it, or where I should put it, I could not hit upon any one thing, or any possible method to secure it, and it perplexed me so, that at last, as I said just now, I sat down and cried heartily.

When my crying was over, the case was the same; I had the money still, and what to do with it I could not tell: at last it came into my head that I would look out for some hole in a tree, and see to hide it there till I should have occasion for it. Big with this discovery, as I then thought it, I began to look about me for a tree, but there were no trees in the fields about Stepney or Mile End that looked fit for my purpose; and if there were any, that I began to look narrowly at, the fields were so full of people, that they would see if I went to hide anything there, and I thought the people eyed me, as it were, and that two men, in particular, followed me to see what I intended to do.

This drove me farther off, and I crossed the road at Mile End, and in the middle of the town went down a lane that goes away to the Blind Beggar at Bethnal Green. When I came a little way in the lane I found a footpath over the fields, and in those fields several trees for my turn, as I thought; at last one tree had a little hole in it, pretty high out of my reach, and I climbed up the tree to get at it; and when I came there I put my hand in and found, as I thought, a place very fit; so I placed my treasure there, and was mighty well satisfied with it: but, behold, putting my hand in again to lay it more commodiously as I thought, of a sudden it slipped away from me, and I found the

tree was hollow, and my little parcel was fallen in quite out of my reach, and how far it might go in I knew not; so that, in a word, my money was quite gone, irrecoverably lost; there could be no room so much as to hope ever to see it again, for 'twas a vast great tree.

As young as I was, I was now sensible what a fool I was before, that I could not think of ways to keep my money, that I must come thus far to throw it into a hole where I could not reach it; well, I thrust my hand quite up to my elbow, but no bottom was to be found, or any end of the hole or cavity; I got a stick of the tree and thrust it in a great way, but all was one; then I cried, nay roared out, I was in such a passion; then I got down the tree again, then up again, and thrust in my hand again till I scratched my arm, and made it bleed, and cried all the while most violently: then I began to think I had not so much as a halfpenny of it left for a halfpenny roll, and I was hungry, and then I cried again: then I came away in despair, crying and roaring like a little boy that had been whipped; then I went back again to the tree, and up the tree again, and thus I did several times.

The last time I had gotten up the tree I happened to come down not on the same side that I went up and came down before, but on the other side of the tree, and on the other side of the bank also: and, behold, the tree had a great open place in the side of it, close to the ground, as the old hollow trees often have; and looking into the open place, to my inexpressible joy there lay my money and my linen rag, all wrapped up just as I had put it into the hole; for the tree being hollow all the way up, there had been some moss or light stuff, which I had not judgment enough to know was not firm, that had given way when it came to drop out of my hand, and so it had slipped quite down at once.

I was but a child, and I rejoiced like a child, for I

hallooed quite out aloud when I saw it; then I ran to it and snatched it up, hugged and kissed the dirty rag a hundred times; then danced and jumped about, ran from one end of the field to the other, and, in short, I knew not what, much less do I know now what I did, though I shall never forget the thing, either what a striking grief it was to my heart when I thought I had lost it, or what a flood of joy overwhelmed me when I had got it again.

From *Colonel Jack.*

The Junius Letters.—The series of letters which appeared in *The Public Advertiser* above the name of "*Junius*" produced a sensation that has had no parallel in English political life and literature. They attacked the Government of the Duke of Grafton and even the King himself. The author remained unknown throughout, even to the publisher of the newspaper which printed them: he was able to boast, "I am the sole depository of my secret, and it shall die with me." Nobody was safe from attack. "Kings, lords, and commons," said Burke, "are but the sport of his fury."

Nearly forty persons have from time to time been suggested as the author, the most prominent being Sir Philip Francis. But we know nothing more definite than Lord North, who said, "This great boar of the woods, this mighty Junius, has broken through the toils, and foiled the hunters."

The following extracts from the letter to the Duke of Bedford will show the general style, the deft point, the subtle irony, the bold invective of this remarkable series.

To His Grace the Duke of Bedford

My Lord,—You are so little accustomed to receive any marks of respect or esteem from the public, that if, in the following lines, a compliment or expression of applause should escape me, I fear you would consider it as a mockery of your established character, and, perhaps, an insult to your understanding. You have nice feelings, my lord, if we may judge from your

resentments. Cautious, therefore, of giving offence, where you have so little deserved it, I shall leave the illustration of your virtues to other hands. Your friends have a privilege to play upon the easiness of your temper, or possibly they are better acquainted with your good qualities than I am. You have done good by stealth. The rest is upon record. You have still left ample room for speculation, when panegyric is exhausted.

You are, indeed, a very considerable man. The highest rank; a splendid fortune; and a name, glorious till it was yours, were sufficient to have supported you with meaner abilities than I think you possess. From the first you derived a constitutional claim to respect; from the second, a natural extensive authority; the last created a partial expectation of hereditary virtues. The use you have made of these uncommon advantages might have been more honourable to yourself, but could not be more instructive to mankind. We may trace it in the veneration of your country, the choice of your friends, and in the accomplishment of every sanguine hope, which the public might have conceived from the illustrious name of Russell.

The eminence of your station gave you a commanding prospect of your duty. The road which led to honour was open to your view. You could not lose it by mistake, and you had no temptation to depart from it by design. Compare the natural dignity and importance of the richest peer of England; the noble independence, which he might have maintained in parliament, and the real interest and respect, which he might have acquired, not only in parliament, but through the whole kingdom; compare these glorious distinctions with the ambition of holding a share in government, the emoluments of a place, the sale of a borough, or the purchase of a corporation; and though you may not regret the virtues which create respect, you may see, with anguish, how much real importance and authority you have lost. Consider the character

of an independent, virtuous Duke of Bedford; imagine what he might be in this country, then reflect one moment upon what you are. If it be possible for me to draw my attention from the fact, I will tell you in theory what such a man might be.

Conscious of his own weight and importance, his conduct in parliament would be directed by nothing but the constitutional duty of a peer. He would consider himself as a guardian of the laws. Willing to support the just measures of government, but determined to observe the conduct of the minister with suspicion, he would oppose the violence of faction with as much firmness as the encroachments of prerogative. He would be as little capable of bargaining with the minister for places for himself, or his dependants, as of descending to mix himself in the intrigues of opposition. Whenever an important question called for his opinion in parliament, he would be heard, by the most profligate minister, with deference and respect. His authority would either sanctify or disgrace the measures of government. The people would look up to him as to their protector, and a virtuous prince would have one honest man in his dominions in whose integrity and judgment he might safely confide. If it should be the will of Providence to afflict him with a domestic misfortune, he would submit to the stroke, with feeling, but not without dignity. He would consider the people as his children, and receive a generous, heartfelt consolation, in the sympathising tears and blessings of his country.

Let us consider you, then, as arrived at the summit of worldly greatness; let us suppose that all your plans of avarice and ambition are accomplished, and your most sanguine wishes gratified in the fear as well as in the hatred of the people. Can age itself forget that you are now in the last act of life? Can grey hairs make folly venerable? and is there no period to be reserved for meditation and retirement? For shame, my lord! Let it not be recorded of you that the latest moments of your life were dedicated to the same unworthy pursuits, the

same busy agitations, in which your youth and manhood were exhausted. Consider that, though you cannot disgrace your former life, you are violating the character of age, and exposing the impotent imbecility, after you have lost the vigour, of the passions.

It is in vain, therefore, to shift the scene; you can no more fly from your enemies than from yourself. Persecuted abroad, you look into your own heart for consolation, and find nothing but reproaches and despair. But, my lord, you may quit the field of business, though not the field of danger; and though you cannot be safe, you may cease to be ridiculous. I fear you have listened too long to the advice of pernicious friends with whose interests you have sordidly united your own, and for whom you have sacrificed everything that ought to be dear to a man of honour. They are still base enough to encourage the follies of your age, as they once did the vices of your youth. As little acquainted with the rules of decorum as with the laws of morality, they will not suffer you to profit by experience, nor even to consult the propriety of a bad character. Even now they tell you that life is no more than a dramatic scene, in which the hero should preserve his consistency to the last; and that, as you lived without virtue, you should die without repentance.

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745) was born at Dublin after the death of his father, who had been a vicar in Herefordshire. He was educated at Kilkenny School and at Trinity College, Dublin. After the Revolution, he went to England and became secretary to his kinsman, Sir William Temple, at Moor Park, where he wrote *A Tale of a Tub* and *The Battle of the Books*—"two of the most extraordinary masterpieces of humour and satire which ever were written." But the former, which is "a long gibe at theology," wrecked his career in the Church. The latter gives an account of a dispute between the Moderns and the Ancients for possession of the highest top of Parnassus. He returned to Ireland to become, as he scornfully called himself, a "hedge-parson" in Meath.

But he lived much in London, and for some years was the most prominent figure in English politics and literature. Failing to obtain promotion from the Whigs, he became a Tory, and was rewarded with the deanery of St Patrick's, Dublin. He gained great popularity among the Irish by letters signed *M. B. Drapier,* which were directed against Wood's inferior copper money coined for circulation in Ireland.

The Dean's fame rests now mainly on *Gulliver's Travels,* an allegory in which he satirises the customs and politics of Europe, throws ridicule on philosophers, and pours forth his hatred of the whole human race. For years his intellect had been steadily declining, and his life closed in the gloom of insanity.

Gulliver's Adventures among the Giants

I should have lived happy enough in that country, if my littleness had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents, some of which I shall venture to relate. Glumdalclitch often carried me into the gardens of the court in my smaller box, and would sometimes take me out of it, and hold me in her hand, or set me down to walk. I remember, before the dwarf left the queen, he followed us one day into those gardens, and my nurse having set me down, he and I being close together, near some dwarf apple trees, I must need show my wit by a silly allusion between him and the trees, which happens to hold in their language as it doth in ours. Whereupon the malicious rogue watching his opportunity, when I was walking under one of them, shook it directly over my head, by which a dozen apples, each of them near as large as a Bristol barrel, came tumbling about my ears; one of them hit me on the back as I chanced to stoop, and knocked me down flat on my face; but I received no other hurt, and the dwarf was pardoned at my desire, because I had given the provocation.

Another day Glumdalclitch left me on a smooth grass-plat to divert myself, while she walked at some

distance with her governess. In the meantime there suddenly fell such a violent shower of hail, that I was immediately by the force of it struck to the ground; and when I was down, the hail-stones gave me such cruel bangs all over the body, as if I had been pelted with tennis-balls; however, I made a shift to creep on all fours, and shelter myself by lying flat on my face, on the lee side of a border of lemon thyme, but so bruised from head to foot, that I could not go abroad in ten days. Neither is this at all to be wondered at, because nature in that country observing the same proportion through all her operations, a hail-stone is near eighteen hundred times as large as one in Europe, which I can assert upon experience, having been so curious to weigh and measure them.

But a more dangerous accident happened to me in the same garden, when my little nurse, believing she had put me in a secure place, which I often intreated her to do, that I might enjoy my own thoughts, and having left my box at home to avoid the trouble of carrying it, went to another part of the garden with her governess and some ladies of her acquaintance. While she was absent, and out of hearing, a small white spaniel belonging to one of the chief gardeners, having got by accident into the garden, happened to range near the place where I lay; the dog, following the scent, came directly up, and taking me in his mouth ran straight to his master, wagging his tail, and set me gently on the ground. By good fortune he had been so well taught, that I was carried between his teeth without the least hurt, or even tearing my clothes. But the poor gardener, who knew me well, and had a great kindness for me, was in a terrible fright; he gently took me up in both his hands, and asked me how I did; but I was so amazed and out of breath, that I could not speak a word. In a few minutes I came to myself, and he carried me safe to my little nurse, who by this time had returned to the place where she left me, and was in cruel agonies when I did not appear nor answer when she called: she severely reprimanded the gardener on account of his dog. But the thing was

hushed up, and never known at court; for the girl was afraid of the queen's anger, and truly, as to myself, I thought it would not be for my reputation that such a story should go about.

But the greatest danger I ever underwent in that kingdom was from a monkey, who belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked me up in her closet, while she went somewhere upon business or a visit. The weather being very warm, the closet window was left open, as well as the windows and the door of my bigger box, in which I usually lived, because of its largeness and conveniency. As I sat quietly meditating at my table, I heard something bounce in at the closet window, and skip about from one side to the other; whereat, although I was much alarmed, yet I ventured to look out, but not stirring from my seat; and then I saw this frolicsome animal frisking and leaping up and down, till at last he came to my box, which he seemed to view with great pleasure and curiosity, peeping in at the door and every window. I retreated to the farther corner of my room, or box, but the monkey looking in at every side put me into such a fright, that I wanted presence of mind to conceal myself under the bed, as I might easily have done. After some time spent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at last espied me, and reaching one of his paws in at the door, as a cat does when she plays with a mouse, although I often shifted place to avoid him, he at length seized the lappet of my coat (which, being made of that country's silk, was very thick and strong), and dragged me out, He took me up in his right forefoot, and held me just as I have seen the same sort of creature do with a kitten in Europe; and when I offered to struggle, he squeezed me so hard, that I thought it more prudent to submit. I have good reason to believe that he took me for a young one of his own species, by his often stroking my face very gently with his other paw. In these diversions he was interrupted by a noise at the closet-door, as if somebody were opening it; whereupon he suddenly leaped up to

the window, at which he had come in, and thence upon the leads and gutters, walking upon three legs, and holding me in the fourth, till he clambered up to a roof that was next to ours. I heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek at the moment he was carrying me out. The poor girl was almost distracted; that quarter of the palace was all in an uproar; the servants ran for ladders; the monkey was seen by hundreds in the court, sitting upon the ridge of a building, holding me like a baby in one of his fore paws, and feeding me with the other, by cramming into my mouth some victuals he had squeezed out of the bag on one side of his chaps, and patting me when I would not eat; whereat many of the rabble below could not forbear laughing; neither do I think they justly ought to be blamed, for without question the sight was ridiculous enough to everybody but myself. Some of the people threw up stones, hoping to drive the monkey down; but this was strictly forbidden, or else very probably my brains had been dashed out.

The ladders were now applied, and mounted by several men, which the monkey observing, and finding himself almost encompassed, not being able to make speed enough with his three legs, let me drop on a ridge tile, and made his escape. Here I sat for some time five hundred yards from the ground, expecting every moment to be blown down by the wind, or to fall by my own giddiness, and come tumbling over and over from the ridge to the eaves; but an honest lad, one of my nurse's footmen, climbed up, and putting me into his breeches-pocket, brought me down safe.

I was almost choked with the filthy stuff the monkey had crammed down my throat. I was so weak and bruised in the sides with the squeezes given me by this odious animal, that I was forced to keep my bed a fortnight. From *Gulliver's Travels.*

Sir Isaac Newton (1642-1727), the greatest of the world's natural philosophers, was born in Lincolnshire, where his father owned a small estate. From childhood, he

showed distinct mechanical and mathematical tastes. He was educated at the Grammar School, Grantham, and at Cambridge, where he became Professor of Mathematics. His name will always be associated with the discovery of the laws of gravitation—"perhaps the most sublime ever permitted to mortal." His nephew tells that, "musing in a garden, it came into his thoughts that the same power of gravity which made an apple fall from the tree to the ground was not limited to a certain distance."

Newton's principal works were the *Principia Mathematica* and a treatise on *Optics*. Of his achievements in science, the great philosopher said, just before his death, "I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I appear to have been very like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

The Rise of Journalism.—The first daily paper, the *Daily Courant*, made its appearance in 1702, three days after the death of William III. It had many imitators, the most remarkable of which was Defoe's *Review of the Affairs of France*, written in Newgate. Then came in succession *The Tatler*, *The Spectator*, and *The Guardian* of Addison and Steele (1709-1713). These were followed, "as a pack-horse would follow a hunter," by *The Rambler* and *The Idler* of Johnson.

The Daily Courant was followed by *The Morning Post*, which was first issued in 1772; and *The Daily Universal Register* of 1785 became, three years later, what is now the foremost newspaper in the world, *The Times*.

The forerunners of that vast magazine literature in which much of the best writing of our own day finds expression, were *The Gentleman's Journal* (1692) and *The Gentleman's Magazine* (1731).

"Not a little of our poetry; probably the major part of our best fiction; all but a very small part of our essay-writing, critical, meditative, and miscellaneous; and a portion, much larger than would at one time have seemed conceivable, of serious writing in history, philosophy, theology, science, and scholarship, have passed through the mint or mill of the newspaper press before presenting themselves in book form."

LETTER-WRITERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

It is natural that in all ages the letters of great writers should rise to the rank of literature. No period of English literature is without an author whose epistles are worthy of a place beside more formally planned compositions. Cowper was one of the most charming of letter-writers, and the same natural simplicity of style characterises his correspondence as is observable in his poetry. Gray's letters have all the graces and all the ease which ought to distinguish this familiar species of writing. "They are as witty," said Samuel Rogers, author of *The Pleasures of Memory*, "as Walpole's, and have what his want, wisdom." Swift's letters have been classed as among "the best that could be written," and a distinct place has been assigned in literature to the Earl of Chesterfield's *Letters to his Son*, and to the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

A Letter from William Cowper to his Cousin, thanking her for sending him his Mother's Picture

WESTON, 27*th February* 1790.

MY DEAREST ROSE,—Whom I thought withered and fallen from the stalk, but whom I find still alive: nothing could give me greater pleasure than to know it, and to learn it from yourself. I loved you dearly when you were a child, and love you not a jot the less for having ceased to be so. Every creature that bears any affinity to my mother is dear to me, and you, the daughter of her brother, are but one remove distant from her: I love you therefore, and love you much, both for her sake and for your own.

The world could not have furnished you with a present so acceptable to me as the picture which you have so kindly sent me. I received it the night before last, and viewed it with a trepidation of nerves and spirits somewhat akin to what I should have felt had the dear original presented herself to my embraces. I

kissed it and hung it where it is the last object that I see at night, and, of course, the first on which I open my eyes in the morning.

She died when I completed my sixth year, yet I remember her well, and am an ocular witness of the great fidelity of the copy. I remember too, a multitude of the maternal tendernesses which I received from her, and which have endeared her memory to me beyond expression. There is in me, I believe, more of the Donne than of the Cowper, and though I love all of both names, and have a thousand reasons to love those of my own name, yet I feel the bond of nature draw me vehemently to your side.

I was thought, in the days of my childhood, much to resemble my mother, and in my natural temper, of which at the age of fifty-eight I must be supposed to be a competent judge, can trace both her and my late uncle, your father—somewhat of his irritability, and a little, I would hope, both of his and of her—I know not what to call it, without seeming to praise myself, which is not my intention; but, speaking to you, I will even speak out, and say—good nature. Add to all this, I deal much in poetry, as did our venerable ancestor, the Dean of St Paul's, and I think I shall have proved myself a Donne at all points. The truth is that, whatever I am, I love you all.

I account it a happy event that brought the dear boy, your nephew, to my knowledge, and that, breaking through all the restraints which his natural bashfulness imposed on him, he determined to find me out. He is amiable to a degree that I have seldom seen, and I often long with impatience to see him again.

I am much obliged to Mr Bodham for his kindness to my Homer, and with my love to you all, and with Mrs Unwin's kind respects, am, My dear, dear Rose, ever yours, WILLIAM COWPER.

P.S.—Your nephew tells me that his sister, in the qualities of the mind, resembles you; that is enough

to make her dear to me, and I beg you will assure her that she is so. Let it not be long before I hear from you.

Manners maketh Man

Dear Boy,—I have often told you in my former letters (and it is most certainly true) that the strictest and most scrupulous honour and virtue can alone make you esteemed and valued by mankind; that parts and learning can alone make you admired and celebrated by them; but that the possession of lesser talents was most absolutely necessary towards making you liked, beloved, and sought after in private life. Of these lesser talents good breeding is the principal and most necessary one, not only as it is very important in itself, but as it adds great lustre to the more solid advantages both of the heart and the mind. I have often touched upon good breeding to you before; so that this letter shall be upon the next necessary qualification to it, which is a genteel, easy manner, and carriage, wholly free from those odd tricks, ill habits, and awkwardnesses, which even many very worthy and sensible people have in their behaviour. However trifling a genteel manner may sound, it is of very great consequence towards pleasing in private life, especially the women; which, one time or other, you will think worth pleasing; and I have known many a man from his awkwardness, give people such a dislike of him at first, that all his merit could not get the better of it afterwards. Whereas a genteel manner prepossesses people in your favour, bends them towards you, and makes them wish to like you.

Awkwardness can proceed from two causes; either from not having kept good company, or from not having attended to it. As for your keeping good company, I will take care of that; do you take care to observe their ways and manners, and to form your own upon them. Attention is absolutely necessary for this, as indeed it is for everything else; and a man without attention is not

fit to live in the world. When an awkward fellow first comes into the room, it is highly probable that his sword gets between his legs, and throws him down, or makes him stumble at least; when he has recovered this accident, he goes and places himself in the very place of the whole room where he should not; then he soon lets his hat fall down, and, in taking it up again, throws down his cane; in recovering his cane, his hat falls a second time; so that he is a quarter of an hour before he is in order again. At dinner, his awkwardness distinguishes itself particularly, as he has more to do: there he holds his knife, fork, and spoon differently from other people; eats with his knife to the great danger of his mouth, picks his teeth with his fork, and puts his spoon, which has been in his throat twenty times, into the dishes again. If he is to carve, he can never hit the joint; but, in his vain efforts to cut through the bone, scatters the sauce in everybody's face. His hands are troublesome to him, when he has not something in them, and he does not know where to put them; but they are in perpetual motion between his bosom and his breeches: he does not wear his clothes, and, in short, does nothing, like other people. All this, I own, is not in any degree criminal; but it is highly disagreeable and ridiculous in company, and ought most carefully to be avoided by whoever desires to please.

From this account of what you should not do, you may easily judge of what you should do; and a due attention to the manners of people of fashion, and who have seen the world, will make it habitual and familiar to you.

There is likewise an awkwardness of expression and words, most carefully to be avoided; such as false English, bad pronunciation, old sayings, and common proverbs; which are so many proofs of having kept bad and low company. For example; if, instead of saying that tastes are different, and that every man has his own peculiar one, you should let off a proverb, and say, that what is one man's meat is another man's poison; or else,

"Every one as they like, as the good man said when he kissed his cow"; everybody would be persuaded that you had never kept company with anybody above footmen and housemaids.

Attention will do all this; and without attention nothing is to be done; want of attention, which is really want of thought, is either folly or madness. You should not only have attention to everything, but a quickness of attention, so as to observe, at once, all the people in the room; their motions, their looks, and their words; and yet without staring at them, and seeming to be an observer. This quick and unobserved observation is of infinite advantage in life, and is to be acquired with care; and, on the contrary, what is called absence, which is a thoughtlessness, and want of attention about what is doing, makes a man so like either a fool or a madman, that, for my part, I see no real difference. A fool never has thought; a madman has lost it; and an absent man is, for the time, without it.

From *Letters to his Son*, by Lord Chesterfield.

From Swift's Journal to Stella

London, *Saturday, 9th September* 1710.

I got here last Thursday, after five days' travelling, weary the first, almost dead the second, tolerable the third, and well enough the rest; and am now glad of the fatigue, which has served for exercise; and I am at present well enough.

I hope you are now peaceably in Presto's lodgings: but I resolve to turn you out by Christmas: in which time I shall either do my business, or find it not to be done. Pray be at Trim by the time this letter comes to you, and ride little Johnson, who must needs be now in good case. I have begun this letter unusually on the post night, and have already written to the archbishop, and cannot lengthen this. Henceforth I will write something every day to M. D., and make it a short

journal: and when it is full, I will send it whether M. D. writes or not: and so that will be pretty: and I shall always be in conversation with M. D., and M. D. with Presto. Pray make Parvisol pay you the ten pounds immediately; so I ordered him. They tell me I am growing fatter, and look better; and, on Monday, Jervas is to retouch my picture.

21*st September.*

I have just received your letter, which I will not answer now; God be thanked all things are so well. I find you have not yet had my second: I had a letter from Parvisol, who tells me he gave Mrs Walls a bill of twenty pounds for me, to be given to you; but you have not sent it. This night the parliament is dissolved: great news from Spain; King Charles and Stanhope are at Madrid, and Count Staremberg has taken Pampeluna. Farewell. This is from St James's Coffeehouse. I will begin my answer to your letter to-night; but not send it this week.

As for your letter, it makes me mad: flidikins, I have been the best boy in Christendom, and you come with your two eggs a-penny. Well; but stay, I will look over my book; adad, I think there was a chasm between my N2 and N3. Faith, I will not promise to write to you every week; but I will write every night, and when it is full I will send it; that will be once in ten days, and that will be often enough: and if you begin to take up the way of writing to Presto, only because it is Tuesday (or) Monday bedad, it will grow a task; but write when you have a mind.

8*th March* 1711.

O Dear M. D., my heart is almost broken. You will hear the thing before this comes to you. I writ a full account of it this night to the Archbishop of Dublin; and the dean may tell you the particulars from the archbishop. I was in a sorry way to write, but thought it might be proper to send a true account of the fact; for you will hear a thousand lying circumstances. It is

of Mr Harley's being stabbed this afternoon at three o'clock at a committee of the council. I was playing Lady Catherine Morris's cards, where I dined, when young Arundel came in with the story. I ran away immediately to the secretary, which was in my way: no one was at home. I met Mrs St John in her chair; she had heard it imperfectly. I took a chair to Mr Harley, who was asleep, and they hope in no danger; but he has been out of order, and was so when he came abroad to-day, and it may put him in a fever. I am in mortal pain for him. That desperate French villain, Marquis de Guiscard, stabbed Mr Harley. Guiscard was taken up by Mr Secretary St John's warrant for high treason, and brought before the lords to be examined; there he stabbed Mr Harley. I have told all the particulars already to the archbishop. I have now at nine sent again, and they tell me he is in a fair way. Pray pardon my distraction! I now think of all his kindness to me. The poor creature now lies stabbed in his bed by a desperate French Popish villain. Good-night, and God preserve you both, and pity me; I want it.

Addison to the Earl of Warwick (afterwards his step-son)

SANDY-END, 20*th May* 1708.

MY DEAR LORD,—I have employed the whole neighbourhood in looking after birds' nests, and not altogether without success. My man found one last night; but it proved a hen's with fifteen eggs in it, covered with an old broody duck, which may satisfy your Lordship's curiosity a little, though I am afraid the eggs will be of little use to us. This morning I have news brought me of a nest that has abundance of little eggs, streaked with red and blue veins, that, by the description they give me, must make a very beautiful figure on a string. My neighbours are very much divided in their opinions upon them: some say they are a sky-lark's; others will

have them to be a canary-bird's; but I am much mistaken in the colour and turn of the eggs, if they are not full of tom-tits. If your Lordship does not make haste, I am afraid they will be birds before you see them; for, if the account they gave me of them be true, they cannot have above two days more to reckon.

Since I am so near your Lordship, methinks, after having passed the day among more severe studies, you may often take a trip hither, and relax yourself with these little curiosities of nature. I assure you, no less a man than Cicero commends the two great friends of his age, Scipio and Ladius, for entertaining themselves at their country-house, which stood on the seashore, with picking up cockle-shells, and looking after birds' nests.—I am, my dear Lord, your Lordship's most affectionate and most obedient servant,

J. Addison.

Sandy-End, 27*th May* 1708.

My Dearest Lord,—I cannot forbear being troublesome to your Lordship whilst I am in your neighbourhood. The business of this is, to invite you to a concert of music, which I have found out in a neighbouring wood. It begins precisely at six in the evening, and consists of a blackbird, a thrush, a robin-redbreast, and a bullfinch. There is a lark that, by way of overture, sings and mounts till she is almost out of hearing, and afterwards, falling down leisurely, drops to the ground as soon as she has ended her song. The whole is concluded by a nightingale, that has a much better voice than Mrs Tofts, and something of the Italian manner in her divisions. If your Lordship will honour me with your company, I will promise to entertain you with much better music, and more agreeable scenes, than ever you met with at the opera: and will conclude with a charming description of a nightingale, out of our friend Virgil:

> So, close in poplar shades, her children gone,
> The mother-nightingale laments alone;

Whose nest some prying churl had found, and thence
By stealth convey'd th' unfeather'd innocence.
But she supplies the night with mournful strains,
And melancholy music fills the plains. DRYDEN.

Your Lordship's most obedient,

J. ADDISON.

Steele to Mary Scurlock (his second wife)

16*th August* 1702.

MADAM,—Before the light this morning dawn'd upon the earth, I awak'd and lay in expectation of its return, not that it could give any new sense of joy to me, but as I hop'd it would blesse you with its cheerfull face, after a quiet which I wish'd you last night. If my prayers are heard, the day appear'd with all the influence of a merciful Creator upon your person and actions. Let others, my lovely charmer, talk of a blind being that disposes their hearts, I contemn their low images of love. I have not a thought which relates to you that I cannot with confidence beseech the all-seeing power to bless me in. May He direct you in all your steps, and reward your innocence, your sanctity of manners, your prudent youth, and becoming piety, with the continuance of His grace and protection. This is an unusuall language to ladies, but you have a mind elevated above the giddy motions of a sex insnar'd by flattery, and misled by a false and short adoration into a solid and long contempt. Beauty, my fairest creature, palls in the possession, but I love also your mind; your soul is as dear to me as my own, and if the advantages of a liberall education, some knowledge and as much contempt of the world join'd with the endeavours towards a life of strict vertue and religion, can qualifie me to raise new ideas in a breast so well dispos'd as yours is, our days will passe away with joy, and old age instead of introducing melancholy prospects of decay, give us hope of eternal youth in a better life. I have but a

few minutes from the duty of my employment to write in, and without time to read over what I have writ, therefore beseech you to pardon the first hints of my mind which I have express'd in so little order.—I am, dearest creature, your most obedient, most devoted servant, RICHARD STEELE.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to her Daughter, the Countess of Bute

LOVERE, 30*th September* 1757.

MY DEAR CHILD,—Lord Bute has been so obliging as to let me know your safe delivery, and the birth of another daughter: may she be as meritorious in your eyes as you are in mine! I can wish nothing better to you both, though I have some reproaches to make you.

Daughter! daughter! don't call names; you are always abusing my pleasures, which is what no mortal will bear. Trash, lumber, sad stuff, are the titles you give to my favourite amusement. If I called a white staff a stick of wood, a gold key gilded brass, and the ensigns of illustrious orders coloured strings, this may be philosophically true, but would be very ill received. We have all our playthings; happy are they that can be contented with those they can obtain: those hours are spent in the wisest manner, that can easiest shade the ills of life, and are the least productive of ill consequences. I think my time better employed in reading the adventures of imaginary people, than the Duchess of Marlborough, who passed the latter years of her life in paddling with her will, and contriving schemes of plaguing some, and extracting praise from others, to no purpose; eternally disappointed and eternally fretting. The active scenes are over at my age. I indulge, with all the art I can, my taste for reading. If I would confine it to valuable books, they are almost as rare as valuable men. I must be content with what I can find. As I approach a second childhood, I endeavour

to enter into the pleasures of it. Your youngest son is, perhaps, at this very moment riding on a poker, with great delight, not at all regretting that it is not a gold one, and much less wishing it an Arabian horse, which he could not know how to manage. I am reading an idle tale, not expecting wit or truth in it, and am very glad it is not metaphysics to puzzle my judgment, or history to mislead my opinion: he fortifies his health by exercise; I calm my cares by oblivion. The methods may appear low to busy people; but, if he improves his strength and I forget my infirmities, we both attain very desirable ends.

I have not heard of your father of a long time. I hope he is well, because you do not mention him.— I am, ever dear child, your most affectionate mother,

M. Wortley.

THE HISTORIANS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Towards the middle of the eighteenth century, three historians — Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon — were the pioneers of a new kind of literature. History in their hands ceased to be a mere chronicle of facts or a dry compilation.

David Hume (1711-1776), the son of a Scottish laird in Berwickshire, was born in Edinburgh. Nothing very definite is known about him till he went to live in a small village in Anjou, in France, when he was twenty-three years of age. Great as a philosopher, he was, besides, the author of *The History of England*, which he wrote after his appointment to the librarianship of the Advocates' Library, in Edinburgh. Only forty-five copies of the first volume were sold in a year, but Hume persevered, and published volume after volume, till in 1762 he was acknowledged the foremost of English historians. After acting for three years as secretary to the English Embassy in Paris, he returned to England and became Under-Secretary of State. He finally retired on a pension of £1000 a year, to Edinburgh, where he died.

The Winning of Personal Freedom

The period in which the people of Christendom were the lowest sunk in ignorance, and consequently in disorders of every kind, may justly be fixed at the eleventh century, about the age of William the Conqueror; and from that era the sun of science, beginning to reascend, threw out many gleams of light, which preceded the full morning when letters were revived in the fifteenth century. The Danes and other northern people who had so long infested all the coasts, and even the inland parts of Europe, by their depredations, having now learned the arts of tillage and agriculture, found a certain subsistence at home, and were no longer tempted to desert their industry in order to seek a precarious livelihood by rapine and by the plunder of their neighbours. The feudal governments also, among the more southern nations, were reduced to a kind of system; and though that strange species of civil polity was ill fitted to insure either liberty or tranquillity, it was preferable to the universal licence and disorder which had everywhere preceded it.

It may appear strange that the progress of the arts, which seems, among the Greeks and Romans, to have daily increased the number of slaves, should in later times have proved so general a source of liberty; but this difference in the events proceeded from a great difference in the circumstances which attended those institutions. The ancient barons, obliged to maintain themselves continually in a military posture, and little emulous of eloquence or splendour, employed not their villeins as domestic servants, much less as manufacturers; but composed their retinue of freemen, whose military spirit rendered the chieftain formidable to his neighbours, and who were ready to attend him in every warlike enterprise. The villeins were entirely occupied in the cultivation of their master's land, and paid their rents either in corn and cattle, and other produce of the farm, or in servile offices, which they performed about the baron's family,

and upon the farms which he retained in his own possession. In proportion as agriculture improved and money increased, it was found that these services, though extremely burdensome to the villein, were of little advantage to the master; and that the produce of a large estate could be much more conveniently disposed of by the peasants themselves, who raised it, than by the landlord or his bailiff, who were formerly accustomed to receive it. A commutation was therefore made of rents for services, and of money-rents for those in kind; and as men, in a subsequent age, discovered that farms were better cultivated where the farmer enjoyed a security in his possession, the practice of granting leases to the peasant began to prevail, which entirely broke the bonds of servitude, already much relaxed from the former practices. After this manner villenage went gradually into disuse throughout the more civilised parts of Europe: the interest of the master as well as that of the slave concurred in this alteration. The latest laws which we find in England for enforcing or regulating this species of servitude, were enacted in the reign of Henry VII. And though the ancient statutes on this head remain unrepealed by parliament, it appears that, before the end of Elizabeth, the distinction of villein and freeman was totally though insensibly abolished, and that no person remained in the state to whom the former laws could be applied.

Thus *personal* freedom became almost general in Europe; an advantage which paved the way for the increase of *political* or *civil* liberty, and which, even where it was not attended with this salutary effect, served to give the members of the community some of the most considerable advantages of it.

From *History of England.*

The Character of Elizabeth

There are few great personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies and the adulation of friends than Queen Elizabeth; and yet there

is scarcely any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices: and obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have at last, in spite of political factions, and what is more, of religious animosities, produced a uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, vigilance, and address, are allowed to merit the highest praises, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person that ever filled a throne: a conduct less rigorous, less imperious, more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess; her heroism was exempt from temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her active temper from turbulency and a vain ambition: she guarded not herself with equal care or equal success from lesser infirmities; the rivalship of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herself, she soon obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over her people; and while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also engaged their affections by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration—the true secret for managing religious factions—she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighbouring nations: and though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe, the

most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous, she was able by her vigour to make deep impressions on their states; her own greatness meanwhile remained untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors who flourished under her reign, share the praise of her success; but instead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed, all of them, their advancement to her choice; they were supported by her constancy, and, with all their abilities, they were never able to acquire any undue ascendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress; the force of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior; and the combat which her victory visibly cost her, serves only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both of faction and bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice, which is more durable because more natural, and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure or diminishing the lustre of her character. This prejudice is founded on the consideration of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her great qualities and extensive capacity; but we are also apt to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit is to lay aside all these considerations, and consider her merely as a rational being placed in authority, and intrusted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a wife or a mistress; but her qualities as a sovereign, though with some considerable exceptions, are the object of undisputed applause and approbation. From *History of England.*

William Robertson (1721-1793) was the son of the minister of Borthwick in Midlothian, and became Principal of Edinburgh University. He wrote *A History of Scotland*, and, besides others, *A History of Charles V.*

The Influence of Chivalry

Among uncivilised nations, there is but one profession honourable—that of arms. All the ingenuity and vigour of the human mind are exerted in acquiring military skill or address. The functions of peace are few and simple, and require no particular course of education or of study as a preparation for discharging them. This was the state of Europe during several centuries. Every gentleman, born a soldier, scorned any other occupation. He was taught no science but that of war; even his exercises and pastimes were feats of martial prowess.

While improvements with respect to the state of society and the administration of justice, gradually made progress in Europe, sentiments more liberal and generous had begun to animate the nobles. These were inspired by the spirit of chivalry, which, though considered commonly as a wild institution, the effect of caprice, and the source of extravagance, arose naturally from the state of society at that period, and had a very serious influence in refining the manners of the European nations. The feudal state was a state of almost perpetual war, rapine, and anarchy; during which the weak and unarmed were exposed to insults or injuries. The power of the sovereign was too limited to prevent these wrongs, and the administration of justice too feeble to redress them. The most effectual protection against violence and oppression was often found to be that which the valour and generosity of private persons afforded. The same spirit of enterprise which had prompted so many gentlemen to take arms in defence of the oppressed pilgrims in Palestine, incited others to declare themselves the patrons and avengers of injured innocence at home. When the final reduction of the Holy Land, under the dominion of infidels, put an end to these foreign expedi-

tions, the latter was the only employment left for the activity and courage of adventurers. To check the insolence of overgrown oppressors; to rescue the helpless from captivity; to protect or to avenge women, orphans, and ecclesiastics, who could not bear arms in their own defence; to redress wrongs and remove grievances; were deemed acts of the highest prowess and merit. Valour, humanity, courtesy, justice, honour, were the characteristic qualities of chivalry. To these were added religion, which mingled itself with every passion and institution during the Middle Ages, and by infusing a large proportion of enthusiastic zeal, gave them such force as carried them to romantic excess. Men were trained to knighthood by a long previous discipline; they were admitted into the order by solemnities no less devout than pompous; every person of noble birth courted that honour; it was deemed a distinction superior to royalty; and monarchs were proud to receive it from the hands of private gentlemen.

This singular institution, in which valour, gallantry, and religion, were so strangely blended, was wonderfully adapted to the taste and genius of martial nobles; and its effects were soon visible in their manners. War was carried on with less ferocity when humanity came to be deemed the ornament of knighthood no less than courage. More gentle and polished manners were introduced when courtesy was recommended as the most amiable of knightly virtues. Violence and oppression decreased when it was reckoned meritorious to check and to punish them. A scrupulous adherence to truth, with the most religious attention to fulfil every engagement, became the distinguishing characteristic of a gentleman, because chivalry was regarded as the school of honour, and inculcated the most delicate sensibility with respect to those points. The admiration of these qualities, together with the high distinctions and prerogatives conferred on knighthood in every part of Europe, inspired persons of noble birth on some occasions with a species of military fanaticism, and led them to extravagant enterprises.

But they deeply imprinted on their minds the principles of generosity and honour. These were strengthened by everything that can affect the senses or touch the heart. The wild exploits of those romantic knights who sallied forth in quest of adventures are well known, and have been treated with proper ridicule. The political and permanent effects of the spirit of chivalry have been less observed. Perhaps the humanity which accompanies all the operations of war, the refinements of gallantry, and the point of honour—the three chief circumstances which distinguish modern from ancient manners—may be ascribed in a great measure to this institution, which has appeared whimsical to superficial observers, but by its effects has proved of great benefit to mankind. The sentiments which chivalry inspired had a wonderful influence on manners and conduct during the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. They were so deeply rooted, that they continued to operate after the vigour and reputation of the institution itself began to decline.

From *History of the Reign of Charles V.*

Edward Gibbon (1737-1794), one of the greatest historians that have ever lived, was born at Putney, London, and educated at Oxford. His great work is *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.*

Gibbon had an immense capacity for taking pains, and he tells us that he wrote his famous first chapter three times before he was satisfied. The period of history that he chose was "the death of the old Pagan world and the birth of the new Christian world—the greatest transition in history," and the result of his vast labour was a work that has called forth the admiration of all learned men.

Gibbon wrote in a style of clear, vigorous, and stately eloquence, but his diction is at times rather pompous.

Conquest of Jerusalem by the Crusaders

Jerusalem has derived some reputation from the number and importance of her memorable sieges. It was not till after a long and obstinate contest that

Babylon and Rome could prevail against the obstinacy of the people, the craggy ground that might supersede the necessity of fortifications, and the walls and towers that would have fortified the most accessible plain. These obstacles were diminished in the age of the crusades. The bulwarks had been completely destroyed and imperfectly restored; the Jews, their nation and worship, were for ever banished; but nature is less changeable than man, and the site of Jerusalem, though somewhat softened and somewhat removed, was still strong against the assaults of an enemy. By the experience of a recent siege, and a three years' possession, the Saracens of Egypt had been taught to discern, and in some degree to remedy, the defects of a place which religion as well as honour forbade them to resign.

Aladin or Iftikhar, the caliph's lieutenant, was intrusted with the defence; his policy strove to restrain the native Christians by the dread of their own ruin and that of the holy sepulchre; to animate the Moslems by the assurance of temporal and eternal rewards. His garrison is said to have consisted of forty thousand Turks and Arabians; and if he could muster twenty thousand of the inhabitants, it must be confessed that the besieged were more numerous than the besieging army. Had the diminished strength and numbers of the Latins allowed them to grasp the whole circumference of four thousand yards—about two English miles and a half—to what useful purpose should they have descended into the valley of Ben Himmon and torrent of Cedron, or approached the precipices of the south and east, from whence they had nothing either to hope or fear? Their siege was more reasonably directed against the northern and western sides of the city.

Godfrey of Bouillon erected his standard on the first swell of Mount Calvary; to the left, as far as St Stephen's gate, the line of attack was continued by Tancred and the two Roberts; and Count Raymond established his quarters from the citadel to the foot of

Mount Sion, which was no longer included within the precincts of the city. On the fifth day, the crusaders made a general assault, in the fanatic hope of battering down the walls without engines, and of scaling them without ladders. By the dint of brutal force, they burst the first barrier, but they were driven back with shame and slaughter to the camp; the influence of vision and prophecy was deadened by the too frequent abuse of those pious stratagems, and time and labour were found to be the only means of victory.

The time of the siege was indeed fulfilled in forty days, but they were forty days of calamity and anguish. A repetition of the old complaint of famine may be imputed in some degree to the voracious or disorderly appetite of the Franks, but the stony soil of Jerusalem is almost destitute of water; the scanty springs and hasty torrents were dry in the summer season; nor was the thirst of the besiegers relieved, as in the city, by the artificial supply of cisterns and aqueducts. The circumjacent country is equally destitute of trees for the uses of shade or building, but some large beams were discovered in a cave by the crusaders: a wood near Sichem, the enchanted grove of Tasso, was cut down; the necessary timber was transported to the camp by the vigour and dexterity of Tancred; and the engines were framed by some Genoese artists, who had fortunately landed in the harbour of Jaffa.

Two movable turrets were constructed at the expense and in the stations of the Duke of Lorraine and the Count of Tholouse, and rolled forwards with devout labour, not to the most accessible, but to the most neglected parts of the fortification. Raymond's tower was reduced to ashes by the fire of the besieged, but his colleague was more vigilant and successful; the enemies were driven by his archers from the rampart; the drawbridge was let down; and on a Friday, at three in the afternoon, the day and hour of the Passion, Godfrey of Bouillon stood victorious on the walls of

Jerusalem. His example was followed on every side by the emulation of valour; and about four hundred and sixty years after the conquest of Omar, the holy city was rescued from the Mohammedan yoke.

In the pillage of public and private wealth, the adventurers had agreed to respect the exclusive property of the first occupant; and the spoils of the great mosque — seventy lamps and massy vases of gold and silver—rewarded the diligence and displayed the generosity of Tancred. A bloody sacrifice was offered by his mistaken votaries to the God of the Christians: resistance might provoke, but neither age nor sex could mollify their implacable rage; they indulged themselves three days in a promiscuous massacre, and the infection of the dead bodies produced an epidemical disease. After seventy thousand Moslems had been put to the sword, and the harmless Jews had been burnt in their synagogue, they could still reserve a multitude of captives whom interest or lassitude persuaded them to spare. Of these savage heroes of the cross, Tancred alone betrayed some sentiments of compassion; yet we may praise the more selfish lenity of Raymond, who granted a capitulation and safe-conduct to the garrison of the citadel. The holy sepulchre was now free; and the bloody victors prepared to accomplish their vow. Bareheaded and barefoot, with contrite hearts, and in a humble posture, they ascended the hill of Calvary amidst the loud anthems of the clergy; kissed the stone which had covered the Saviour of the world, and bedewed with tears of joy and penitence the monument of their redemption.

From *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.*

The Roman Empire's Decline

Since Romulus, with a small band of shepherds and outlaws, fortified himself on the hills near the Tiber, ten centuries had already elapsed. During the four first

ages, the Romans, in the laborious school of poverty, had acquired the virtues of war and government: by the vigorous exertion of those virtues, and by the assistance of fortune, they had obtained, in the course of the three succeeding centuries, an absolute empire over many countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa. The last three hundred years had been consumed in apparent prosperity and internal decline. The nation of soldiers, magistrates, and legislators, who composed the thirty-five tribes of the Roman people, was dissolved into the common mass of mankind, and confounded with the millions of servile provincials, who had received the name, without adopting the spirit, of Romans. A mercenary army, levied among the subjects and barbarians of the frontier, was the only order of men who preserved and abused their independence. By their tumultuary election, a Syrian, a Goth, or an Arab, was exalted to the throne of Rome, and invested with despotic power over the conquests and over the country of the Scipios.

The limits of the Roman empire still extended from the Western Ocean to the Tigris, and from Mount Atlas to the Rhine and the Danube. To the undiscerning eye of the vulgar, Philip appeared a monarch no less powerful than Hadrian or Augustus had formerly been. The form was still the same, but the animating health and vigour were fled. The industry of the people was discouraged and exhausted by a long series of oppression. The discipline of the legions, which alone, after the extinction of every other virtue, had propped the greatness of the state, was corrupted by the ambition, or relaxed by the weakness of the emperors. The strength of the frontiers, which had always consisted in arms rather than in fortifications, was insensibly undermined; and the fairest provinces were left exposed to the rapaciousness or ambition of the barbarians, who soon discovered the decline of the Roman empire.

From *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.*

THE EARLY NOVELISTS

The chief gift of the eighteenth century to English literature was the Novel. Perhaps the beginnings of the modern novel may be found in *The Tatler* and *The Spectator,* but the real founder of the English novel was Daniel Defoe, who as a story-teller has never been surpassed.

Samuel Richardson (1689-1761), born in Derbyshire, has been called the father of the modern English novel. He was apprentice to a printer in London, where he eventually started in business for himself. His first novel, written when he was almost fifty years of age, was *Pamela;* his second and best, *Clarissa Harlowe;* and his third, *Sir Charles Grandison.* In each of these the story is told in the form of letters—the only style in which he could write with ease. *Clarissa* was read everywhere—in France and Germany, as well as at home, where "the little printer's book set all England sobbing." Richardson's novels are the longest that exist in any literature. *Clarissa* runs through eight closely printed volumes.

Henry Fielding (1707-1754), a young English barrister, having read *Pamela,* resolved to burlesque it. This he did in *The Adventures of Joseph Andrews,* which was followed by *Jonathan Wild the Great, The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling,* and *Amelia. Tom Jones,* which is the best of the four, is reckoned "the English model of the novel."

Fielding's novels are brilliant pictures of life in the eighteenth century, drawn by one whose position as a rural squire afforded him ample materials for sketching the characters of people of all sorts and conditions in the country, and whose experience as a magistrate in London gave him a knowledge of all classes in town society. Byron calls Fielding "the prose Homer of human nature"; and Coleridge says, "To take him up after Richardson, is like emerging from a sick-room heated by stoves into an open lawn on a breezy day of May."

Fielding died at Lisbon, and was buried in the English cemetery there.

Tobias George Smollett (1721-1771), grandson of Sir James Smollett of Bonhill, Dumbartonshire, was educated at Glasgow for the medical profession. After serving on board a battleship, he practised as a surgeon at Westminster. He was forced by declining health to seek a warmer climate, and died at Leghorn. He was the author of *Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle,* and *Humphrey Clinker*—"the last, and like music sweetest at the close, the most pleasing of all Smollett's works." Thackeray says, "The novel of *Humphrey Clinker* is, I do think, the most laughable story that ever has been written since the goodly art of novel-writing began."

A Highway Adventure and a Reconciliation

I was much pleased with the Count de Melvil, who is sensible, easy, and polite; and the countess is the most amiable woman I ever beheld. In the afternoon they took leave of their entertainers, and the young squire, mounting his horse, undertook to conduct their coach through the park, while one of their servants rode round to give notice to the rest, whom they had left at a public-house on the road.

Our conversation was suddenly interrupted by the young squire, who galloped into the yard all aghast, exclaiming that the coach was attacked by a great number of highwaymen. My nephew and I rushing out, found his own and his servant's horse ready saddled in the stable, with pistols in the caps. We mounted instantly, ordering Clinker and Dutton to follow with all possible expedition; but notwithstanding all the speed we could make, the action was over before we arrived, and the count with his lady safe lodged at the house of Grieve, the apothecary, who had signalised himself in a very remarkable manner on this occasion.

At the turning of a lane that led to the village where the count's servants remained, a couple of robbers a-horseback suddenly appeared, with their pistols advanced; one kept the coachman in awe, and the other demanded the count's money, while the

young squire went off at full speed without ever casting a look behind.

The count desiring the thief to withdraw his pistol, as the lady was in great terror, delivered his purse without making the least resistance; but not satisfied with his booty, which was pretty considerable, the rascal insisted on rifling her of her ear-rings and necklace, and the countess screamed with affright. Her husband, exasperated at the violence with which she was threatened, wrested the pistol out of the fellow's hand, and turning it on him snapped it in his face; but the robber knowing there was no charge in it, drew another from his bosom, and in all probability would have killed him on the spot, had not his life been saved by a wonderful interposition.

Grieve, the apothecary, chancing to pass that very instant, ran up to the coach, and, with a crabstick, which was all the weapon he had, brought the fellow to the ground with the first blow; then seizing his pistol, presented it to his colleague, who fired his piece at random and fled without further opposition. The other was secured by the assistance of the count and the coachman, and his legs being tied under his own horse, Grieve conducted him to the village, whither also the carriage proceeded.

It was with great difficulty the countess could be kept from swooning; but at last she was happily conveyed to the house of the apothecary, who went into the shop to prepare some drops for her, while his wife and daughter administered to her in another apartment.

I found the count standing in the kitchen with the parson of the parish, and expressing much impatience to see his protector, whom as yet he had scarce found time to thank for the essential service he had done him and the countess. The daughter passing at the same time with a glass of water, Monsieur de Melvil could not help taking notice of her figure, which was strikingly engaging.

"Ay," said the parson, "she's the prettiest girl, and the best girl, in all my parish; and if I could give my son an estate of ten thousand a-year, he should have my consent to lay it at her feet. If Mr Grieve had been as solicitous about getting money as he has been in performing all the duties of a primitive Christian, Fy would not have hung so long on his hands."

"What is her name?" said I.

"Sixteen years ago," answered the vicar, "I christened her by the name of Seraphina Melvilia."

"Ha! what! how!" cried the count eagerly; "sure you said Seraphina Melvilia!"

"I did," said he; "Mr Grieve told me these were the names of two noble persons abroad, to whom he had been obliged for more than life."

The count, without speaking another syllable, rushed into the parlour, crying, "This is your god-daughter, my dear."

Mrs Grieve, then seizing the countess by the hand, exclaimed, with great agitation, "O madam! O sir! I am—I am your poor Elinor. This is my Seraphina Melvilia. O child! these are the Count and Countess of Melvil, the generous—the glorious benefactors of thy once unhappy parents."

The countess, rising from her seat, threw her arms about the neck of the amiable Seraphina, and clasped her to her breast with great tenderness, while she herself was embraced by the weeping mother. This moving scene was completed by the entrance of Grieve himself, who, falling on his knees before the count, "Behold," said he, "a penitent, who at length can look on his patron without shrinking."

"Ah, Ferdinand!" cried he, raising and folding him in his arms, "the playfellow of my infancy—the companion of my youth! Is it to you then I am indebted for my life?"

"Heaven has heard my prayer," said the other, "and given me an opportunity to prove myself not altogether

unworthy of your clemency and protection." He then kissed the hand of the countess, while Monsieur de Melvil saluted his wife and lovely daughter, and all of us were greatly affected by this pathetic recognition.

In a word, Grieve was no other than Ferdinand Count Fathom, whose adventures were printed many years ago. Being a sincere convert to virtue, he had changed his name that he might elude the inquiries of the count whose generous allowance he determined to forego, that he might have no dependence but on his own industry and moderation.

He had accordingly settled in this village as a practitioner in surgery and physic, and for some years wrestled with all the miseries of indigence, which, however, he and his wife had borne with the most exemplary resignation. At length, by dint of unwearied attention to the duties of his profession which he exercised with equal humanity and success, he had acquired a tolerable share of business among the farmers and common people, which enabled him to live in a decent manner. He had been scarce ever seen to smile; was unaffectedly pious; and all the time he could spare from the avocations of his employment, he spent in educating his daughter and in studying for his own improvement.

In short, the adventurer Fathom was, under the name of Grieve, universally respected among the commonalty of this district, as a prodigy of learning and virtue. These particulars I learned from the vicar when we quitted the room, that they might be under no restraint in their mutual effusions. I make no doubt that Grieve will be pressed to leave off business and reunite himself to the count's family; and, as the countess seemed extremely fond of his daughter, she will, in all probability, insist on Seraphina's accompanying her to Scotland. From *Humphry Clinker*.

Laurence Sterne (1713-1768), born at Clonmel, in Ireland, was a clergyman. He wrote *Tristram Shandy*,

a novel without any plot, and almost devoid of real incident. Some of the characters introduced, however, have "exalted and honoured humanity." As the outcome of a sojourn in France and Italy in quest of health, he published *The Sentimental Journey*. Carlyle classes Sterne with Cervantes among the great humorists of the world. His style has been described as "uniformly eccentric, regularly irregular."

Uncle Toby and the Widow

"I am half distracted, Captain Shandy," said Mrs Wadman, holding up her cambric handkerchief to her left eye, as she approached the door of my Uncle Toby's sentry-box; "a mote, or sand, or something,—I know not what, has got into this eye of mine;—do look into it;—it is not in the white."

In saying which, Mrs Wadman edged herself close in beside my Uncle Toby, and squeezing herself down upon the corner of his bench, she gave him an opportunity of doing it without rising up. "Do look into it," said she.

Honest soul! thou didst look into it with as much innocency of heart as ever child look'd into a raree-show-box; and 'twere as much a sin to have hurt thee.

If a man will be peeping of his own accord into things of that nature, I've nothing to say to it.

My Uncle Toby never did: and I will answer for him, that he would have sat quietly upon a sofa from June to January (which, you know, takes in both the hot and cold months) with an eye as fine as the Thracian Rhodope's beside him, without being able to tell whether it was a black or a blue one.

The difficulty was, to get my Uncle Toby to look at one at all.

'Tis surmounted. And——

I see him yonder, with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the ashes falling out of it, looking, and looking, then rubbing his eyes, and looking again, with twice the good-nature that ever Galileo look'd for a spot in the sun.

In vain! for, by all the powers which animate the

organ, Widow Wadman's left eye shines this moment as lucid as her right; there is neither mote, nor sand, nor dust, nor chaff, nor speck, nor particle of opaque matter floating in it. There is nothing, my dear paternal uncle! but one lambent delicious fire, furtively shooting out from every part of it, in all directions, into thine.

If thou lookest, Uncle Toby, in search of this mote one moment longer, thou art undone.

An eye is, for all the world, exactly like a cannon in this respect, that it is not so much the eye, or the cannon, in themselves, as it is the carriage of the eye, and the carriage of the cannon; by which both the one and the other are enabled to do so much execution. I don't think the comparison a bad one: however, as 'tis made and placed at the head of the chapter, as much for use as ornament, all I desire in return, is, that whenever I speak of Mrs Wadman's eyes (except once in the next period) that you keep it in your fancy.

"I protest, Madam," said my Uncle Toby, "I can see nothing whatever in your eye."

"It is not in the white," said Mrs Wadman. My Uncle Toby look'd with might and main into the pupil.

Now, of all the eyes which ever were created: from your own, Madam, up to those of Venus herself, there never was an eye of them all so fitted to rob my Uncle Toby of his repose, as the very eye at which he was looking; it was not, Madam, a rolling eye, a romping, or a wanton one; nor was it an eye sparkling, petulant, or imperious, of high claims and terrifying exactions, which would have curdled at once that milk of human nature, of which my Uncle Toby was made up; but 'twas an eye full of gentle salutations,—and soft responses,—speaking,—not like the trumpet-stop of some ill-made organ, in which many an eye I talk to holds coarse converse, but whispering soft,—like the last low accents of an expiring saint,—"How can you live comfortless, Captain Shandy, and alone, without a bosom to lean your head on, or trust your cares to?"

It was an eye——

But I shall be in love with it myself, if I say another word about it.

It did my Uncle Toby's business.

From *Tristram Shandy.*

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

The French Revolution.—Towards the close of the eighteenth century, the poorer classes in France were in a state of extreme misery. They were half-starved, heavily taxed, and cruelly oppressed by the nobles. In 1789, they rose in revolt, but when they, in turn, got the upper hand, they committed the most dreadful excesses. They beheaded their king, Louis XVI., and his queen, Marie Antoinette, and most of the nobles were executed amidst the rejoicings of crowds of onlookers. Later on, the friends of the Revolution divided into parties which engaged in bitter feuds amongst themselves, and, by their lawless and bloody doings, reduced the country to a wretchedness more acute than that which preceded the first outburst.

At first, the movement enlisted the sympathies of all generous minds everywhere. English poets, like Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth, were hopeful of the dawn of a better day for humanity, and of the coming of a new era of peace and universal brotherhood.

But the violence of the revolutionary mobs, headed by popular leaders, speedily produced a reaction throughout Europe, and our poets drew back with repelled feelings.

The French Revolution, however, had a very great influence on the literature of Western Europe. Beyond the fact that new ideals about popular liberty and about equity found tongue in literature, a new spirit began to operate throughout all the forms of literary production.

Just as the new politicians refused to accept anything as good or necessary, merely because it had established itself firmly, so the new writers—generally classed together as the Romantic School—began first to question and finally to reject many rules of writing that had been respected for centuries; and as the politicians of the day went back to the first ideas of right and wrong, so the poet or novelist held

before his eyes this ideal—to be true to Nature, in any way and at all costs. "The long frost of classicism broke up; the sealed fountains of romantic expression forced their way forth, and then travelled on upon their melodious course." It has been said that literature, after the Revolution, recovered the Elizabethan charm and force, the Elizabethan sense of the beauty of nature, the Elizabethan music of language.

"No period of poetical literature," says Professor Saintsbury, "can much, if at all, exceed the ninety years of English verse from the *Ancient Mariner* to *Crossing the Bar*. . . . The secret of long narrative poems that should interest has been recovered; the sonnet, one of the smallest but one of the most perfect of poetic forms, has been recovered likewise. . . . Above all, lyric, the most poetic kind of poetry, has attained a perfection never known before, except once in England and once in Greece."

Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751-1816) came of a County Cavan family of marked intellectual gifts. Born in Dublin, he was educated at Harrow. An early marriage, at the age of twenty-two, threw him upon his own resources for a livelihood, and he produced *The Rivals* in 1775. After becoming part-proprietor of Drury Lane Theatre he wrote *The School for Scandal*, which even now is the best English comedy of manners on the stage.

Sheridan entered Parliament at the age of twenty-nine, became the friend of Burke and Fox, and took part in the impeachment of Warren Hastings. His last years, partly owing to his extravagance and partly owing to the burning of Drury Lane Theatre, were clouded by financial troubles.

A Serenade

Tell me, my lute, can thy fond strain
So gently speak thy master's pain,
  So softly sing, so humbly sigh,
That, though my sleeping love shall know
Who sings—who sighs below,
  Her rosy slumbers shall not fly?
Thus may some vision whisper more
Than ever I dare speak before.

The breath of morn bids hence the night;
Unveil those beauteous eyes, my fair!
For, till the dawn of love is there,
I feel no day—I own no light!

Waking, I heard thy numbers chide;
Waking—the dawn did bless my sight;
"'Tis Phœbus, sure, that woos," I cried,
Who speaks in song—who moves in light.

George Crabbe (1754-1832), "the poet of the poor," was born at the little seaport town of Aldborough in Suffolk, where his father was a schoolmaster and afterwards collector of salt duties. He was apprenticed to a surgeon and apothecary, and afterwards, having failed in a business he established on his own account, he went to London. An appeal to Burke, the eminent statesman, was the beginning of a useful and prosperous career.

He entered the Church and proved as faithful in the discharge of his duties as he was in describing the lives of the poor of the various parishes in which he lived. He felt that the language of conversation in the middle and lower classes of society is adapted to the purposes of poetic pleasure. In *The Village,* the *Parish Register,* and the *Tales of the Hall,* he showed himself, as Byron wrote,

"Though Nature's sternest painter, yet the best."

The Dying Sailor

He call'd his friend, and prefac'd with a sigh
A lover's message—"Thomas, I must die:
Would I could see my Sally, and could rest
My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
And gazing, go!—if not, this trifle take,
And say, till death I wore it for her sake;
Yes! I must die—blow on, sweet breeze, blow on!
Give me one look, before my life be gone,
Oh! give me that, and let me not despair,
One last fond look—and now repeat the prayer."

He had his wish, had more; I will not paint
The lovers' meeting: she beheld him faint,—
With tender fears, she took a nearer view,
Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew;
He tried to smile, and, half succeeding, said,
"Yes! I must die;" and hope for ever fled.

Still long she nursed him; tender thoughts, meantime,
Were interchang'd, and hopes and views sublime.
To her he came to die, and every day
She took some portion of the dread away:
With him she pray'd, to him his Bible read,
Sooth'd the faint heart, and held the aching head;
She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer;
Apart, she sigh'd; alone, she shed the tear;
Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave.

One day he lighter seem'd, and they forgot
The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot;
They spoke with cheerfulness, and seem'd to think,
Yet said not so—"Perhaps he will not sink;"
A sudden brightness in his look appear'd,
A sudden vigour in his voice was heard;
She had been reading in the book of prayer,
And led him forth, and placed him in his chair;
Lively he seem'd, and spoke of all he knew,
The friendly many, and the favourite few;
Nor one that day did he to mind recall,
But she has treasur'd, and she loves them all;
When in her way she meets them, they appear
Peculiar people—death has made them dear.
He nam'd his friend, but then his hand she prest,
And fondly whisper'd "Thou must go to rest;"
"I go," he said; but, as he spoke, she found
His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound!
Then gaz'd affrighten'd; but she caught a last,
A dying look of love, and all was past!

From *The Borough.*

James Hogg (1770-1835), "the Ettrick Shepherd," born in Selkirkshire, was, like Burns, an example of poetic genius ripening among the peasantry. As a boy, he was taught to read, but that was all his education, if we except the folk-tales with which his mother fed his youthful fancy. He helped Sir Walter Scott in collecting the *Border Minstrelsy*, and, with indifferent success, tried farming and some literary ventures. But in 1813 appeared *The Queen's Wake*, a series of poetical tales, connected by a narrative in prose, and supposed to be sung by Scottish bards brought together at Holyrood to celebrate a royal wake. Of these, the finest is *Kilmeny*, which, as Matthew Arnold said, is "drenched in magic."

Kilmeny in Fairyland

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
And she walked in the light of a sunless day;
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
The fountain of vision, and fountain of light;
The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow.
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
That her youth and beauty never might fade;
And they smiled on heaven, when they her lie
In the stream of life that wandered by.
And she heard a song—she heard it sung,
She kenn'd not where, but sae sweetly it rung,
It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn—
"O! blest be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!
The sun that shines on the world sae bright,
A borrowed gleid[1] frae the fountain of light;
And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
Like a gouden bow or a beamless sun—
Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair;
And the angels shall miss them, travelling the air.

[1] *gleam.*

But lang, lang after baith night and day,
When the sun and the world have died away,
When the sinner has gane to his waesome doom,
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!"

They bore her away, she wist not how,
For she felt not arm nor rest below;
But so swift they wained her through the light,
'Twas like the motion of sound or sight;
They seemed to split the gales of air,
And yet nor gale nor breeze was there.
Unnumbered groves below them grew;
They came, they past, and backward flew,
Like floods of blossoms gliding on,
In moment seen, in moment gone.
O, never vales to mortal view
Appeared like those o'er which they flew
That land to human spirits given.
The lowermost vales of the storied heaven;
From whence they can view the world below,
And heaven's blue gates with sapphires glow—

More glory yet unmeet to know.
They bore her far to a mountain green,
To see what mortal never had seen;
And they seated her high on a purple sward,
And bade her heed what she saw and heard,
And note the changes the spirits wrought;
For now she lived in the land of thought.
She looked, and she saw nor sun nor skies,
But a crystal dome of a thousand dyes;
She looked, and she saw nae land aright,
But an endless whirl of glory and light;
And radiant beings went and came,
Far swifter than wind, or the linkèd flame;
She hid her een frae the dazzling view;
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw a sun in a summer sky,
And clouds of amber sailing by;

A lovely land beneath her lay,
And that land had glens and mountains gray;
And that land had valleys and hoary piles,
And marlèd seas, and a thousand isles;
Its fields were speckled, its forests green,
And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen,

Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay
The sun and the sky and the cloudlet gray,
Which heaved and trembled, and gently swung;
On every shore they seemed to be hung;
For there they were seen on their downward plain
A thousand times and a thousand again;
In winding lake and placid firth—
Little peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth.

Kilmeny sighed, and seemed to grieve,
For she found her heart to that land did cleave;
She saw the corn wave on the vale;
She saw the deer run down the dale;
She saw the plaid and the broad claymore,
And the brows that the badge of freedom bore;
And she thought she had seen the land before.

. . . . .

But to sing the sights Kilmeny saw,
So far surpassing Nature's law,
The singer's voice wad sink away,
And the string of his harp wad cease to play.
But she saw till the sorrows of man were by,
And all was love and harmony:
Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away,
Like the flakes of snaw on a winter's day.

Then Kilmeny begg'd again to see
The friends she had left in her own countrye,
To tell of the place where she had been,
And the glories that lay in the land unseen;
To warn the living maidens fair,
The loved of Heaven, the spirits' care,

That all whose minds unmeled [1] remain
Shall bloom in beauty when Time is gane.

With distant music, soft and deep,
They lull'd Kilmeny sound asleep;
And when she awaken'd, she lay her lane,
All happ'd with flowers in the greenwood wene.[2]

When seven long years had come and fled;
When grief was calm, and hope was dead;
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
Late, late in the gloaming, Kilmeny came hame!
And O, her beauty was fair to see,
But still and steadfast was her e'e!
Such beauty bard may never declare
For there was no pride nor passion there;
And the soft desire of maidens' een,
In that mild face could never be seen.

From *The Queen's Wake.*

The Skylark

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

[1] *pure.* [2] *nook, recess.*

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!

Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

William Wordsworth (1770-1850), the son of John Wordsworth, an attorney-at-law, was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland. At home he was taught privately, and his father made him at a very early age learn portions of the best English poets by heart. His school-days—"the fair seedtime of his soul"—were passed at Hawkshead in the vale of Esthwaite. He was seventeen when he went to Cambridge, and at twenty-five he made up his mind to devote himself wholly to poetry.

Returning from a visit to Paris in 1792, he settled with his sister Dorothy at Racedown, in Dorset, and became acquainted with Coleridge, who was then living near by in Somerset. The young poets published together a small volume of *Lyrical Ballads*, which contained *The Ancient Mariner* and *Lines written above Tintern Abbey*.

After a short tour in Germany, he went to live in the Lake District. Round the two small lakes of Grasmere and Rydal nearly all the memories of Wordsworth for half a century are clustered. His life was solitary and uneventful, and most of his poetry was composed in the open air.

In 1814, *The Excursion*, which was part of a longer poem which was not completed, was published, and it was followed in 1815 by *The White Doe of Rylstone*, a historical poem. Recognition of the value of his work came but slowly. The simplicity, not to say childishness, of some of his poems was pooh-poohed, and his better poetry was overlooked.

With growing fame came honours from Oxford and a pension of £300 a year from the Government. He had held the office of Distributor of Stamps for Westmoreland—a sinecure worth £500 a year—since 1812.

Wordsworth created his own school of poetry—poetry that dealt chiefly with Nature and the influence of Nature upon man. In the end, he "passed from being the apostle of a small clique into the most illustrious man of letters in England."

In 1843, after some hesitation, and only when assured that nothing would be required from him in return, he accepted the office of Poet Laureate. This post he occupied "with silent dignity," till his death, when Tennyson received

> "This laurel greener from the brows
> Of him that uttered nothing base."

Wordsworth died at Rydal Mount, and was buried in the churchyard of Grasmere.

At the Grave of Burns

Fresh as the flower, whose modest worth
He sang, his genius "glinted" forth,
Rose like a star that touching earth,
For so it seems,
Doth glorify its humble birth
With matchless beams.

The piercing eye, the thoughtful brow,
The struggling heart, where be they now?
Full soon the aspirant of the plough,
The prompt, the brave,
Slept with the obscurest, in the low
And silent grave.

Well might I mourn that he was gone,
Whose light I hail'd when first it shone,
When, breaking forth as Nature's own,
It showed my youth
How verse may build a princely throne
On humble truth.

Alas! where'er the current tends,
Regret pursues and with it blends—
Huge Criffel's hoary top ascends
By Skiddaw seen—
Neighbours we were, and loving friends
We might have been:

True friends though diversely inclined;
But heart with heart and mind with mind,
Where the main fibres are entwined,
Through Nature's skill,
May even by contraries be joined
More closely still.

Composed upon Westminster Bridge

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

My Heart Leaps Up

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

Lines,

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY, ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE WYE DURING A TOUR

13th July 1798

Five years have passed; five summers with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a sweet inland murmur. Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
Among the woods and copses, nor disturb
The wild, green landscape. Once again I see
These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire
The hermit sits alone.
These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration; feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence

On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened: that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.
If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft,
In darkness, and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! Thou wanderer through the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!
. . . . .
For I have learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts: a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:

A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Ode on Intimations of Immortality

From Recollections of Early Childhood

I

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore:—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

II

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare:
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

III

Now, while the Birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief
And I again am strong:
The Cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday;—
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
Shepherd-boy!

IV

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fullness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
O evil day! if I were sullen
While the earth herself is adorning
This sweet May-morning,
And the children are pulling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm:—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
—But there's a Tree, of many, one,
A single field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone;

The Pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

V

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our Life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the East
Must travel, still is nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834) was the son of the vicar of Ottery St Mary, in Devonshire, and headmaster of the Grammar School of the place. Left early an orphan, he was sent to Christ's Hospital, London, from which he went to Cambridge. Before completing his degree, he suddenly quitted Cambridge and went up to London, where he enlisted, under the name of Silas Titus Comberback (S. T. C.), as a private in the 15th Light Dragoons. His discharge, however, was obtained, and he returned to complete his course at the University.

Afterwards, Southey and he, along with some others, planned what he called a Pantisocracy—a sort of Utopian home in America on the banks of the Susquehanna. But

lack of money killed their ideal scheme. Coleridge married Miss Fricker, a Bristol lady, and settled at Nether Stowey in Somerset. Here he made Wordsworth's acquaintance, and, in 1798, the *Lyrical Ballads,* the joint production of both poets, appeared. It included *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.*

After a visit to Germany, he took up his abode with his brother-in-law, Southey, at Keswick, and wrote his translation of Schiller's drama, *Wallenstein.* For some months he was secretary to the Governor of Malta, and, on his return to the Lake District, he published *Christabel,* a fragment, but the best of all his poetical work. By this time he had become addicted to laudanum-drinking, and this habit, added to his natural indolence, put an end to his desire to write.

For the last nineteen years of his life, he was indebted for a home to one of his admirers, James Gillman, a surgeon in Highgate, London. Of his shorter pieces, the *Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni, Kubla Khan*—composed in a dream, and "perhaps the most wonderful of all poems"—and *Genevieve* are the best. "All that he did excellently," says Brooke, speaking only of his poetry, "might be bound up in twenty pages, but it should be bound in pure gold."

The Ancient Mariner

The Sun came up upon the right,
  Out of the Sea came he;
And broad as a weft upon the left
  Went down into the Sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
  But no sweet Bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
  Came to the Mariner's hollo!

And I had done an hellish thing,
  And it would work 'em woe:
For all averr'd, I had kill'd the Bird
  That made the Breeze to blow.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averr'd, I had kill'd the Bird
That brought the fog and mist.
"'Twas right," said they, "such birds to slay
That bring the fog and mist."

The breezes blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow follow'd free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent Sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the Sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be,
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the Sea.

All in a hot and copper sky
The bloody sun at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion,
As idle as a painted Ship
Upon a painted Ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deeps did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yes, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy Sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The Death-fires danc'd at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green and blue and white.

. . . . .

O Wedding-guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas that God Himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the Marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me
To walk together to the Kirk
With a goodly company.

To walk together to the Kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends.
And Youths, and Maidens gay.

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest!
He prayeth well who loveth well,
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things both great and small:
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

Love

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are all but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
  Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
  Beside the ruin'd tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
  Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
  My own dear Genevieve.

She lean'd against the armed man,
  The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listen'd to my lay
  Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
  My hope, my joy, my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing,
  The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
  I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song that suited well
  That ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
  With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
  But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
  Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
  The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined; and ah!
  The deep, the low, the pleading tone,
With which I sang another's love,
  Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a flitting blush
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

. . . . .

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve—
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes and fears that kindle hope,
And undistinguishable throng;
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blush'd with love and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved, she stept aside;
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

I calm'd her fears; and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride!

Robert Southey (1774-1843) is known both as a poet and as a prose-writer, though he can scarcely be called great in either capacity. He was the son of a Bristol linen-draper, and was educated at Westminster School and at Balliol College, Oxford. He began his long career as a man of letters at the age of twenty-one.

A school friend made him an allowance of £160 a year from 1797 till 1807, when he obtained a Government pension of a like amount. On this he devoted himself to a life of incessant authorship, conferring upon literature

the benefit of a noble example of industry, integrity, and independence.

Southey was appointed Poet Laureate in 1813, and in 1835 a welcome addition of £300 a year was made to his pension. His life was not only a busy but a happy one.

Few poets are so well known by name and so little known by their poetry. *The Holly Tree, After Blenheim, The Inchcape Bell,* and perhaps half a dozen other short pieces are familiar to all readers. But his so-called epics, with their irregular metres, are practically unread nowadays. The best of them are his Arabic poem, *Thalaba,* and his Indian poem, *The Curse of Kehama,* both of which are marked by rich invention and picturesque description of most romantic scenes and incidents.

Southey wrote prose admirably, though here again he wrote far too much. One book, however, by him, *The Life of Nelson,* belongs to the world's literature. It is a "peerless model of short biographies—an immortal monument raised by genius to valour."

Night in the Desert

How beautiful is the night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven.
In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky,
How beautiful is night!

Who, at this untimely hour,
Wanders o'er the desert sands?
No station is in view,
Nor palm-grove islanded amid the waste,
The mother and her child,
The widowed mother and the fatherless boy,
They, at this untimely hour,
Wander o'er the desert sands.

Alas! the setting sun
Saw Zeinab in her bliss,
Hodeirah's wife beloved,
The fruitful mother late,
Whom, when the daughters of Arabia named,
They wished their lot like hers:
She wanders o'er the desert sands
A wretched widow now,
The fruitful mother of so fair a race;
With only one preserved,
She wanders o'er the wilderness.

No tear relieved the burden of her heart
Stunned with the heavy woe, she felt like one
Half-wakened from a midnight dream of blood.
But sometimes, when the boy
Would wet her hand with tears,
And, looking up to her fixed countenance,
Sob out the name of Mother, then did she
Utter a feeble groan.
At length, collecting Zeinab turned her eyes
To heaven, exclaiming: "Praised be the Lord
He gave, he takes away!
The Lord our God is good!"

From *Thalaba.*

The Test of a Good Book

All readers, however,—thank Heaven, and what is left among us of that best and rarest of all senses called Common Sense,—all readers, however, are not critical. There are still some who are willing to be pleased, and thankful for being pleased; and who do not think it necessary that they should be able to *parse* their pleasure, like a lesson, and give a rule or a reason why they are pleased, or why they ought not to be pleased. There are still readers who have never read an Essay upon Taste;—and if they take my advice they never will; for they can no more improve their taste by so doing, than they could

improve their appetite or their digestion by studying a cookery book.

I have something to say to all classes of readers: and therefore having thus begun to speak of one, with that class I will proceed. It is to the youthful part of my lectors—(why not lectors as well as auditors?) it is *virginibus puerisque* that I now address myself. Young readers, you whose hearts are open, whose understandings are not yet hardened, and whose feelings are neither exhausted nor encrusted by the world, take from me a better rule than any professors of criticism will teach you!

Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that what you have been accustomed to think unlawful may after all be innocent, and that that may be harmless which you have hitherto been taught to think dangerous? Has it tended to make you dissatisfied and impatient under the controul of others; and disposed you to relax in that self-government, without which both the laws of God and man tell us there can be no virtue—and consequently no happiness? Has it attempted to abate your admiration and reverence for what is great and good, and to diminish in you the love of your country and your fellow creatures? Has it addressed itself to your pride, your vanity, your selfishness, or any other of your evil propensities? Has it defiled the imagination with what is loathsome, and shocked the heart with what is monstrous? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong which the Creator has implanted in the human soul? If so—if you are conscious of all or any of these effects,—or if having escaped from all, you have felt that such were the effects it was intended to produce, throw the book in the fire whatever name it may bear in the title page! Throw it in the fire, young man, though it should have been the gift of a friend!—young lady, away with the whole set, though it should be the prominent furniture of a rose-wood book-case!

From *The Doctor.*

The Battle of the Nile

The French fleet arrived at Alexandria on the 1st of July, and Brueys, not being able to enter the port, which time and neglect had ruined, moored the ships in Aboukir Bay, in a strong and compact line of battle; the headmost vessel, according to his own account, being as close as possible to a shoal on the north-west, and the rest of the fleet forming a kind of curve along the line of deep water, so as not to be turned by any means in the south-west.

The advantage of numbers, both in ships, guns, and men, was in favour of the French. They had thirteen ships of the line and four frigates, carrying 1196 guns and 11,230 men. The English had the same number of ships of the line, and one fifty-gun ship, carrying 1012 guns, and 8068 men. The English ships were all seventy-fours: the French had three eighty-gun ships, and one three-decker of one hundred and twenty.

During the whole pursuit it had been Nelson's practice, whenever circumstances would permit, to have his captains on board the *Vanguard*, and explain to them his own ideas of the different and best modes of attack, and such plans as he proposed to execute on falling in with the enemy, whatever their situation might be. There is no possible position, it is said, which he did not take into consideration. His officers were thus fully acquainted with his principles of tactics; and such was his confidence in their abilities, that the only thing determined upon, in case they should find the French at anchor, was for the ships to form as most convenient for their mutual support, and to anchor by the stern. "First gain your victory," he said, "and then make the best use of it you can." The moment he perceived the position of the French, that intuitive genius with which Nelson was endowed displayed itself: and it instantly struck him, that where there was room for an enemy's ship to swing there was room for one of ours to anchor.

The plan which he intended to pursue, therefore, was to keep entirely on the outer side of the French line, and station his ships, as far as he was able, one on the outer bow and another on the outer quarter of each of the enemy's. Captain Berry, when he comprehended the scope of the design, exclaimed with transport, "If we succeed, what will the world say?" "There is no *if* in the case," replied the admiral; "that we shall succeed is certain—who may live to tell the story is a very different question."

The first two ships of the French line had been dismasted within a quarter of an hour after the commencement of the action; and the others in that time suffered so severely, that victory was already certain. The third, fourth, and fifth were taken possession of at half-past eight. Meantime Nelson received a severe wound on the head from a piece of langrage shot. Captain Berry caught him in his arms as he was falling. The great effusion of blood occasioned an apprehension that the wound was mortal. Nelson himself thought so; a large flap of the skin of the forehead, cut from the bone, had fallen over the eye; and, the other being blind, he was in total darkness. When he was carried down, the surgeon, in the midst of a scene scarcely to be conceived by those who have never seen a cockpit in time of action, and the heroism which is displayed amid its horrors — with a natural but pardonable eagerness, quitted the poor fellow then under his hands, that he might instantly attend the admiral. "No!" said Nelson, "I will take my turn with my brave fellows." Nor would he suffer his own wound to be examined, till every man who had been previously wounded was properly attended to. Fully believing that the wound was mortal, and that he was about to die, as he had ever desired, in battle and in victory, he called the chaplain, and desired him to deliver what he supposed to be his dying remembrance to Lady Nelson; he then sent for Captain Louis on board, from the *Minotaur*, that he might thank him personally for the great assistance he had rendered to the *Vanguard*;

and, ever mindful of those who deserved to be his friends, appointed Captain Hardy from the brig, to the command of his own ship, Captain Berry having to go home with the news of the victory. When the surgeon came in due time to examine the wound (for it was in vain to entreat him to let it be examined sooner), the most anxious silence prevailed; and the joy of the wounded men, and of the whole crew, when they heard that the hurt was superficial, gave Nelson deeper pleasure than the unexpected assurance that his life was in no danger. The surgeon requested, and, as far as he could, ordered him to remain quiet; but Nelson could not rest. He called for his secretary, Mr Campbell, to write the despatches. Campbell had himself been wounded, and was so affected at the blind and suffering state of the admiral, that he was unable to write. The chaplain was sent for; but, before he came, Nelson, with his characteristic eagerness, took the pen, and contrived to trace a few words, marking his devout sense of the success which had already been obtained. He was now left alone; when suddenly a cry was heard on the deck that the *Orient* was on fire. In the confusion, he found his way up, unassisted and unnoticed; and, to the astonishment of every one, appeared on the quarter-deck, where he immediately gave orders that boats should be sent to the relief of the enemy.

It was soon after nine that the fire on board the *Orient* broke out. Brueys was dead; he had received three wounds, yet would not leave his post. A fourth cut him almost in two. He desired not to be carried below, but to be left to die upon deck. The flames soon mastered his ship. Her sides had just been painted, and the oil-jars and painting-buckets were lying on the poop. By the prodigious light of this conflagration, the situation of the two fleets could now be perceived, the colours of both being clearly distinguishable. About ten o'clock the ship blew up, with a shock which was felt to the very bottom of every vessel. Many of her officers and men jumped overboard, some clinging to the spars and pieces

of wreck with which the sea was strewn; others swimming to escape from the destruction which they momently dreaded. Some were picked up by our boats; and some, even in the heat and fury of the action, were dragged into the lower ports of the nearest British ships by the British sailors. The greater part of her crew, however, stood the danger to the last, and continued to fire from the lower deck. This tremendous explosion was followed by a silence not less awful: the firing immediately ceased on both sides; and the first sound which broke the silence was the dash of her shattered masts and yards falling into the water from the vast height to which they had been exploded. It is upon record, that a battle between two armies was once broken off by an earthquake;—such an event would be felt like a miracle: but no incident in war, produced by human means, has ever equalled the sublimity of this co-instantaneous pause, and all its circumstances.

About seventy of the *Orient's* crew were saved by the English boats. Among the many hundreds who perished were the commodore, Casa Bianca, and his son, a brave boy only ten years old. They were seen floating on a shattered mast when the ship blew up.

The firing recommenced with the ships to leeward of the centre, and continued till about three. At daybreak the *Guillaume Tell* and the *Généreuse*, the two rears of the enemy, were the only French ships of the line which had their colours flying; they cut their cables in the forenoon, not having been engaged, and stood out to sea, and two frigates with them. The *Zealous* pursued; but, as there was no other ship in a condition to support Captain Hood, he was recalled. It was generally believed by the officers that, if Nelson had not been wounded, not one of these ships could have escaped; the four certainly could not, if the *Culloden* had got into action; and, if the frigates belonging to the squadron had been present, not one of the enemy's fleet would have left Aboukir Bay. These four vessels, however, were all that escaped; and

Sir Walter Scott.

the victory was the most complete and glorious in the annals of naval history. "Victory," said Nelson, "is not a name strong enough for such a scene";—he called it a conquest. From *Life of Nelson.*

Walter Scott, the son of a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, was born on the 15th of August 1771. He was educated at the Royal High School and the University of Edinburgh. He was called to the bar in 1792, and seven years later he was appointed Sheriff-deputy of Selkirkshire. He was made a baronet in 1820.

Early in life he had imbibed a deep love for "border lore, old ballads, and traditions." In 1802 he published the first two volumes of the *Border Minstrelsy.* Three years later, he sprang into fame as a poet by the publication of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

In 1806 he became Clerk to the Court of Session, and his annual income was now about £2000. Then followed *Marmion,* perhaps the most powerful of his poems; *The Lady of the Lake,* which opened up the beauties of the Highlands of Scotland to the world; and other poems of more or less excellence.

In 1814 there was issued anonymously *Waverley,* the first of that remarkable series of novels which won an undying fame for their writer. Volume after volume was added to the first, each and all bringing not only a deeper assurance of Scott's genius as a story-teller, but handsome profits, which were expended in enlarging the dwelling-house and estate of Abbotsford. His best novels are probably *Guy Mannering, The Antiquary, Old Mortality, Rob Roy, The Heart of Midlothian, Ivanhoe, Quentin Durward,* and *The Talisman.* "These are not mere love stories, but pictures of human life, expressing broad and manly and practical views, and animated by sentiments which are cheerful and correct." One admirer declares that Scott's novels and poems together give us "the most brilliant and diversified spectacle of human life which we have had since Shakspeare."

Sir Walter's life was darkened towards its close by the financial failure of a publishing house of which he was a partner. He made a noble and almost successful effort to pay off his enormous debt before death overtook him. This

last heroic struggle to perform a giant's task was in keeping with his manly and wholesome life. He died on the 21st September 1832, and was buried in Dryburgh Abbey.

Diana Vernon

The fox, hard run, and nearly spent, first made his appearance from the copse which clothed the right-hand side of the valley. His drooping brush, his soiled appearance, and jaded trot, proclaimed his fate impending; and the carrion crow, which hovered over him, already considered poor Reynard as soon to be his prey. He crossed the stream which divides the little valley, and was dragging himself up a ravine on the other side of its wild banks, when the headmost hounds, followed by the rest of the pack in full cry, burst from the coppice, followed by the huntsman and three or four riders. The dogs pursued the trace of Reynard with unerring instinct; and the hunters followed with reckless haste, regardless of the broken and difficult nature of the grounds. They were tall, stout young men, well mounted, and dressed in green and red, the uniform of a sporting association, formed under the auspices of old Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone.—"My cousins!" thought I, as they swept past me. The next reflection was—"What is my reception likely to be among these worthy successors of Nimrod? and how improbable is it that I, knowing little or nothing of rural sports, shall find myself at ease, or happy, in my uncle's family!" A vision that passed me interrupted these reflections.

It was a young lady, the loveliness of whose very striking features was enhanced by the animation of the chase and the glow of the exercise, mounted on a beautiful horse, jet black, unless where he was flecked by spots of the snow-white foam which embossed his bridle. She wore, what was then somewhat unusual, a coat, vest, and hat, resembling those of a man, which fashion has since called a riding-habit. The mode had been introduced while I was in France, and was perfectly

new to me. Her long black hair streamed on the breeze, having in the hurry of the chase escaped from the ribbon which bound it. Some very broken ground, through which she guided her horse with the most admirable address and presence of mind, retarded her course, and brought her closer to me than any of the other riders who had passed. I had, therefore, a full view of her uncommonly fine face and person, to which an inexpressible charm was added by the wild gaiety of the scene, and the romance of her singular dress and unexpected appearance. As she passed me, her horse made, in his impetuosity, an irregular movement, just while, coming once more upon open ground, she was again putting him to his speed. It served as an apology for me to ride close up to her, as if to her assistance. There was, however, no cause for alarm; it was not a stumble, nor a false step; and, if it had, the fair Amazon had too much self-possession to have been deranged by it. She thanked my good intentions, however, by a smile, and I felt encouraged to put my horse to the same pace, and to keep in her immediate neighbourhood. The clamour of "Whoop! dead! dead!"—and the corresponding flourish of the French horn, soon announced to us that there was no more occasion for haste, since the chase was at a close. One of the young men whom we had seen approached us, waving the brush of the fox in triumph, as if to upbraid my fair companion. "I see," she replied, "I see; but make no noise about it: if Phoebe," she said, patting the neck of the beautiful animal on which she rode, "had not got among the cliffs, you would have had little cause for boasting."

They met as she spoke, and I observed them both look at me and converse a moment in an under tone, the young lady apparently pressing the sportsman to do something which he declined shyly, and with a sort of sheepish sullenness. She instantly turned her horse's head towards me, saying—"Well, well, Thornie, if you won't, I must, that's all.—Sir," she continued, addressing me. "I have been endeavouring to persuade this cultivated

young gentleman to make inquiry of you, whether, in the course of your travels in these parts, you have heard anything of a friend of ours, one Mr Francis Osbaldistone, who has been for some days expected at Osbaldistone Hall!" I was too happy to acknowledge myself to be the party inquired after, and to express my thanks for the obliging inquiries of the young lady.

"In that case, sir," she rejoined, "as my kinsman's politeness seems to be still slumbering, you will permit me (though I suppose it is highly improper) to stand mistress of ceremonies, and to present to you young Squire Thorncliff Osbaldistone, your cousin, and Die Vernon, who has also the honour to be your accomplished cousin's poor kinswoman."

There was a mixture of boldness, satire, and simplicity in the manner in which Miss Vernon pronounced these words. My knowledge of life was sufficient to enable me take up a corresponding tone as I expressed my gratitude to her for her condescension, and my extreme pleasure at having met with them. To say the truth, the compliment was so expressed, that the lady might easily appropriate the greater share of it, for Thorncliff seemed an arrant country bumpkin—awkward, shy, and somewhat sulky withal. He shook hands with me, however, and then intimated his intention of leaving me, that he might help the huntsman and his brothers to couple up the hounds—a purpose which he rather communicated by way of information to Miss Vernon than as apology to me.

"There he goes," said the young lady, following him with eyes in which disdain was admirably painted—"the prince of grooms and cock-fighters and blackguard horse-coursers. But there is not one of them to mend another.—Have you read Markham?" said Miss Vernon.

"Read whom, ma'am?—I do not even remember the author's name."

"O lud! on what a strand are you wrecked!" replied the young lady. "A poor forlorn and ignorant stranger, unacquainted with the very Alcoran of the

savage tribe whom you are come to reside among.—Never to have heard of Markham, the most celebrated author on farriery! then I fear you are equally a stranger to the more modern names of Gibson and Bartlett?"

"I am, indeed, Miss Vernon."

"And do you not blush to own it?" said Miss Vernon. "Why, we must forswear your alliance. Then, I suppose, you can neither give a ball, nor a mash, nor a horn!"

"I confess I trust all these matters to an ostler or to my groom."

"Incredible carelessness!—And you cannot shoe a horse, or cut his mane and tail; or worm a dog, or crop his ears, or cut his dewclaws; or reclaim a hawk, or give him his casting-stones, or direct his diet when he is sealed; or—"

"To sum up my insignificance in one word," replied I, "I am profoundly ignorant in all these rural accomplishments."

"Then, in the name of heaven, Mr Francis Osbaldistone, what *can* you do?"

"Very little to the purpose, Miss Vernon; something, however, I can pretend to. When my groom has dressed my horse, I can ride him; and when my hawk is in the field, I can fly him."

"Can you do this?" said the young lady, putting her horse to a canter.

There was a sort of rude overgrown fence crossed the path before us, with a gate, composed of pieces of wood rough from the forest; I was about to move forward to open it, when Miss Vernon cleared the obstruction at a flying leap. I was bound, in point of honour, to follow, and was in a moment again at her side. "There are hopes of you yet," she said. "I was afraid you had been a very degenerate Osbaldistone. But what on earth brings you to Cub Castle?—for so the neighbours have christened this hunting-hall of ours. You might have staid away, I suppose, if you would?"

I felt I was by this time on a very intimate footing

with my beautiful apparition, and therefore replied, in a confidential undertone—

"Indeed, my dear Miss Vernon, I might have considered it as a sacrifice to be a temporary resident in Osbaldistone Hall, the inmates being such as you describe them; but I am convinced there is one exception that will make amends for all deficiencies."

"Oh, you mean Rashleigh?" said Miss Vernon.

"Indeed I do not; I was thinking—forgive me—of some person much nearer me."

"I suppose it would be proper not to understand your civility?—But that is not my way—I don't make a curtsey for it, because I am sitting on horseback. But, seriously, I deserve your exception, for I am the only conversible being about the Hall, except the old priest and Rashleigh." From *Rob Roy.*

A Chieftain's Daughter

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace
Of finer form, or lovelier face!
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown—
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measur'd mood had train'd her pace—
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew;
E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread:
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue—
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The listener held his breath to hear!
A chieftain's daughter seem'd the maid;
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch, such birth betray'd.
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,

Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair
Mantled a plaid with modest care;
And never brooch the folds combined
Above a heart more good and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
Than every free-born glance confess'd
The guileless movements of her breast;
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
Or woe or pity claim'd a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion pour'd a prayer,
Or tale of injury call'd forth
The indignant spirit of the North.
One only passion unreveal'd
With maiden pride the maid conceal'd,
Yet not less purely felt the flame;—
O need I tell that passion's name!

From *The Lady of the Lake.*

Jock of Hazeldean

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride:
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale;

His step is first in peaceful ha',
  His sword in battle keen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
  For Jock of Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
  Nor braid to bind your hair,
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
  Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you the foremost o' them a'
  Sall ride our forest-queen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
  For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
  The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
  And dame and knight are there:
They sought her baith by bower and ha';
  The ladie was not seen!
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
  Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

The Outlaw

O Brignall banks are wild and fair,
  And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
  Would grace a summer-queen.
And as I rode by Dalton-Hall
  Beneath the turrets high,
A Maiden on the castle-wall
  Was singing merrily:
"O Brignall Banks are fresh and fair,
  And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
  Than reign our English queen."

—"If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we
That dwell by dale and down.
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed
As blithe as Queen of May."
Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen.

"I read you by your bugle-horn
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a ranger sworn
To keep the king's greenwood."
—"A Ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 'tis at peep of light;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night."
Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay;
I would I were with Edmund there
To reign his Queen of May!

"With burnish'd brand and musketoon
So gallantly you come.
I read you for a bold Dragoon
That lists the tuck of drum."
—"I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear;
But when the beetle sounds his hum
My comrades take the spear.
And O! though Brignall banks be fair
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare
Would reign my Queen of May!

"Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die!
The fiend whose lantern lights the mead
Were better mate than I!
And when I'm with my comrades met
Beneath the greenwood bough
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now."

Chorus

Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer-queen.

Trial and Execution of Fergus Mac-Ivor

Edward pressed into the court, which was extremely crowded; but by his arriving from the north, and his extreme eagerness and agitation, it was supposed he was a relation of the prisoners, and people made way for him. It was the third sitting of the court, and there were two men at the bar. The verdict of GUILTY was already pronounced. Edward just glanced at the bar during the momentous pause which ensued. There was no mistaking the stately form and noble features of Fergus Mac-Ivor, although his dress was squalid and his countenance tinged with the sickly yellow hue of long and close imprisonment. By his side was Evan Maccombich. Edward felt sick and dizzy as he gazed on them; but he was recalled to himself as the Clerk of Arraigns pronounced the solemn words: "Fergus Mac-Ivor of Glennaquoich, otherwise called Vich Ian Vohr, and Evan Mac-Ivor, in the Dhu of Tarrascleugh, otherwise called Evan Dhu, otherwise called Evan Maccombich, or Evan Dhu Maccombich—you, and each of you, stand attainted of high treason. What have you to say for yourselves why the Court should not pronounce judgment against you, that you die according to law?"

Fergus, as the presiding judge was putting on the fatal cap of judgment, placed his own bonnet upon his head, regarded him with a steadfast and stern look, and replied in a firm voice, "I cannot let this numerous audience suppose that to such an appeal I have no answer to make. But what I have to say you would not bear to hear, for my defence would be your condemnation. Proceed, then, in the name of God, to do what is permitted to you. Yesterday, and the day before, you have condemned loyal and honourable blood to be poured forth like water. Spare not mine. Were that of all my ancestors in my veins, I would have perilled it in this quarrel." He resumed his seat, and refused again to rise.

Evan Maccombich looked at him with great earnestness, and, rising up, seemed anxious to speak; but the confusion of the court, and the perplexity arising from thinking in a language different from that in which he was to express himself, kept him silent. There was a murmur of compassion among the spectators, from the idea that the poor fellow intended to plead the influence of his superior as an excuse for his crime. The judge commanded silence, and encouraged Evan to proceed.

"I was only ganging to say, my lord," said Evan, in what he meant to be an insinuating manner, "that if your excellent honour, and the honourable Court, would let Vich Ian Vohr go free just this once, and let him gae back to France, and no to trouble King George's government again, that ony six o' the very best of his clan will be willing to be justified in his stead; and if you'll just let me gae down to Glennaquoich, I'll fetch them up to ye myself, to head or hang, and you may begin wi' me the very first man."

Notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, a sort of laugh was heard in the court at the extraordinary nature of the proposal. The judge checked this indecency, and Evan, looking sternly around, when the murmur abated, "If the Saxon gentlemen are laughing," he said, "because a poor man, such as me, thinks my life, or the

life of six of my degree, is worth that of Vich Ian Vohr, it's like enough they may be very right; but if they laugh because they think I would not keep my word, and come back to redeem him, I can tell them they ken neither the heart of a Hielandman, nor the honour of a gentleman."

There was no further inclination to laugh among the audience, and a dead silence ensued.

The judge then pronounced upon both prisoners the sentence of the law of high treason, with all its horrible accompaniments. The execution was appointed for the ensuing day. "For you, Fergus Mac-Ivor," continued the judge, "I can hold out no hope of mercy. You must prepare against to-morrow for your last sufferings here, and your great audit hereafter."

"I desire nothing else, my lord," answered Fergus, in the same manly and firm tone.

The hard eyes of Evan, which had been perpetually bent on his chief, were moistened with a tear. "For you, poor ignorant man," continued the judge, "who, following the ideas in which you have been educated, have this day given us a striking example how the loyalty due to the king and state alone, is, from your unhappy ideas of clanship, transferred to some ambitious individual, who ends by making you the tool of his crimes—for you, I say, I feel so much compassion, that if you can make up your mind to petition for grace, I will endeavour to procure it for you. Otherwise ——"

"Grace me no grace," said Evan, "since you are to shed Vich Ian Vohr's blood, the only favour I would accept from you, is—to bid them loose my hands and gie me my claymore, and bide you just a minute sitting where you are!"

"Remove the prisoners," said the judge, "his blood be upon his own head." . . .

The place of Fergus's confinement was a gloomy and vaulted apartment in the central part of the castle—a huge old tower, supposed to be of great antiquity, and surrounded by outworks, seemingly of Henry VIII.'s

time, or somewhat later. The grating of the large old-fashioned bars and bolts, withdrawn for the purpose of admitting Edward, was answered by the clash of chains, as the unfortunate chieftain, strongly and heavily fettered, shuffled along the stone floor of his prison, to fling himself into his friend's arms. . . .

Soon after a file of soldiers entered with a blacksmith, who struck the fetters from the legs of the prisoners.

"You see the compliment they pay to our Highland strength and courage—we have lain chained here like wild beasts, till our legs are cramped into palsy, and when they free us, they send six soldiers with loaded muskets to prevent our taking the castle by storm!"

Edward afterwards learned that these severe precautions had been taken in consequence of a desperate attempt of the prisoners to escape, in which they had very nearly succeeded.

Shortly afterwards the drums of the garrison beat to arms. "This is the last turn-out," said Fergus, "that I shall hear and obey." . . .

"We part not *here!*" said Waverley.

"O yes, we do; you must come no farther. Not that I fear what is to follow for myself," he said proudly: "Nature has her tortures as well as art; and how happy should we think the man who escapes from the throes of a mortal and painful disorder, in the space of a short half hour? And this matter, spin it out as they will, cannot last longer. But what a dying man can suffer firmly, may kill a living friend to look upon.—This same law of high treason," he continued, with astonishing firmness and composure, "is one of the blessings, Edward, with which your free country has accommodated poor old Scotland: her own jurisprudence, as I have heard, was much milder. But I suppose one day or other—when there are no longer any wild Highlanders to benefit by its tender mercies—they will blot it from their records, as levelling them with a nation of cannibals. The mummery, too, of exposing the senseless head—they have not the wit to grace mine with a paper coronet;

there would be some satire in that, Edward. I hope they will set it on the Scotch gate though, that I may look, even after death, to the blue hills of my own country, which I love so dearly." . . .

An officer now appeared, and intimated that the High Sheriff and his attendants waited before the gate of the castle to claim the bodies of Fergus Mac-Ivor and Evan Maccombich. "I come," said Fergus. Accordingly, supporting Edward by the arm, and followed by Evan Dhu and the priest, he moved down the stairs of the tower, the soldiers bringing up the rear. The court was occupied by a squadron of dragoons and a battalion of infantry, drawn up in hollow square. Within their ranks was the sledge, or hurdle, on which the prisoners were to be drawn to the place of execution, about a mile distant from Carlisle. It was painted black and drawn by a white horse. At one end of the vehicle sat the executioner, a horrid-looking fellow, as beseemed his trade, with the broad axe in his hand; at the other end, next the horse, was an empty seat for two persons. Through the deep and dark Gothic archway that opened on the drawbridge, were seen on horseback the High Sheriff and his attendants, whom the etiquette betwixt the civil and military powers did not permit to come farther. "This is well GOT UP for a closing scene," said Fergus, smiling disdainfully as he gazed around upon the apparatus of terror. Evan Dhu exclaimed with some eagerness, after looking at the dragoons, "These are the very chields that galloped off at Gladsmuir, before we could kill a dozen o' them. They look bold enough now, however." The priest entreated him to be silent.

The sledge now approached, and Fergus, turning round, embraced Waverley, kissed him on each side of the face, and stepped nimbly into his place. Evan sat down by his side. The priest was to follow in a carriage belonging to his patron, the Catholic gentleman at whose house Flora resided. As Fergus waved his hand to Edward, the ranks closed around the sledge, and the whole procession began to move forward. There was a

momentary stop at the gateway, while the governor of the castle and the High Sheriff went through a short ceremony, the military officer there delivering over the persons of the criminals to the civil power. "God save King George!" said the High Sheriff. When the formality concluded, Fergus stood erect in the sledge, and, with a firm and steady voice, replied, "God save King *James!*" These were the last words which Waverley heard him speak.

The procession resumed its march, and the sledge vanished from beneath the portal.

From *Waverley.*

Jane Austen (1775-1817), one of the greatest of the English women novelists, was born in Hampshire, where her father was rector of a small parish. She was educated at a real, honest, old-fashioned boarding-school. Her two best novels are *Emma* and *Pride and Prejudice*, the latter written when she was barely twenty-one. Contrasting her work with the broad effects produced by such novelists as Fielding and Scott, she said, on "a little bit of ivory, two inches wide, she worked with a brush so fine as to produce little effect after much labour." But Jane Austen was a genius who spared no pains, and each of her characters "is endowed with marvellously vivid individuality."

Two Sisters

Uppercross was a moderate-sized village, which a few years back had been completely in the old English style, containing only two houses superior in appearance to those of the yeomen and labourers: the mansion of the squire, with its high walls, great gates, and old trees, substantial and unmodernized; and the compact, tight parsonage, inclosed in its own neat garden, with a vine and a pear-tree trained round its casements; but upon the marriage of the young squire it had received the improvement of a farm-house, elevated into a cottage, for his residence, and Uppercross Cottage, with its verandah, French windows, and other prettinesses, was quite as

likely to catch the traveller's eye as the more consistent and considerable aspect and premises of the Great House, about a quarter of a mile farther on.

Here Anne had often been staying. She knew the ways of Uppercross as well as those of Kellynch. The two families were so continually meeting, so much in the habit of running in and out of each other's house at all hours, that it was rather a surprise to her to find Mary alone; but being alone, her being unwell and out of spirits was almost a matter of course. Though better endowed than the elder sister, Mary had not Anne's understanding nor temper. While well and happy, and properly attended to, she had great good humour and excellent spirits; but any indisposition sunk her completely. She had no resources for solitude; and, inheriting a considerable share of the Elliot self-importance, was very prone to add to every other distress that of fancying herself neglected and ill-used. In person, she was inferior to both sisters, and had, even in her bloom, only reached the dignity of being "a fine girl." She was now lying on the faded sofa of the pretty little drawing-room, the once elegant furniture of which had been gradually growing shabby under the influence of four summers and two children; and, on Anne's appearing, greeted her with—

"So you are come at last! I began to think I should never see you. I am so ill I can hardly speak. I have not seen a creature the whole morning!"

"I am sorry to find you unwell," replied Anne. "You sent me such a good account of yourself on Thursday."

"Yes, I made the best of it; I always do: but I was very far from well at the time; and I do not think I ever was so ill in my life as I have been all this morning: very unfit to be left alone, I am sure. Suppose I were to be seized of a sudden in some dreadful way, and not able to ring the bell! So Lady Russell would not get out. I do not think she has been in this house three times this summer."

Anne said what was proper, and inquired after her husband. "Oh! Charles is out shooting. I have not seen him since seven o'clock. He would go, though I told him how ill I was. He said he should not stay out long; but he has never come back and now it is almost one. I assure you I have not seen a soul this whole long morning."

"You have had your little boys with you?"

"Yes, as long as I could bear their noise; but they are so unmanageable that they do me more harm than good. Little Charles does not mind a word I say, and Walter is growing quite as bad."

"Well, you will soon be better now," replied Anne, cheerfully. "You know I always cure you when I come. How are your neighbours at the Great House?"

"I can give you no account of them. I have not seen one of them to-day, except Mr Musgrove, who just stopped and spoke through the window, but without getting off his horse; and though I told him how ill I was, not one of them have been near me. It did not happen to suit the Miss Musgroves, I suppose, and they never put themselves out of their way."

"You will see them yet, perhaps, before the morning is gone. It is early."

"I never want them, I assure you. They talk and laugh a great deal too much for me. Oh! Anne, I am so very unwell. It was quite unkind of you not to come on Thursday."

"My dear Mary, recollect what a comfortable account you sent me of yourself! You wrote in the cheerfullest manner, and said you were perfectly well, and in no hurry for me; and that being the case, you must be aware that my wish would be to remain with Lady Russell to the last: and besides what I felt on her account, I have really been so busy, have had so much to do, that I could not very conveniently have left Kellynch sooner."

"Dear me! what can you possibly have had to do?"

"A great many things, I assure you. More than I can recollect in a moment; but I can tell you some. I have been making a duplicate of the catalogue of my

father's books and pictures. I have been several times in the garden with Mackenzie, trying to understand, and make him understand, which of Elizabeth's plants are for Lady Russell. I have had all my own little concerns to arrange, books and music to divide, and all my trunks to repack, from not having understood in time what was intended as to the waggons: and one thing I have had to do, Mary, of a more trying nature: going to almost every house in the parish as a sort of take-leave. I was told that they wished it; but all these things took up a great deal of time."

"Oh, well!" and after a moment's pause, "but you have never asked me one word about our dinner at the Pooles' yesterday."

"Did you go, then? I have made no inquiries, because I concluded you must have been obliged to give up the party."

"Oh, yes! I went. I was very well yesterday: nothing at all the matter with me till this morning. It would have been strange if I had not gone."

"I am very glad you were well enough, and I hope you had a pleasant party."

"Nothing remarkable. One always knows beforehand what the dinner will be, and who will be there: and it is so very uncomfortable not having a carriage of one's own. Mr and Mrs Musgrove took me, and we were so crowded! They are both so very large, and take up so much room; and Mr Musgrove always sits forward. So there was I crowded into the back seat with Henrietta and Louisa; and I think it very likely that my illness to-day may be owing to it."

A little further perseverance in patience and forced cheerfulness on Anne's side produced nearly a cure on Mary's. She could soon sit upright on the sofa, and began to hope she might be able to leave it by dinner-time. Then, forgetting to think of it, she was at the other end of the room, beautifying a nosegay: then she ate her cold meat; and then she was well enough to propose a little walk.

"Where shall we go?" said she when they were ready. "I suppose you will not like to call at the Great House before they have been to see you?"

"I have not the smallest objection on that account," replied Anne. "I should never think of standing on such ceremony with people I know so well as Mrs and the Miss Musgroves."

"Oh! but they ought to call upon you as soon as possible. They ought to feel what is due to you as my sister. However, we may as well go and sit with them a little while, and when we have got that over we can enjoy our walk."

Anne had always thought such a style of intercourse highly imprudent; but she had ceased to endeavour to check it, from believing that, though there were on each side continual subjects of offence, neither family could now do without it. To the Great House accordingly they went, to sit the full half hour in the old-fashioned square parlour, with a small carpet and shining floor, to which the present daughters of the house were gradually giving the proper air of confusion by a grand pianoforte and a harp, flower-stands, and little tables placed in every direction. Oh! could the originals of the portraits against the wainscot, could the gentlemen in brown velvet and the ladies in blue satin have seen what was going on, have been conscious of such an overthrow of all order and neatness! The portraits themselves seemed to be staring in astonishment.

The Musgroves, like their houses, were in a state of alteration, perhaps of improvement. The father and mother were in the old English style, and the young people in the new. Mr and Mrs Musgrove were a very good sort of people; friendly and hospitable, not much educated, and not at all elegant. Their children had more modern minds and manners. There was a numerous family; but the only two grown up, excepting Charles, were Henrietta and Louisa, young ladies of nineteen and twenty, who had brought from a school at Exeter all the usual stock of accomplishments, and were now, like

thousands of other young ladies, living to be fashionable, happy, and merry. Their dress had every advantage, their faces were rather pretty, their spirits extremely good, their manners unembarrassed and pleasant; they were of consequence at home, and favourites abroad. Anne always contemplated them as some of the happiest creatures of her acquaintance: but still, saved as we all are, by some comfortable feeling of superiority from wishing for the possibility of exchange, she would not have given up her own more elegant and cultivated mind for all their enjoyments; and envied them nothing but that seemingly perfect good understanding and agreement together, that good-humoured mutual affection, of which she had known so little herself with either of her sisters.

They were received with great cordiality. Nothing seemed amiss on the side of the Great House family, which was generally, as Anne very well knew, the last to blame. The half hour was chatted away pleasantly enough; and she was not at all surprised, at the end of it, to have their walking party joined by both the Miss Musgroves, at Mary's particular invitation.

From *Persuasion.*

George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788-1824), the first great English poet-peer, was the son of John Byron, "Mad Jack," as he was called, a captain of the Guards, and Catherine Gordon of Gight, a lady with a considerable estate in Aberdeenshire. The reckless captain soon managed "to squander the lands o' Gight awa'," and then left his wife and son to get on as best they could on £150 a year.

Mrs Byron retired to Aberdeen, where George was sent to the Grammar School. She proved a most injudicious mother, alternately petting and abusing her son.

His practical orphanhood and his lameness, about which he was always very sensitive, added bitterness to a nature that was warm and generous, but haughty and quick of temper. By the death of a cousin at Corsica, he became heir to Newstead Abbey in Nottinghamshire, and, in 1798, when his fierce old grand-uncle died, and his name was called in school with "Dominus" prefixed, he made no

answer, but burst into tears. He was then sent to Harrow, and the headmaster's opinion of him was, "He has talents that will add lustre to his rank." At Cambridge his life was irregular, but he read extensively, and published a volume of poems entitled *Hours of Idleness*. This was reviewed with undue severity by Lord Brougham in the *Edinburgh Review*.

Byron nursed his wrath for more than a year, and then retorted with his brilliant satire, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. In later years he retracted many of his crude criticisms on his fellow poets.

In 1809 he went abroad, visiting most of the European countries on the Mediterranean. After an absence of two years, he returned to London and published, as the result of his travels, the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*. He became at once the foremost poet of the day. "I awoke one morning," he says, "to find myself famous."

During the next three years *The Giaour, The Bride of Abydos, The Corsair* (of which 14,000 copies were sold in one day), *Lara, Hebrew Melodies*, and *The Siege of Corinth*, followed one another in quick succession "like brilliant fireworks." In 1815, he married Miss Milbanke, the daughter of a wealthy baronet; but when his daughter, Augusta Ada, was only five weeks old, his wife left him never to return. Byron fled from England, which had now become hateful to him, and resumed his pilgrimage.

While at Brussels, he paid a visit to the scene of Waterloo, and wrote the stanza beginning,

"Stop! for thy tread is on an empire's dust."

He went up the Rhine to Switzerland, and at Geneva wrote *The Prisoner of Chillon*, and the third canto of *Childe Harold*. He then crossed the Alps into Italy, and at Venice, "the greenest isle of his imagination," he finished *Childe Harold*, and wrote *Beppo, Mazeppa*, and *Don Juan*. During a brief stay at Ravenna, he wrote *The Vision of Judgment* and the dramas *Cain* and *Sardanapalus*.

In 1823 the Greek war of independence enlisted his sympathies, and he went off to fight "freedom's battle." He died of rheumatic fever at Missolonghi in his thirty-seventh year: and it was then said of him, "England has lost her brightest genius; Greece, her noblest friend." His body, which was refused a resting-place in Westminster

Abbey, was laid to rest in the village church of Hucknall, near Newstead. After an eclipse of many years, his fame as a poet, which has always stood very high on the Continent, is again fully recognised in his own country.

Much of Byron's poetry—the *Hebrew Melodies*, *The Prisoner of Chillon*, *Mazeppa*, and some other pieces—appeals, by its vigour, passion, and touches of human life, to all young readers. It is the poetry of action and life, "doing or suffering."

The Eve of Waterloo

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering!" rose,
The war note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

From *Childe Harold.*

Italy

The commonwealth of kings, the men of Rome!
And even since, and now, fair Italy!
Thou art the garden of the world, the home
Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree;
Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other climes' fertility;
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced.

The moon is up, and yet it is not night;
Sunset divides the sky with her; a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains: Heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,—
Where the Day joins the past Eternity;
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Rolled o'er the peak of the far Rhætian hill,

As Day and Night contending were, until
Nature reclaimed her order: gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta,—where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glassed within it glows.

Filled with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse:
And now they change; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.

. . . . .

Italia! oh Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty, which became
A funeral dower of present woes and past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed by shame,
And annals graved in characters of flame.
Oh, God! that thou wert in thy nakedness
Less lovely or more powerful, and couldst claim
Thy right, and awe the robbers back, who press
To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy distress.

From *Childe Harold.*

The Destruction of Sennacherib

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host, with their banners, at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strewn.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed,
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide,
But through them there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances uplifted, the trumpets unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

Modern Greece

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers),
And mark'd the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy

Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon,
Yes, but for these and these alone,
Some moments, aye, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
The first, last look by death reveal'd!
Such is the aspect of this shore;
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past away!
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth!

Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach, thou craven crouching slave:
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
Oh servile offspring of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires;
And he who in the strife expires

Will add to theirs a name of fear
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame:
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding Sire to Son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page!
Attest it many a deathless age!
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb.
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land!
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die!

From *The Giaour.*

Thomas Moore (1779-1852), "the Melodist of Ireland," was born in Dublin, where his father kept a small grocer's shop. He was only fourteen when some verses appeared in a Dublin magazine, signed "Master Thomas Moore." At Trinity College, Dublin, he became friendly with Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot, and narrowly escaped being drawn into the plots of the United Irishmen.

In 1799 he went to London to study law, carrying with him a translation of the *Odes of Anacreon,* which was published in 1800. Three years later, Moore was given a post at Bermuda, but the seclusion of the "still vex't Bermoothes" was little to the taste of young Moore, who in a few months left a deputy in his place, and started for home by way of America.

Returning to London, he issued a small volume of *Odes and Epistles,* which was roughly handled by Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review.*

Moore now entered into an arrangement to write suitable words—to be paid for at the rate of £5 a line—for a collection of old Irish tunes. Lord Byron with enthusiasm declared these *Irish Melodies* to be "worth all the epics

that ever were composed." A love of Erin breathes through all the songs, and such poems as *The Last Rose of Summer, The Meeting of the Waters, Go Where Glory Waits Thee,* can never die.

On the birth of his third child, Moore determined to increase his income somehow. He shut himself up, away in his home in the country, and wrote his great poem, *Lalla Rookh,* taking an Eastern subject, after the fashion of the day. For this, he was offered £3000 before it was finished, and, when it was published in 1817 it was a tremendous success—"selling famously."

At this time an unforeseen calamity befell him. His deputy at Bermuda absconded, leaving Moore liable for £6000. He was obliged to leave England for a time, and travelled through France and Switzerland to Italy, where he spent some time at Venice with Lord Byron. When Byron died, Moore wrote a new *Life of Byron* and afterwards edited Byron's works.

The Turf shall be my Fragrant Shrine

The turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
My temple, Lord! that arch of thine;
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music, breathes of Thee!

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy Throne!
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy Heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

I'll read thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness breaking through!

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity!

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy Love,
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

The Meeting of the Waters

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh, no! it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet Vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

Rich and Rare were the Gems she Wore

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

"Lady, dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm:
For, though they love women and golden store,
Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more."

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle;
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour, and Erin's pride.

Paradise and the Peri

One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
And as she listened to the springs
  Of Life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
  Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

"How happy!" exclaimed this child of air,
"Are the holy spirits who wander there,
'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
One blossom of heaven outblooms them all!

Though sunny the Lake of cool Cashmere,
With its plane-tree isle reflected clear,
And sweetly the founts of that valley fall;
Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay,
And the golden floods, that thitherward stray
Yet—oh, 'tis only the blest can say
How the waters of heaven outshine them all!

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute of heaven is worth them all!"

The glorious Angel, who was keeping
The gates of Light, beheld her weeping;
And, as he nearer drew and listened
To her sad song, a tear-drop glistened
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Eden's fountain, when it lies
On the blue flower, which—Bramins say—
Blooms nowhere but in Paradise!

"Nymph of a fair, but erring line!"
Gently he said, "one hope is thine,
'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this Eternal Gate
The gift that is most dear to Heaven!
Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin;
'Tis sweet to let the Pardoned in!"

Rapidly as comets run
To th' embraces of the sun,
Fleeter than the starry brands,
Flung at night from angel hands
At those dark and daring sprites,
Who would climb th' empyreal heights,

Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
And, lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning's eyes,
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the Spirit go
To find this gift for Heaven?—"I know
The wealth," she cries, "of every urn,
In which unnumbered rubies burn,
Beneath the pillars of Chilminar;
I know where the Isles of Perfume are
Many a fathom down in the sea,
To the south of sun-bright Araby;
I know too where the Genii hid
The jewelled cup of their king Jamshid,
With life's elixir sparkling high,
But gifts like these are not for the sky.
Where was there ever a gem that shone
Like the steps of Allah's wonderful throne?
And the Drops of Life—oh! what would they be
In the boundless Deep of Eternity?"

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822) was born at Field Place, in Sussex, and was educated at Eton, where he was known as "Mad Shelley," and at Oxford, from which, however, he was expelled, after a short stay, for having issued a pamphlet on "The Necessity of Atheism." He married in the same year (1811) and for three years led a wandering life in Ireland, Wales, Devonshire, the Lake District, and elsewhere. Then he went to the continent, returned for a while to England, and finally, in 1818, left England for Italy—that "paradise of exiles," as he styles it—and never returned. While staying on the shores of the Bay of Spezzia, he and a friend set out in a boat from Leghorn. The boat either foundered in a squall or was run down, and Shelley's body was washed ashore. It was burned on a pyre in presence of Byron and Leigh Hunt, and his ashes were placed in the Protestant Cemetery at Rome, near the grave of his child, William, and that of Keats.

The music of Shelley's poetry is exquisite, as readers of *Arethusa, The Cloud, The Skylark, Autumn,* and other short pieces well know. His longer poems—*Queen Mab, The Revolt of Islam, Prometheus Unbound, Adonais* (an elegy on the death of Keats, rivalled only by Milton's *Lycidas*)—have all the charm of the highest poetical inspiration. But Shelley, like Browning, is the poet of the cultured rather than of the general reader of verse.

To a Skylark

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd thieves:

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass:

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panteth forth a flood of rapture so divine.

. . . . .

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

To the Sensitive Plant

A Sensitive Plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the spring arose on the garden fair,
And the Spirit of Love fell everywhere;
And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with fresh odour, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness.

And the naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green;

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

John Keats (1795-1821) was the son of Thomas Keats, who managed a livery stable at Lower Moorfields, London. He was educated at a boarding school in Enfield, near Epping Forest, and, at the age of fifteen, was apprenticed to a surgeon at Edmonton.

Under the influence of *The Faerie Queene* and Chapman's *Homer,* he began to write poetry, and resolved to devote himself wholly to literature. His first volume of verses met with no success, and, when next *Endymion* was published, it was attacked with much virulence in *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Quarterly Review.* An arduous walking tour in Scotland, and especially the fatigue and exposure of a walk in Mull, developed symptoms of consumption. Though he suffered keen distress on account of certain of the criticisms, his belief in himself inspired him to higher efforts.

He set to work on *Hyperion,* a poem on the downfall of the elder gods, which, though left unfinished, is his grandest work. He broke utterly down under the "triple flame which was burning away his life—the flame of genius, of passion, and of disease." He sought health in Italy, but died at Rome. He was buried in the Protestant Cemetery, in which also Shelley's ashes were soon to be placed.

In the last year of his life, he had written, besides *Hyperion, The Eve of St Agnes,* his most popular poem, and *Lamia, Ode on a Grecian Urn,* and *The Eve of St Mark.* Keats found inspiration in the older English poets, and subjects in the stories of Greek and Mediæval life.

Keats was in full sympathy with the change wrought in English poetry by the romantic movement of which Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Scott were the authors. "It is to Keats that we must trace Tennyson, Rossetti, Mr Swinburne, Mr Morris; to Keats that even not a little of Browning has to be affiliated; to Keats, directly or indirectly, that the greater part of the poetry of nearly three generations owes royalty and allegiance."

Beauty

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep

Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

From *Endymion*.

Ode on a Grecian Urn

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstacy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter: therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:

Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor even can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting, and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Ode to a Nightingale

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
  My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
  One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
  But being too happy in thine happiness,
    That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
      In some melodious plot
  Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
    Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage! that hath been
  Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
  Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
  Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
    With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
      And purple-stained mouth;
  That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
    And with thee fade into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
  What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
  Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
  Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
    Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
      And leaden-eyed despairs;
  Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
    Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
  Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
  Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:

Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot tell what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Charles Lamb (1775-1834), was born in London, and all his life long remained a true child of the great city. Timid by nature and of a delicate physical frame, young Charles early learned to avoid the rough and tumble games of the playground, and sought rather quiet corners where he might indulge his tastes for literature.

He became a clerk in the office of the East India Company, and here he spent thirty-three years of his life. His sister Mary became afflicted with a serious mental trouble, and in a fit of insanity killed her mother. Charles now devoted himself to his unhappy sister, whose mind, though restored to its normal balance, periodically became unhinged during the remainder of her life.

The sister and brother lived together a quiet and comparatively happy life, visited and loved by many of the best writers of the day. Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, and many others were on intimate and affectionate terms of friendship with them. "The history of the long association between brother and sister, broken from time to time by a fresh attack of the fatal malady, is one of the most touching things in fact or fiction."

The first story written by Charles Lamb, *The Tale of Rosamund Gray,* forced attention by its winning and quaint tenderness and its tragic simplicity. Some years later he wrote with his sister the *Tales from Shakespeare.* The comedies not only show the gift of Mary Lamb as a writer, but the tragedies disclose the brother's greater talents as a teller of tales and reveal the wonderful powers of subtle analysis which make many of Lamb's writings so valuable to us. His later and greatest works, *Essays of Elia,* and *Last Essays of Elia,* form his best title to be regarded as one of the finest prose writers of the nineteenth century.

Dream Children: A Reverie

Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived

in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the "Children in the Wood." Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts; till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "that would be foolish indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman, so good indeed that she knew all the Psaltery by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother

Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said "those innocents would do her no harm"; and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the twelve Cæsars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew-trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir-apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with

the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings,—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such-like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out —and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain;—and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if

I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes), rather than not to have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb.—Here the children fell a-crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W—n; and as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial, meant in maidens—when suddenly turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: "We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name"——and immediately awaking I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor armchair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone for ever.

From *Essays of Elia.*

A Quakers' Meeting

Reader, would'st thou know what true peace and quiet mean; would'st thou find a refuge from the noises and

clamours of the multitude; would'st thou enjoy at once solitude and society; would'st thou possess the depth of thine own spirit in stillness, without being shut out from the consolatory faces of thy species; would'st thou be alone and yet accompanied; solitary yet not desolate; singular, yet not without some to keep thee in countenance; a unit in aggregate; a simple in composite:—come with me into a Quakers' Meeting.

Dost thou love silence deep as that "before the winds were made?" go not out into the wilderness, descend not into the profundities of the earth; shut not up thy casements; nor pour wax into the little cells of thy ears, with little-faithed, self-mistrusting Ulysses:—retire with me into a Quakers' Meeting. . . . Frequently it is broken up without a word having been spoken. But the mind has been fed. You go away with a sermon not made with hands. You have been in the milder caverns of Trophonius; or as in some den, where that fiercest and savagest of all wild creatures, the *Tongue*, that unruly member, has strangely lain tied up and captive. You have bathed with stillness—O, when the spirit is sore fretted, even tired to sickness of the janglings and nonsense-noises of the world, what a balm and a solace it is to go and seat yourself for a quiet half-hour upon some undisputed corner of a bench among the gentle Quakers. Their garb and stillness conjoined, present a uniformity, tranquil and herd-like—as in the pasture—"forty feeding like one."—The very garments of a Quaker seem incapable of receiving a soil; and cleanliness in them to be something more than the absence of its contrary. Every Quakeress is a lily; and when they come up in bands to their Whitsun-conferences, whitening the easterly streets of the metropolis, from all parts of the United Kingdom, they show like troops of the Shining Ones. From *Essays of Elia.*

Thomas Campbell (1777-1844) was the son of a Glasgow merchant. He was educated at the college of his native city, and spent some years as a tutor in various

families. It was while living in a "dusky lodging" in Edinburgh that he wrote *The Pleasures of Hope,* which established his fame as a poet.

During a visit to the Continent, he witnessed the surrender of Ratisbon to the French. This enabled him to write, with graphic power, *Hohenlinden,* one of the finest battle-poems in our language, though he himself thought it only "a mere drum and trumpet thing." *Ye Mariners of England,* written in Germany, and *The Battle of the Baltic,* are two other war poems that secure to Campbell "the immortality of quotation." His last poem of any length was *Gertrude of Wyoming,* a narrative of Indian life, written in the Spenserian stanza. He died at Boulogne, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, his funeral being attended by a number of Polish nobles, one of whom poured on his coffin earth brought from the grave of Kosciusko—a tribute to the brilliancy of his description of the downfall of Poland in *The Pleasures of Hope.*

Ye Mariners of England

Ye Mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To meet another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave;
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
While the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

The Downfall of Poland

O sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased a while,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression poured to northern wars
Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion, from her height surveyed,
Wide o'er the fields a waste of ruin laid;
"O Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country save!
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?

Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise, fellow men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live—with her to die!"

He said, and on the rampart-heights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge or death—the watchword and reply;
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm.

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank, your volleyed thunder flew!
Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career;
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell!

From *The Pleasures of Hope.*

Thomas Hood (1799-1845), whose father was a native of Dundee, was born in London, where he was educated, and where he began life in a merchant's office. He was afterwards apprenticed to an engraver, and so learned the art of illustrating what he wrote.

As sub-editor of the *London Magazine,* he became acquainted with Charles Lamb and other famous men, and he soon after began to publish volumes of verse under the title of *Whims and Oddities.* These met with immediate success, and established a reputation for wit and humour. Like Scott, he was overtaken, through the failure of a firm with which he was connected, by financial difficulties, and, like Scott, he bravely resolved to pay every debt he owed. "The latter part of his life was a gallant but painful struggle against disease."

Most of Hood's *Poems* are of a humorous nature, and his best serious pieces are *Eugene Aram, The Bridge of Sighs, The Song of the Shirt,* and *I Remember, I Remember.* "When he laid down his puns and pranks," says Thackeray, "put the motley off, and spoke out of his heart, all England and America listened with tears and wonder."

The Song of the Shirt

With fingers weary and worn,
  With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
  Plying her needle and thread—
    Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
  And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work—work– work!
While the cock is crowing aloof;
  And work—work—work
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's oh! to be a slave
  Along with the barbarous Turk
Where woman has never a soul to save,
  If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work!
Till the brain begins to swim;
  Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,—
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
  And sew them on in a dream!

"Oh! men with sisters dear!
  Oh! men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!

Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once with a double thread
A shroud as well as a shirt.

"But why do I talk of death!
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!
My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.
That shattered roof,—and this naked floor,—
A table,—a broken chair,—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there.

"Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work!
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright;—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet?
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

Thomas De Quincey (1785-1859), the son of a prosperous merchant, was born at Manchester. His father's name was Thomas Quincey, and the French form of the name was adopted by the son after he had satisfied himself that the family was of Norman extraction and "came over with the conqueror."

Thomas was educated at the Grammar Schools of Bath and Manchester. After a wandering and unsettled youth, he went to Oxford where, to dull the pains of neuralgia, he first began to use opium.

Making the acquaintance of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey, he settled among the Lakists at Grasmere, where

he became a confirmed slave to the habit he had contracted at Oxford, and where he married the daughter of a small farmer. During his residence there he wrote the *Confessions of an Opium-Eater*, a work which aroused the greatest interest and curiosity.

He lived for several years in London, his wife and children meanwhile living in Westmorland. Then followed his connection with *Blackwood's Magazine* and his removal with his family to Edinburgh, where he spent the remainder of his days. The family finally settled at Lasswade, but he himself spent most of his time in lodgings in the city.

De Quincey carried on a long struggle against many difficulties, and it was only during the last few years of his life that he was free from his two great enemies—opium and debt. As a writer, he was one of the most exact of English authors, and takes "his place in our literature as the author of about 150 magazine articles." His prose is always powerful and melodious.

Oriental Dreams

I know not whether others share in my feelings on this point; but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England, and to live in China among Chinese manners and modes of life and scenery, I should go mad. The causes of my horror lie deep, and some of them must be common to others. Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, if on no other ground, it would have a dim, reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect him in the way that he is affected by the ancient, monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions of Hindostan. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, histories—above all, of their mythologies, etc.—is so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual.

A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any

knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of *castes* that have flowed apart, and refused to mix, through some immemorial tracts of time; nor can any man fail to be awed by the sanctity of the Ganges, or by the very name of the Euphrates.

It contributes much to these feelings, that South-Eastern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life, the great *officina gentium.* Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires, also, into which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast, give a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all oriental names or images. In China, over and above what it has in common with the rest of Southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, by the barrier of utter abhorrence placed between myself and *them*, by counter-sympathies deeper than I can analyse. I could sooner live with lunatics, with vermin, with crocodiles or snakes.

All this, and much more than I can say, the reader must enter into, before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of oriental imagery and mythological tortures impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlights, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Hindostan.

From kindred feelings I soon brought Egypt and her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at by monkeys, by paroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas, and was fixed for centuries at the summit, or in secret rooms. I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brama through all the forests of Asia. Vishnu hated me; Seeva lay in wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris. I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. Thousands of years I lived and was buried in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers

at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles, and was laid, confounded with all unutterable abortions, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.

Some slight abstraction I thus attempt of my oriental dreams, which filled me always with such amazement at the monstrous scenery, that horror seemed absorbed for a while in sheer astonishment. Sooner or later came a reflux of feeling that swallowed up the astonishment, and left me, not so much in terror, as in hatred and abomination of what I saw. Over every form, and threat, and punishment, and dim sightless incarceration, brooded a killing sense of eternity and infinity. Into these dreams only it was, with one or two slight exceptions, that any circumstances of physical horror entered. All before had been moral and spiritual terrors. But here the main agents were ugly birds, or snakes, or crocodiles, especially the last. The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than all the rest. I was compelled to live with him, and (as was always the case in my dreams) for centuries. Sometimes I escaped, and found myself in Chinese houses. All the feet of the tables, sofas, etc., soon became instinct with life: the abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied into ten thousand repetitions; and I stood loathing and fascinated. So often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way. I heard gentle voices speaking to me (I hear everything when I am sleeping), and instantly I awoke; it was broad noon, and my children were standing, hand in hand, at my bedside, come to show me their coloured shoes, or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. No experience was so awful to me, and at the same time so pathetic, as this abrupt translation from the darkness of the infinite to the gaudy summer air of highest noon, and from the unutterable abortions of miscreated gigantic vermin to the sight of infancy and innocent human natures.

From *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater.*

Joan of Arc

What is to be thought of her? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that—like the Hebrew shepherd boy from the hills and forests of Judæa—rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings? The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an act, by a victorious act, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender; but so they did to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them from a station of goodwill, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose to a splendour and a noonday prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a byword amongst his posterity for a thousand years, until the sceptre was departing from Judah. The poor forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with the songs that rose in her native Domrémy as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances at Vaucouleurs which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent: no! for her feet were dust. Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for thy truth, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honour from man. Coronets for thee! O no! Honours, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domrémy, when the gratitude of thy king shall

awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, King of France, but she will not hear thee! Cite her by thy apparitors to come and receive a robe of honour, but she will be found *en contumace.* When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd girl that gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life; that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. Life, thou saidst, is short: and the sleep which is in the grave is long! Let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long. This pure creature—pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious—never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was travelling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aerial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end on every road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there, until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints;—these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard for ever.

From *Joan of Arc.*

THE HISTORIANS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

There were no immediate successors to the brilliant group of eighteenth century historians—Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon. The earliest of note was **Sir William Napier** (1789-1860), whose *History of the Peninsular War* has been called "the finest military history in the English language."

Henry Hallam (1777-1859) was both a historian and a literary critic. He wrote a *Constitutional History of England* and an *Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries.*

George Grote (1794-1871), the son of a banker, and himself a banker, gave up business in 1843 to devote himself to the writing of a *History of Greece.*

The History of England by **Lord Macaulay** is only a fragment, but it is a noble fragment, and as readable as the best work of fiction.

Besides **Carlyle,** whose work is referred to on page 372, the other notable writers of history during the century were **Alexander Kinglake** (1809-1891), who wrote a *History of the Invasion of the Crimea;* **Henry Thomas Buckle** (1822-1862), who began, but did not complete, a *History of Civilisation;* **Edward Augustus Freeman** (1823-1892), who made the eleventh and twelfth centuries of English history his own special period in his elaborate *History of the Norman Conquest;* **John Richard Green** (1837-1883), whose famous *Short History of the English People* is perhaps the most popular work of its kind ever written; and **James Anthony Froude** (1818-1894), whose chief work among many that showed him to be one of the great masters of English prose was a *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Armada.*

Death and Character of Sir John Moore

Several times he caused his attendants to stop and turn round, that he might behold the field of battle; and when the firing indicated the advance of the British, he discovered his satisfaction and permitted the bearers to proceed. When brought to his lodgings the surgeons examined his wound, there was no hope, the pain increased, he spoke with difficulty. At intervals he asked if the French were beaten, and addressing his old friend, Colonel Anderson, said, "You know I always wished to die this way." Again he asked if the enemy were defeated, and being told that they were, said, "It is a great satisfaction to me to know we have beaten the French." His countenance continued firm, his thoughts

clear, once only when he spoke of his mother he became agitated; but he often inquired after the safety of his friends and the officers of his staff, and he did not even in this moment forget to recommend those whose merit had given them claims to promotion. When life was just extinct, with an unsubdued spirit, as if anticipating the baseness of his posthumous calumniators, he exclaimed, "I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!" In a few minutes afterwards he died, and his corpse, wrapped in a military cloak, was interred by the officers of his staff in the citadel of Coruña. The guns of the enemy paid his funeral honours, and Soult with a noble feeling of respect for his valour raised a monument to his memory on the field of battle.

Thus ended the career of Sir John Moore, a man whose uncommon capacity was sustained by the purest virtue, and governed by a disinterested patriotism more in keeping with the primitive than the luxurious age of a great nation. His tall graceful person, his dark searching eyes, strongly defined forehead, and singularly expressive mouth, indicated a noble disposition and a refined understanding. The lofty sentiments of honour habitual to his mind, were adorned by a subtle playful wit, which gave him in conversation an ascendency he always preserved by the decisive vigour of his actions. He maintained the right with a vehemence bordering upon fierceness, and every important transaction in which he was engaged increased his reputation for talent, and confirmed his character as a stern enemy to vice, a steadfast friend to merit, a just and faithful servant of his country. The honest loved him, the dishonest feared him. For while he lived he did not shun, but scorned and spurned the base, and with characteristic propriety they spurned at him when he was dead.

A soldier from his earliest youth, Moore thirsted for the honours of his profession. He knew himself worthy to lead a British army, and hailed the fortune which placed him at the head of the troops destined for Spain.

As the stream of time passed, the inspiring hopes of triumph disappeared, but the austerer glory of suffering remained, and with a firm heart he accepted that gift of a severe fate. Confident in the strength of his genius, he disregarded the clamours of presumptuous ignorance. Opposing sound military views to the foolish projects so insolently thrust upon him by the ambassador, he conducted his long and arduous retreat with sagacity, intelligence, and fortitude; no insult disturbed, no falsehood deceived him, no remonstrance shook his determination; fortune frowned without subduing his constancy; death struck, but the spirit of the man remained unbroken when his shattered body scarcely afforded it a habitation. Having done all that was just towards others, he remembered what was due to himself. Neither the shock of the mortal blow nor the lingering hours of acute pain which preceded his dissolution, could quell the pride of his gallant heart, or lower the dignified feeling with which, conscious of merit, he at the last moment asserted his right to the gratitude of the country he had served so truly.

If glory be a distinction, for such a man death is not a leveller!

From NAPIER'S *History of the War in the Peninsula.*

Conditions in the Middle Ages

There are but two possible modes in which the produce of the earth can be increased; one by rendering fresh land serviceable; the other by improving the fertility of that which is already cultivated. The last is only attainable by the application of capital and of skill to agriculture; neither of which could be expected in the ruder ages of society. The former is, to a certain extent, always practicable whilst waste lands remain; but it was checked by laws hostile to improvement, such as the manorial and commonable rights in England, and by the general tone of manners.

Till the reign of Charlemagne there were no towns

in Germany, except a few that had been erected on the Rhine and Danube by the Romans. A house with its stables and farm-buildings, surrounded by a hedge or enclosure, was called a court, or, as we find it in our law-books, a curtilage; the toft or homestead of a more genuine English dialect. One of these, with the adjacent domain of arable fields and woods, had the name of villa or manse. Several manses composed a march; and several marches formed a pagus, or district. From these elements, in the progress of population, arose villages and towns. In France undoubtedly there were always cities of some importance. Country parishes contained several manses or farms of arable land around a common pasture, where every one was bound by custom to feed his cattle.

The condition even of internal trade was hardly preferable to that of agriculture. There is not a vestige perhaps to be discovered for several centuries of any considerable manufacture; I mean, of working up articles of common utility to an extent beyond what the necessities of an adjacent district required. Rich men kept domestic artisans among their servants; even kings, in the ninth century, had their clothes made by the women upon their farms; but the peasantry must have been supplied with garments and implements of labour by purchase; and every town, it cannot be doubted, had its weaver, its smith, and its currier. But there were almost insuperable impediments, to any extended traffic; the insecurity of movable wealth, and difficulty of accumulating it; the ignorance of mutual wants; the peril of robbery in conveying merchandise, and the certainty of extortion. In the domains of every lord a toll was paid in passing his bridge, or along his highway, or at his market. These customs, equitable and necessary in their principle, became in practice oppressive, because they were arbitrary, and renewed in every petty territory, which the road might intersect. Several of Charlemagne's capitularies repeat complaints of these exactions, and endeavour to abolish such tolls as were not founded on prescription. One of them rather amusingly illustrates

the modesty and moderation of the landholders. It is enacted that no one shall be compelled to go out of his way in order to pay toll at a particular bridge, when he can cross the river more conveniently at another place. These provisions, like most others of that age, were unlikely to produce much amendment. It was only the milder species, however, of feudal lords who were content with the tribute of merchants. The more ravenous descended from their fortresses to pillage the wealthy traveller, or shared in the spoil of inferior plunderers, whom they both protected and instigated. Proofs occur, even in the later periods of the Middle Ages, when government had regained its energy, and civilisation had made considerable progress, of public robberies systematically perpetrated by men of noble rank. In the more savage times, before the twelfth century, they were probably too frequent to excite much attention. It was a custom in some places to waylay travellers, and not only to plunder, but to sell them as slaves, or compel them to pay ransom. Harold, son of Godwin, having been wrecked on the coast of Ponthieu, was imprisoned by the lord, says an historian, according to the custom of that territory. Germany appears to have been, upon the whole, the country where downright robbery was most unscrupulously practised by the great. Their castles, erected on almost inaccessible heights among the woods, became the secure receptacle of predatory bands, who spread terror over the country. From these barbarian lords of the dark ages, as from a living model, the romancers are said to have drawn their giants and other disloyal enemies of true chivalry. Robbery, indeed, is the constant theme both of the Capitularies and of the Anglo-Saxon laws; one has more reason to wonder at the intrepid thirst of lucre, which induced a very few merchants to exchange the products of different regions, than to ask why no general spirit of commercial activity prevailed.

From HALLAM'S *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages.*

The Battle of the Alma

At this minute the fiery 93rd—it was commanded by Colonel Ainslie—came storming over the crest, and, having now at last an enemy's column before it, it seemed to be almost mad with warlike joy. Its formation, of course, was disturbed by the haste and vehemence of the onset; and Campbell saw that, unless the regiment could be halted and a little calmed down, it would go on rushing forward in disordered fury, at the risk of shattering itself against the strength of the hard, square-built column which was solemnly coming to meet it.

But he who could halt his men on the bank of a cool stream when they were rushing down to quench the rage of their thirst was able to quiet them in the midst of their warlike fury. Sir Colin got the regiment to halt and dress its ranks. By this time it was under the fire of the approaching column.

Campbell's charger, twice wounded already, but hitherto not much hurt, was now struck by a shot in the heart. Without a stumble or a plunge the horse sank down gently to the earth, and was dead. Campbell took his aide-de-camp's charger, but he had not been long in Shadwell's saddle when up came Sir Colin's groom with his second horse. The man, perhaps, under some former master, had been used to be charged with the "second horse" in the hunting-field. At all events, here he was, and if Sir Colin was angered by the apparition, he could not deny that it was opportune. The man touched his cap, and excused himself for being where he was. In the dry, terse way of those Englishmen who are much accustomed to horses, he explained that towards the rear the balls had been dropping about very thick, and that, fearing some harm might come to his master's second horse, he had thought it best to bring him up to the front.

When the 93rd had recovered the perfectness of its array, it again moved forward, but at the steady

pace imposed upon it by the chief. The 42nd had already resumed its forward movement; it still advanced firing.

There are things in the world which, eluding the resources of the dry narrator, can still be faintly imagined by that subtle power which sometimes enables mankind to picture dim truth by fancy. According to the thought which floated in the mind of the churchman who taught to All the Russias their grand form of prayer for victory, there are "angels of light" and "angels of darkness and horror," who soar over the heads of soldiery destined to be engaged in close fight, and attend them into battle. When the fight grows hot, the angels hover down near to earth with their bright limbs twined deep in the wreaths of the smoke which divides the combatants. But it is no coarse, bodily help that these Christian angels bring. More purely spiritual than the old Immortals, they strike no blow, they snatch no man's weapon, they lift away no warrior in a cloud. What the Angel of Light can bestow is valour, priceless valour, and light to lighten the path to victory, giving men grace to see the bare truth, and, seeing it, to have the mastery. To regiments which are to be blessed with victory the Angel of Light seems to beckon, and gently draw his men forward. What the Angel of Darkness can inflict is fear, horror, despair; and it is given him also to be able to plant error and vain fancies in the minds of the doomed soldiery. By false dread he scares them. Whether he who conceived this prayer was soldier or priest, or soldier and priest in one, it seems to me that he knew more of the true nature of the strife of good infantry than he could utter in common prose. For, indeed, it is no physical power which rules the conflict between two well-formed bodies of foot.

The mere killing and wounding which occurs whilst a fight is still hanging in doubt does not so alter the relative numbers of the combatants as in that way to govern the result. The use of the slaughter which takes

place at that time lies mainly in the stress which it puts upon the minds of those who, themselves remaining unhurt, are nevertheless disturbed by the sight of what is befalling their comrades. In that way a command of the means necessary for inflicting death and wounds is one element of victory. But it is far from being the chief one. Nor is it by perfectness of discipline, nor yet by a contempt of life, that men can assure to themselves the mastery over their foes. More or less all these things are needed; but the truly governing power is that ascendency of the stronger over the weaker heart which (because of the mystery of its origin) the churchman was willing to ascribe to angels coming down from on high.

The turning moment of a fight is a moment of trial for the soul and not for the body; and it is, therefore, that such courage as men are able to gather from being gross in numbers can be easily outweighed by the warlike virtue of a few. To the stately "Black Watch" and the hot 93rd, with Campbell leading them on, there was vouchsafed that stronger heart for which the brave pious Muscovites had prayed. Over the souls of the men in the columns there was spread, first the gloom, then the swarm of vain delusions, and at last the sheer horror which might be the work of the Angel of Darkness. The two lines marched straight on. The three columns shook. They were not yet subdued. They were stubborn; but every moment the two advancing battalions grew nearer and nearer, and although—dimly masking the scant numbers of the Highlanders — there was still the white curtain of smoke which always rolled on before them, yet, fitfully, and from moment to moment, the signs of them could be traced on the right hand and on the left in a long, shadowy line, and their coming was ceaseless.

But, moreover, the Highlanders being men of great stature, and in strange garb, their plumes being tall, and the view of them being broken and distorted by

the wreaths of the smoke, and there being, too, an ominous silence in their ranks, there were men among the Russians who began to conceive a vague terror—the terror of things unearthly; and some, they say, imagined that they were charged by horsemen strange, silent, monstrous, bestriding giant chargers. The columns were falling into that plight—we have twice before seen it this day—were falling into that plight that its officers were moving hither and thither, with their drawn swords, were commanding, were imploring, were threatening—nay, were even laying hands on their soldiery, and striving to hold them fast in their places. This struggle is the last stage but one in the agony of a body of good infantry massed in close column. Unless help should come from elsewhere, the three columns would have to give way.

But help came. From the high ground on our left another heavy column—the column composed of the two right Sousdal battalions—was seen coming down. It moved straight at the flank of the 93rd.

So now, for the third time that day, a mass of infantry some 1500 strong was descending upon the uncovered flank of a battalion in English array; and, coming as it did from the extreme right of the enemy's position, this last attack was aimed almost straight at the file—the file of only two men—which closed the line of the 93rd.

But some witchcraft, the doomed men might fancy, was causing the earth to bear giants. Above the crest or swell of ground on the left rear of the 93rd, yet another array of the tall bending plumes began to rise up in a long, ceaseless line, stretching far into the east; and presently, in all the grace and beauty that marks a Highland regiment when it springs up the side of a hill, the 79th came bounding forward. Without a halt, or with only the halt that was needed for dressing the ranks, it advanced upon the flank of the right Sousdal column, and caught the mass in its sin—caught it daring to march across the front of a

Highland battalion—a battalion already near, and swiftly advancing in line. Wrapped in the fire thus poured upon its flank, the hapless column could not march, could not live. It broke, and began to fall back in great confusion; and the left Sousdal column being almost at the same time overthrown by the 93rd, and the two columns which had engaged the "Black Watch" being now in full retreat, the spurs of the hill and the winding dale beyond became thronged with the enemy's disordered masses.

Then, again, they say, there was heard the sorrowful wail that bursts from the heart of the brave Russian infantry when they have to suffer defeat; but this time the wail was the wail of eight battalions: and the warlike grief of the soldiery could no longer kindle the fierce intent which, only a little before, had spurred forward the Vladimir column. Hope had fled.

From KINGLAKE'S *The Invasion of the Crimea.*

Resources for Investigating History

Of all the great branches of human knowledge, history is that upon which most has been written, and which has always been most popular. And it seems to be the general opinion that the success of historians has, on the whole, been equal to their industry; and that if on this subject much has been studied, much also is understood.

This confidence in the value of history is very widely diffused, as we see in the extent to which it is read, and in the share it occupies in all plans of education. Nor can it be denied that, in a certain point of view, such confidence is perfectly justifiable. It cannot be denied that materials have been collected which, when looked at in the aggregate, have a rich and imposing appearance. The political and military annals of all the great countries in Europe, and of most of those out of Europe, have been carefully compiled, put together in a convenient form, and the evidence on which they rest has been

tolerably well sifted. Great attention has been paid to the history of legislation, also to that of religion; while considerable, though inferior labour has been employed in tracing the progress of science, of literature, of the fine arts, of useful inventions, and, latterly, of the manners and comforts of the people. In order to increase our knowledge of the past, antiquities of every kind have been examined; the sites of ancient cities have been laid bare, coins dug up and deciphered, inscriptions copied, alphabets restored, hieroglyphics interpreted, and, in some instances, long-forgotten languages reconstructed and re-arranged. Several of the laws which regulate the changes of human speech have been discovered, and, in the hands of philologists, have been made to elucidate even the most obscure periods in the early migration of nations. Political economy has been raised to a science, and by it much light has been thrown on the causes of that unequal distribution of wealth which is the most fertile source of social disturbance. Statistics have been so sedulously cultivated, that we have the most extensive information, not only respecting the material interests of men, but also respecting their moral peculiarities; such as, the amount of different crimes, the proportion they bear to each other, and the influence exercised over them by age, sex, education, and the like. With this great movement physical geography has kept pace; the phenomena of climate have been registered, mountains measured, rivers surveyed and tracked to their source, natural productions of all kinds carefully studied, and their hidden properties unfolded; while every food which sustains life has been chemically analysed, its constituents numbered and weighed, and the nature of the connection between them and the human frame has, in many cases, been satisfactorily ascertained. At the same time, and that nothing should be left undone which might enlarge our knowledge of the events by which man is affected, there have been instituted circumstantial researches in many other departments; so that in regard to the most civilised people, we are now acquainted with

the rate of their mortality, of their marriages, the proportion of their births, the character of their employments, and the fluctuations both in their wages and in the prices of the commodities necessary to their existence. These and similar facts have been collected, methodised, and are ripe for use. Such results, which form, as it were, the anatomy of a nation, are remarkable for their minuteness; and to them there have been joined other results less minute but more extensive. Not only have the actions and characteristics of the great nations been recorded, but a prodigious number of different tribes in all the parts of the known world have been visited and described by travellers, thus enabling us to compare the condition of mankind in every stage of civilisation, and under every variety of circumstance. When we, moreover, add that this curiosity respecting our fellow-creatures is apparently insatiable; that it is constantly increasing; that the means of gratifying it are also increasing, and that most of the observations which have been made are still preserved; when we put all these things together, we may form a faint idea of the immense value of that vast body of facts which we now possess, and by the aid of which the progress of mankind is to be investigated.

From BUCKLE'S *History of Civilisation in England.*

Trial of Sir Thomas More

On the 26th of June, a true bill was found against More by the grand jury of Middlesex; and on the 1st of July the High Commission sat again in Westminster Hall to try the most illustrious prisoner who ever listened to his sentence there. He walked from the Tower—feebly, however, and with a stick, for he was weak from long confinement. On appearing at the bar, a chair was brought for him, and he was allowed to sit. The indictment was then read by the attorney-general. It set forth that Sir Thomas More, traitorously imagining and attempting to deprive the King of his title as

supreme Head of the Church, did, on the 7th of May, when examined before Thomas Cromwell, the King's principal secretary, and divers other persons, whether he would accept the King as Head on earth of the Church of England, pursuant to the Statute, refuse to give a direct answer, but replied, "I will not meddle with any such matters, for I am fully determined to serve God and to think upon His passion, and my passage out of this world."

This was the substance of the indictment. As soon as it was read, the lord chancellor rose, and told the prisoner that he saw how grievously he had offended the King; it was not too late to ask for mercy, however, which His Majesty desired to show.

"My Lord," More replied, "I have great cause to thank your honour for your courtesy, but I beseech Almighty God that I may continue in the mind that I am in through His grace unto death." To the charges against him he pleaded "not guilty," and answered them at length. He could not say indeed that the facts were not true; for although he denied that he had "practised" against the supremacy, he could not say that he had consented to it, or that he ever would consent; but like the prior of the Charterhouse, he could not admit himself guilty when he had only obeyed his conscience. The jury retired to consider, and in a quarter of an hour returned with their verdict. The chancellor, after receiving it, put the usual question, what the prisoner could say in arrest of judgment. More replied, but replied with a plea which it was impossible to recognise, by denouncing the Statute under which he was tried, and insisting on the obligation of obedience to the See of Rome. Thus the sentence was inevitable. It was pronounced in the ordinary form; but the usual punishment for treason was commuted, as it had been with Fisher, to death upon the scaffold; and this last favour was communicated as a special instance of the royal clemency. More's wit was always ready. "God forbid," he answered, "that the King should show any more such

mercy unto any of my friends; and God bless all my posterity from such pardons."

The pageant was over, for such a trial was little more. As the procession formed to lead back the "condemned traitor" to the Tower, the commissioners once more adjured him to have pity on himself, and offered to re-open the court if he would reconsider his resolution. More smiled, and replied only a few words of grateful farewell.

"My lords," he said, "I have but to say that, like as the blessed Apostle St Paul was present at the death of the martyr Stephen, keeping their clothes that stoned him, and yet they be now both saints in heaven, and there shall continue friends for ever, so I trust, and shall therefore pray, that though your lordships have been on earth my judges, yet we may hereafter meet in heaven together to our everlasting salvation; and God preserve you all, especially my sovereign lord the King, and grant him faithful councillors."

He then left the Hall, and to spare him the exertion of the walk he was allowed to return by water. At the Tower stairs one of those things occurred which have cast so rich a pathos round the closing story of this illustrious man. "When Sir Thomas," writes the grandson, "was now come to the Tower wharf, his best beloved child, my aunt Roper, desirous to see her father, whom she feared she should never see in this world after, to have his last blessing, gave there attendance to meet him; whom as soon as she had espied she ran hastily unto him, and without consideration or care for herself, passing through the midst of the throng and guard of men, who with bills and halberts compassed him round, there openly in the sight of them all embraced him, and took him about the neck and kissed him, not able to say any word but 'Oh, my father! oh, my father!' He, liking well her most natural and dear affection towards him, gave her his fatherly blessing; telling her that whatsoever he should suffer, though he were innocent, yet it was not without the will of God; and that He knew well enough all the

secrets of her heart, counselling her to accommodate her will to God's blessed pleasure, and to be patient for his loss.

"She was no sooner parted from him, and had gone scarce ten steps, when she, not satisfied with the former farewell, like one who had forgot herself, ravished with the entire love of so worthy a father, having neither respect to herself nor to the press of people about him, suddenly turned back, and ran hastily to him, and took him about the neck and divers times together kissed him; whereat he spoke not a word, but carrying still his gravity, tears fell also from his eyes; yea, there were very few in all the troop who could refrain hereat from weeping, no, not the guard themselves. Yet at last with a full heart she was severed from him, at which time another of our women embraced him; and my aunt's maid Dorothy Collis did the like, of whom he said after, it was homely but very lovingly done."

From FROUDE'S *History of England.*

The Coming of the Normans

The difficulties in the way of Duke William's enterprise were indeed enormous. He could reckon on no support within England itself. At home he had to extort the consent of his own reluctant baronage; to gather a motley host from every quarter of France, and to keep it together for months; to create a fleet, to cut down the very trees, to build, to launch, to man the vessels, and to find time amidst all this for the common business of government, for negotiations with Denmark and the Empire, with France, Brittany, and Anjou, with Flanders and with Rome.

His rival's difficulties were hardly less than his own. Harold of England was threatened with invasion by his brother Tostig, who had taken refuge in Norway, as well as by William; and the fleet and army he had gathered lay watching for months along the coast. His one standing force was his body of hus-carls, but their

numbers only enabled them to act as the nucleus of an army. On the other hand, the Land-Fyrd, or general levy of fighting men, was a body easy to raise for any single encounter, but hard to keep together. To assemble such a force was to bring labour to a standstill. The men gathered under the King's standard were the farmers and ploughmen of their fields. The ships were the fishing-vessels of the coast. In September the task of holding them together became impossible, but their dispersion had hardly taken place when the two clouds which had so long been gathering burst at once upon the realm.

A change of wind released the land-locked armament of William; but, before changing, the wind which prisoned the Duke had flung the host of Harold Hardrada, the King of Norway, whose aid Tostig had enlisted, on the coast of his old earldom of Yorkshire. The King hastened with his household troops to the spot, and repulsed the invaders in a decisive overthrow at Stamford Bridge, in the neighbourhood of York; but, ere he could hurry back to London, the Norman host had crossed the sea, and William, who had anchored on the 28th off the shingly coast of Pevensey, was ravaging the coast to bring his rival to an engagement. To march inland would have been to cut himself off from his fleet, his one base of operations and only hope in case of defeat. His merciless ravages succeeded, as they were intended, in drawing Harold to an engagement; but the King judiciously refused to attack with the forces he had hastily summoned to his banner. If he was forced to give battle, he resolved to give it on ground he had himself chosen, and, advancing near enough to the coast to check William's ravages, he entrenched himself on the hill of Senlac, a low spur of the Sussex Downs, near Hastings, in a position which covered London, and forced the Norman army to concentrate. With a host subsisting by pillage, to concentrate is to starve, and no alternative was left to William but a decisive victory or ruin.

Along the higher ground that leads from Hastings,

the Duke led his men in the dim dawn of an October morning to the mound of Telham. It was from this point that the Normans saw the host of the English gathered thickly behind a rough trench and a stockade on the height of Senlac. Marshy ground covered their right; on the left, the most exposed part of the position, the hus-carls or bodyguard of Harold, men in full armour and wielding huge axes, were grouped round the Golden Dragon of Wessex and the standard of the King. The rest of the ground was covered by the thick masses of half-armed rustics who had flocked at Harold's summons to the fight with the stranger. It was against the centre of this formidable position that William arrayed his Norman knighthood, while the mercenary forces he had gathered in France and Brittany were ordered to attack its flanks.

A general charge of the Norman foot opened the battle; in front rode the minstrel Taillefer, tossing his sword in the air and catching it again while he chaunted the song of Roland. He was the first of the host who struck a blow, and he was the first to fall. The charge broke vainly on the stout stockade behind which the English warriors plied axe and javelin with fierce cries of "Out, out," and the repulse of the Norman footmen was followed by the repulse of the Norman horse. Again and again the Duke rallied and led them to the fatal stockade. All the fury of fight that glowed in his Norseman's blood, all the headlong valour that had spurred him over the slopes of Val-es-dunes, mingled that day with the coolness of head, the dogged perseverance, the inexhaustible faculty of resource which had shone at Mortemer and Varaville. His Breton troops, entangled in the marshy ground on his left, broke in disorder, and a cry arose, as the panic spread through the army that the Duke was slain. "I live," shouted William, as he tore off his helmet, "and by God's help will conquer yet."

Maddened by repulse, the Duke spurred right at the standard; unhorsed, his terrible mace struck down Gyrth, the King's brother, and stretched Leofwine, a second of

Godwine's sons, beside him; again dismounted, a blow from his hand hurled to the ground an unmannerly rider who would not lend him his steed. Amidst the roar and tumult of the battle he turned the flight he had arrested into the means of victory. Broken as the stockade was by his desperate onset, the shield-wall of the warriors behind it still held the Normans at bay, when William, by a feint of flight, drew a part of the English force from their post of vantage. Turning on his disorderly pursuers, the Duke cut them to pieces, broke through the abandoned line, and was master of the central plateau, while French and Breton made good their ascent on either flank.

At three the hill seemed won, at six the fight still raged around the standard, where Harold's hus-carls stood stubbornly at bay on the spot marked afterwards by the high altar of Battle Abbey. An order from the Duke at last brought his archers to the front, and their arrow-flight told heavily on the dense masses crowded around the King. As the sun went down, a shaft pierced Harold's right eye; he fell between the royal ensigns, and the battle closed with a desperate mêlée over his corpse. While night covered the flight of the English, the Conqueror pitched his tent on the very spot where his rival had fallen, and "sate down to eat and drink among the dead."

From J. R. Green's *Short History of the English People.*

Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay (1800-1859), lawyer, essayist, historian, and poet, was the son of Zachary Macaulay, who, after a residence in the West Indies, became associated with Wilberforce in the movement for the abolition of slavery. He was educated at Bristol and at Cambridge, where, as a student, he wrote *Ivry* and *The Armada.* His *Essay on Milton* appeared in *The Edinburgh Review* in 1825, the year in which he graduated as Master of Arts.

Called to the Bar in 1826, he entered Parliament, and, four years later, went to Calcutta as legal adviser to the Supreme Council of India. While there he wrote his famous

essays on *Clive* and *Warren Hastings,* and most of the *Lays of Ancient Rome.*

On his return he became M.P. for Edinburgh. He lost his seat in 1847, but Edinburgh atoned for its mistake by re-electing him without solicitation in 1852. In the interval he began a *History of England,* from the accession of James II. He lived to complete a record of only fifteen years. Macaulay was created a baron in 1857, and two years later he died suddenly of heart disease, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Macaulay's style was his own, and in it he reigns supreme. Even Jeffrey, the great critic of the *Edinburgh Review,* with all his experience of writers, was fain to ask him "where he got that style." Such passages as the story of Monmouth's Conspiracy, the Trial of the Seven Bishops, and the Siege of Londonderry are written with consummate beauty, while there is nothing finer in our prose literature than the trial scene in the Essay on Warren Hastings.

Lord Macaulay's *Life* by his nephew, Sir George Trevelyan, ranks with such masterpieces as Boswell's *Life of Johnson,* Lockhart's *Life of Scott,* Moore's *Life of Byron,* and, in our own time, Morley's *Life of Gladstone.*

The Puritans

We would speak first of the Puritans, the most remarkable body of men, perhaps, which the world has ever produced. The odious and ridiculous parts of their character lie on the surface. He that runs may read them; nor have there been wanting attentive and malicious observers to point them out. For many years after the restoration, they were the theme of unmeasured invective and derision. They were exposed to the utmost licentiousness of the press and of the stage, at the time when the press and the stage were most licentious. They were not men of letters; they were, as a body, unpopular; they could not defend themselves; and the public would not take them under its protection. They were therefore abandoned, without reserve, to the tender mercies of the satirists and dramatists. The ostentatious simplicity of their dress, their sour aspect, their nasal twang, their

stiff posture, their long graces, their Hebrew names, the Scriptural phrases which they introduced on every occasion, their contempt of human learning, their detestation of polite amusements, were indeed fair game for the laughers. But it is not from the laughers alone that the philosophy of history is to be learnt. And he who approaches this subject should carefully guard against the influence of that potent ridicule which has already misled so many excellent writers.

Those who roused the people to resistance, who directed their measures through a long series of eventful years, who formed, out of the most unpromising materials, the finest army that Europe had ever seen, who trampled down King, Church, and Aristocracy, who, in the short intervals of domestic sedition and rebellion, made the name of England terrible to every nation on the face of the earth, were no vulgar fanatics. Most of their absurdities were mere external badges, like the signs of freemasonry, or the dresses of friars. We regret that these badges were not more attractive. We regret that a body to whose courage and talents mankind has owed inestimable obligations had not the lofty elegance which distinguished some of the adherents of Charles the First, or the easy good-breeding for which the court of Charles the Second was celebrated. But, if we must make our choice, we shall, like Bassanio in the play, turn from the specious caskets which contain only the Death's head and the Fool's head, and fix on the plain leaden chest which conceals the treasure.

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the

pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on his intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognised no title to superiority but his favour; and, confident of that favour, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge of them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt: for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged, on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest, who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes, had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the Evangelist, and the harp of the prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice,

It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had risen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God.

Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men, the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion, the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker: but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement, he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half-maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself intrusted with the sceptre of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid his face from him. But when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate or in the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them Stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose

unwise means. They went through the world, like Sir Artegal's iron man Talus with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities, insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain, not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier. From *History of England.*

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress

The characteristic peculiarity of the *Pilgrim's Progress* is that it is the only work of its kind which possesses a strong human interest. Other allegories only amuse the fancy. The allegory of Bunyan has been read by many thousands with tears. There are some good allegories in Johnson's Works, and some of still higher merit by Addison. In these performances there is, perhaps, as much wit and ingenuity as in the *Pilgrim's Progress.* But the pleasure which is produced by the *Vision of Mirza*, the *Vision of Theodore*, the *Genealogy of Wit*, or the *Contest between Rest and Labour*, is exactly similar to the pleasure which we derive from one of Cowley's odes, or from a canto of Hudibras. It is a pleasure which belongs wholly to the understanding, and in which the feelings have no part whatever. Nay, even Spenser himself, though assuredly one of the greatest poets that ever lived, could not succeed in the attempt to make allegory interesting. It was in vain that he lavished the riches of his mind on the House of Pride and the House of Temperance. One unpardonable fault, the fault of tediousness, pervades the whole of the *Faery Queen.* We become sick of cardinal virtues and deadly sins, and long for the society of plain men and women. Of the persons who read the first canto, not one in ten reaches the end of the first book, and not one in a hundred perseveres to the end of the poem. Very few and very weary are those who are in at the death of the "Blatant Beast." If the last six books, which are said to have been destroyed in Ireland, had been preserved,

we doubt whether any heart less stout than that of a commentator would have held out to the end.

That wonderful book, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. Dr Johnson, all whose studies were desultory, and who hated, as he said, to read books through, made an exception in favour of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. That work was one of the two or three works which he wished longer. It was by no common merit that the illiterate sectary extracted praise like this from the most pedantic of critics and the most bigoted of Tories. In the wildest parts of Scotland the *Pilgrim's Progress* is the delight of the peasantry. In every nursery the *Pilgrim's Progress* is a greater favourite than *Jack the Giant Killer*. Every reader knows the straight and narrow path as well as he knows a road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred times. This is the highest miracle of genius, that things which are not should be as though they were, that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another. And this miracle the tinker has wrought. There is no ascent, no declivity, no resting-place, no turnstile, with which we are not perfectly acquainted. The wicket-gate, and the desolate swamp which separates it from the city of Destruction, the long line of road, as straight as a rule can make it, the interpreter's house and all its fair shows, the prisoner in the iron cage, the palace, at the doors of which armed men kept guard, and on the battlements of which walked persons clothed all in gold, the cross and the sepulchre, the steep hill and the pleasant arbour, the stately front of the House Beautiful, by the wayside, the chained lions crouching in the porch, the low green valley of Humiliation, rich with grass and covered with flocks, all are as well known to us as the sights of our own streets. Then we come to the narrow place where Apollyon strode right across the whole breadth of the way to stop the journey of Christian, and where afterwards the pillar was set up to testify how bravely the pilgrim had fought the good

fight. As we advance, the valley becomes deeper and deeper. The shade of the precipices on both sides fall blacker and blacker. The clouds gather overhead. Doleful voices, the clanking of chains, and the rushing of many feet to and fro, are heard through the darkness. The way, hardly discernible in gloom, runs close by the mouth of the burning pit, which sends forth its flames, its noisome smoke, and its hideous shapes, to terrify the adventurer. Thence he goes on amidst the snares and pitfalls, with the mangled bodies of those who have perished lying in the ditch by his side. At the end of the long dark valley he passes the dens in which the old giants dwelt, amidst the bones of those whom they had slain.

Then the road passes straight on through a waste moor, till at length the towers of a distant city appear before the traveller; and soon he is in the midst of the innumerable multitudes of Vanity Fair. There are the jugglers and the apes, the shops and the puppet shows. There are Italian Row, and French Row, and Spanish Row, and British Row, with their crowds of buyers, sellers, and loungers, jabbering all the languages of the earth.

Thence we go on by the little hill of the silver mine, and through the meadow of lilies, along the bank of that pleasant river which is bordered on both sides by fruit trees. On the left, branches off the path leading to the horrible castle, the courtyard of which is paved with the skulls of pilgrims; and right onward are the sheepfolds and orchards of the Delectable Mountains.

From the Delectable Mountains, the way lies through the fogs and briers of the Enchanted Ground, with here and there a bed of soft cushions spread under a green arbour. And beyond is the land of Beulah, where the flowers, the grapes, and the songs of birds never cease, and where the sun shines night and day. Thence are plainly seen the golden pavements and streets of pearl, on the other side of that black and cold river over which there is no bridge.

All the stages of the journey, all the forms which cross or overtake the pilgrims, giants, and hobgoblins, ill-favoured ones and shining ones, the tall, comely, swarthy Madam Bubble, with her great purse by her side, and her fingers playing with the money, the black man in the bright vesture, Mr Worldly Wiseman and my Lord Hategood, Mr Talkative and Mrs Timorous, all are actually existing beings to us. We follow the travellers through their allegorical progress with interest not inferior to that with which we follow Elizabeth from Siberia to Moscow, or Jeannie Deans from Edinburgh to London. Bunyan is almost the only writer who ever gave to the abstract the interest of the concrete. In the works of many celebrated authors, men are mere personifications. We have not a jealous man, but jealousy; not a traitor, but perfidy; not a patriot, but patriotism. The mind of Bunyan, on the contrary, was so imaginative that personifications, when he dealt with them, became men. A dialogue between two qualities, in his dream, has more dramatic effect than a dialogue between two human beings in most plays.

From *Edinburgh Review.*

Ivry: A Song of the Huguenots

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand:
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;

And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate
of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant
crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern
and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing
to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our
Lord the King!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the
ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring
culverin.
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of
France,
Charge for the golden lilies,—upon them with the lance.
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears
in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-
white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like
a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for
France to-day;
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.

But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;
And the good Lord of Rosny has ta'en the cornet white.
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
Up with it high; unfurl it wide; that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought His church such woe.
Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point of war,
Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna; Ho! matrons of Lucerne;
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright;
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night.
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the brave.
Then glory to his Holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre.

VICTORIAN NOVELISTS

The genius of the age of Victoria sought expression mainly in the novel, as that of Elizabeth turned to the drama. Perhaps the most extraordinary feature of the literature of the Victorian Era has been the number and the variety of the works of fiction produced.

Sir Walter Scott's last great novel was published in 1826, and at that date there were growing up two youths who were to rival him in power and popularity. They were Charles Dickens and William Makepeace Thackeray. The former was more popular than the latter with the great mass of the people, but Thackeray has perhaps been valued more highly by a more cultured circle of readers. Both of them enlisted wit and fancy on the side of goodness in the portrayal of their characters, and for nearly twenty years both writers worked in friendly emulation.

It may be said that the palmy day of the English nineteenth century in novel-writing was some sixty-five years ago. Not even France at that time can show such a "galaxy-gallery" as the British novelists — Dickens, Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, "George Eliot," Trollope, Kingsley, Lytton, Disraeli, and others—who all wrote in the fifties.

Charles Dickens (1812-1870) was born at Portsea, his father being at that time a clerk in the Portsmouth dockyard. When Charles was two years old, the family removed, first to London, then to Chatham, with which his earliest memories are associated, and again to London, when he was nine years of age. Then began those years of sordid misery which haunted the dreams of his later life, and of which he never spoke, and could hardly bear to think. His father, after a vain struggle with money difficulties, was carried off to the Marshalsea Prison for debtors, where he told his broken-hearted boy that his "sun had set upon him for ever." Charles was sent to a blacking warehouse in the Strand. When his father was released from prison, the boy went to school again, and then, at the age of fifteen, began life as clerk to an attorney. Some time after, like his father, he became a reporter, first in the courts of law, and afterwards in the gallery of the House of Commons. He is said to have been "the best and most rapid reporter ever known."

Dickens's first success in literature was a series of *Sketches by Boz*, which was published in 1836. The same year the immortal *Pickwick* appeared in monthly instalments, and gained an almost unparalleled popularity. Then followed *Oliver Twist*, the first of the numerous class of "novels of purpose," *Nicholas Nickleby*, the *Old Curiosity Shop*,

with its pathetic story of Little Nell, and *Barnaby Rudge*. In his graphic delineation of the joys and sorrows of childhood lies much of the charm of some of these earlier works.

In 1842 Dickens visited America, and, on his return, he wrote *Martin Chuzzlewit*, a book which, by its unflattering descriptions and exposure of hypocrisy, caused no little offence on the other side of the Atlantic. In 1844, the hearts of all good men were delighted by the appearance of the *Christmas Carol*, the first of a series of annual Christmas stories. He spent a few years in Genoa, Lausanne, and Paris, and his next great work was *Dombey and Son*, with its touching picture of Paul Dombey. Next came *David Copperfield*, which Dickens regarded as his "favourite child," and which tells at once the story of his father and of his own childhood. Others followed—*Bleak House*, *Hard Times*, *Little Dorrit*, and the *Tale of Two Cities*—before death suddenly arrested his magic pen, while the *Mystery of Edwin Drood* was yet unfinished.

His humour, which has the supreme distinction of being harmless and pure, though at times overstrained, fascinates the young no less than the old. "I think of these past writers," said Thackeray, contrasting him with the humorists of the eighteenth century, "and of one who lives amongst us now, and am grateful for the innocent laughter and the sweet, unsullied page which the author of *David Copperfield* gives to my children."

The Cricket on the Hearth

CHIRP THE FIRST

The Kettle, growing mellow and musical, began to have irrepressible gurglings in its throat, and to indulge in short vocal snorts, which it checked in the bud, as if it hadn't quite made up its mind yet to be good company. After two or three such vain attempts to stifle its convivial sentiments, it threw off all moroseness, all reserve, and burst into a stream of song so cosy and hilarious, as never maudlin nightingale yet formed the least idea of.

So plain, too! Bless you, you might have understood it like a book—better than some books you and I could

name, perhaps. With its warm breath gushing forth in a light cloud which merrily and gracefully ascended a few feet, then hung about the chimney-corner as its own domestic Heaven, it trolled its song with that strong energy of cheerfulness, that its iron body hummed and stirred upon the fire; and the lid itself performed a sort of jig, and clattered like a deaf and dumb young cymbal that had never known the use of its twin brother.

That this song of the Kettle's was a song of invitation and welcome to somebody out of doors; to somebody at that moment coming on, towards the snug small home and the crisp fire; there is no doubt whatever. Mrs Peerybingle knew it, perfectly, as she sat musing before the hearth. It's a dark night, sang the Kettle, and the rotten leaves are lying by the way; and above, all is mist and darkness, and below, all is mire and clay; and there's only one relief in all the sad and murky air; and I don't know that it is one, for it's nothing but a glare, of deep and angry crimson, where the sun and wind together set a brand upon the clouds for being guilty of such weather; and the widest open country is a long dull streak of black; and there's hoar-frost on the finger-post, and thaw upon the track, and the ice it isn't water, and the water isn't free; and you couldn't say that anything is what it ought to be; and he's coming, coming, coming!——

And here, if you like, the Cricket *did* chime in! with a Chirrup, Chirrup, Chirrup of such magnitude, by way of chorus; with a voice, so astoundingly disproportionate to its size, as compared with the Kettle; (size! you couldn't see it!) that if it had then and there burst itself like an overcharged gun: if it had fallen a victim on the spot, and chirruped its little body into fifty pieces: it would have seemed a natural and inevitable consequence, for which it had expressly laboured.

The Kettle had had the last of its solo performance. It persevered with undiminished ardour; but the Cricket took first fiddle and kept it. Good Heaven, how it chirped! Its shrill, sharp, piercing voice resounded

through the house, and seemed to twinkle in the outer darkness like a Star. There was an indescribable little thrill and tremble in it, at its loudest, which suggested its being carried off its legs, and made to leap again, by its own intense enthusiasm. Yet they went very well together, the Cricket and the Kettle. The burden of the song was still the same; and louder, louder, louder still, they sang it in their emulation.

The fair little listener—for fair she was, and young—lighted a candle; glanced at the Haymaker on the top of the clock, who was getting in a pretty average crop of minutes; and looked out of the window, where she saw nothing, owing to the darkness, but her own face imaged in the glass. And my opinion is (and so would yours have been), that she might have looked a long way, and seen nothing half so agreeable. When she came back, and sat down in her former seat, the Cricket and the Kettle were still keeping it up, with a perfect fury of competition. The Kettle's weak side clearly being that he didn't know when he was beat.

There was all the excitement of a race about it. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket a mile ahead. Hum, hum, hum—m—m! Kettle making play in the distance, like a great top. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket round the corner. Hum, hum, hum—m—m! Kettle sticking to him in his own way; no idea of giving in. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket fresher than ever. Hum, hum, hum—m—m! Kettle slow and steady Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket going in to finish him. Hum, hum, hum—m—m! Kettle not to be finished. Until at last, they got so jumbled together, in the hurry-skurry, helter-skelter of the match, that whether the Kettle chirped and the Cricket hummed, or the Cricket chirped and the Kettle hummed, or they both chirped and both hummed, it would have taken a clearer head than yours or mine to have decided with anything like certainty. But of this, there is no doubt: that the Kettle and the Cricket, at one and the same moment, and by some power of amalgamation best known to themselves, sent, each, his

fireside song of comfort streaming into a ray of the candle that shone out through the window, and a long way down the lane. And this light bursting on a certain person who, on the instant, approached towards it through the gloom, expressed the whole thing to him, literally in a twinkling, and cried, "Welcome home, old fellow! Welcome home, my boy!"

This end attained, the Kettle, being dead beat, boiled over, and was taken off the fire. Mrs Peerybingle then went running to the door, where the wheels of a cart, the tramp of a horse, the voice of a man, the tearing in and out of an excited dog, and the surprising and mysterious appearance of a Baby, made noise enough and to spare.

Where the Baby came from, or how Mrs Peerybingle got hold of it in that flash of time, *I* don't know. But a live Baby there was, in Mrs Peerybingle's arms; and a pretty tolerable amount of pride she seemed to have in it, when she was drawn gently to the fire, by a sturdy figure of a man, much taller and much older than herself, who had to stoop a long way down to kiss her. But she was worth the trouble. Six foot six, with the lumbago, might have done it.

"Oh goodness, John!" said Mrs P. "What a state you're in with the weather!"

He was something the worse for it, undeniably. The thick mist hung in clots upon his eyelashes like candied thaw; and between the fog and fire together, there were rainbows in his very whiskers.

"Why, you see, Dot," John made answer, slowly, as he unrolled a shawl from about his throat; and warmed his hands; "it—it an't exactly summer weather. So, no wonder."

"I wish you wouldn't call me Dot, John. I don't like it," said Mrs Peerybingle, pouting in a way that clearly showed she *did* like it, very much.

"Why what else are you?" returned John, looking down upon her with a smile, and giving her waist as light a squeeze as his huge hand and arm could give. "A dot and"—here he glanced at the Baby—"a dot and carry—

I won't say it, for fear I should spoil it; but I was very near a joke. I don't know as ever I was nearer."

He was often near to something or other very clever, by his own account: this lumbering, slow, honest John; this John so heavy, but so light of spirit; so rough upon the surface, but so gentle at the core; so dull without, so quick within; so stolid, but so good! Oh Mother Nature, give thy children the true Poetry of Heart that hid itself in this poor Carrier's breast—he was but a Carrier by the way—and we can bear to have them talking Prose, and leading lives of Prose; and bear to bless thee for their company!

It was pleasant to see Dot, with her little figure and her Baby in her arms: a very doll of a Baby: glancing with a coquettish thoughtfulness at the fire, and inclining her delicate little head just enough on one side to let it rest in an odd, half-natural, half-affected, wholly nestling and agreeable manner, on the great rugged figure of the Carrier. It was pleasant to see him, with his tender awkwardness, endeavouring to adapt his rude support to her slight need, and make his burly middle-age a leaning-staff not inappropriate to her blooming youth. It was pleasant to observe how Tilly Slow-boy, waiting in the background for the Baby, stood with her mouth and eyes wide open, and her head thrust forward, taking it in as if it were air. Nor was it less agreeable to observe how John the Carrier, reference being made by Dot to the aforesaid Baby, checked his hand when on the point of touching the infant, as if he thought he might crack it; and bending down, surveyed it from a safe distance, with a kind of puzzled pride.

"An't he beautiful, John? Don't he look precious in his sleep?"

"Very precious," said John. "Very much so. He generally *is* asleep, an't he?"

"Lor, John! Good gracious no!"

"Oh," said John, pondering. "I thought his eyes was generally shut. Halloa!"

"Goodness, John, how you startle one!"

"It an't right for him to turn 'em up in that way!" said the astonished Carrier, "is it? See how he's winking with both of 'em at once! and look at his mouth! why he's gasping like a gold and silver fish!"

"You don't deserve to be a father, you don't," said Dot, with all the dignity of an experienced matron. "But how should you know what little complaints children are troubled with, John! You wouldn't so much as know their names, you stupid fellow." And when she had turned the Baby over on her left arm, and had slapped its back as a restorative, she pinched her husband's ear, laughing.

"No," said John, pulling off his outer coat. "It's very true, Dot. I don't know much about it. I only know that I've been fighting pretty stiffly with the Wind to-night. It's been blowing north-east, straight into the cart the whole way home."

"Poor old man, so it has!" cried Mrs Peerybingle, instantly becoming very active. "Here! Take the precious darling, Tilly, while I make myself of some use. Hie then, good dog! Hie Boxer, Boy! Only let me make the tea first, John; and then I'll help you with the parcels, like a busy bee. 'How doth the little'—and all the rest of it, you know, John. Did you ever learn 'how doth the little,' when you went to school, John?"

"Not to quite know it," John returned. "I was very near it once. But I should only have spoilt it, I dare say."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Dot. She had the blithest little laugh you ever heard. "What a dear old darling of a dunce you are, John, to be sure!"

Storm and Shipwreck

When the day broke, it blew harder and harder. I had been in Yarmouth when the seamen said it blew great guns, but I had never known the like of this, or anything approaching to it. We came to Ipswich—very late, having had to fight every inch of ground since we

were ten miles out of London; and found a cluster of people in the market-place, who had risen from their beds in the night, fearful of falling chimneys. Some of these, congregating about the inn-yard while we changed horses, told us of great sheets of lead having been ripped off a high church-tower and flung into a by-street, which they then blocked up. Others had to tell of country-people coming in from neighbouring villages, who had seen great trees lying torn out of the earth, and whole ricks scattered about the roads and fields. Still there was no abatement in the storm, but it blew harder. As we struggled on, nearer and nearer to the sea, from which this mighty wind was blowing dead on shore, its force became more and more terrific. Long before we saw the sea, its spray was on our lips, and showered salt rain upon us. The water was out, over miles and miles of the flat country adjacent to Yarmouth; and every sheet and puddle lashed its banks, and had its stress of little breakers setting heavily towards us. When we came within sight of the sea, the waves on the horizon, caught at intervals above the rolling abyss, were like glimpses of another shore with towers and buildings. When at last we got into the town, the people came out to their doors, all aslant, and with streaming hair, making a wonder of the mail that had come through such a night. I put up at the old inn, and went down to look at the sea, staggering along the street, which was strewn with sand and seaweed, and with flying blotches of sea-foam, afraid of falling slates and tiles, and holding by people I met at angry corners. Coming near the beach I saw, not only the boatmen, but half the people of the town lurking behind buildings, some now and then braving the fury of the storm to look away to sea, and blown sheer out of their course in trying to get zigzag back. Joining these groups, I found bewailing women whose husbands were away in herring or oyster boats, which there was too much reason to think might have foundered before they could run in anywhere for safety. Grizzled old sailors were among the people, shaking their heads as

they looked from water to sky, and muttering to one another; ship-owners, excited and uneasy; children, huddling together, and peering into older faces; even stout mariners, disturbed and anxious, levelling their glasses at the sea from behind places of shelter, as if they were surveying an enemy. The tremendous sea itself, when I could find sufficient pause to look at it, in the agitation of the blinding wind, the flying stones and sand, and the awful noise, confounded me. As the high watery walls came rolling in, and, at their highest, tumbled into surf, they looked as if the least would engulf the town. As the receding wave swept back with a hoarse roar, it seemed to scoop out deep caves in the beach, as if its purpose were to undermine the earth. When some white-headed billows thundered on, and dashed themselves to pieces before they reached the land, every fragment of the late whole seemed possessed by the full might of its wrath, rushing to be gathered to the composition of another monster. Undulating hills were changed to valleys, undulating valleys (with a solitary storm-bird sometimes skimming through them) were lifted up to hills; masses of water shivered and shook the beach with a booming sound; every shape tumultuously rolled on, as soon as made, to change its shape and place, and beat another shape and place away; the ideal shore on the horizon, with its towers and buildings, rose and fell; the clouds flew fast and thick; I seemed to see a rending and upheaving of all nature. . . .

The wind might by this time have lulled a little, though not more sensibly than if the cannonading I had dreamt of had been diminished by the silencing of half a dozen guns out of hundreds. But the sea, having upon it the additional agitation of the whole night, was infinitely more terrific than when I had seen it last. Every appearance it had then presented bore the expression of being *swelled;* and the height to which the breakers rose, and, looking over one another, bore one another down, and rolled in in interminable hosts, was most appalling. In the difficulty of hearing anything

but wind and waves, and in the crowd, and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves. A half-dressed boatman standing next me, pointed with his bare arm (a tattooed arrow on it, pointing in the same direction) to the left. Then, O great Heaven! I saw it, close in upon us! One mast was broken short off six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat,—which she did without a moment's pause, and with a violence quite inconceivable,—beat the side as if it would stave it in. Some efforts were even then being made to cut this portion of the wreck away; for, as the ship, which was broadside on, turned towards us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes, especially one active figure with long curling hair conspicuous among the rest. But a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore at this moment; the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys, into the boiling surge. The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail and a wild confusion of broken cordage flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in and struck again. I understood him to add that she was parting amidships, and I could readily suppose so, for the rolling and beating were too tremendous for any human work to suffer long. As he spoke, there was another great cry of pity from the beach; four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast; uppermost, the active figure with the curling hair. There was a bell on board, and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck, as she turned on her beam-ends towards the shore, now nothing but her keel, as she sprang wildly over and turned

towards the sea, the bell rang; and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne towards us on the wind. Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two men were gone. The agony on shore increased. Men groaned, and clasped their hands; women shrieked, and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help could be. I found myself one of these, frantically imploring a knot of sailors, whom I knew, not to let those two lost creatures perish before our eyes. They were making out to me, in an agitated way—I don't know how, for the little I could hear I was scarcely composed enough to understand—that the life-boat had been bravely manned an hour ago, and could do nothing; and that as no man would be so desperate as to attempt to wade off with a rope, and establish a communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try; when I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach, and saw them part, and Ham come breaking through them to the front. I ran to him—as well as I know, to repeat my appeal for help. But, distracted though I was, by a sight so new to me and terrible, the determination in his face, and his look out to sea—exactly the same look as I remembered in connection with the morning after Emily's flight—awoke me to a knowledge of his danger. I held him back with both arms, and implored the men with whom I had been speaking not to listen to him, not to do murder, not to let him stir from off that sand. Another cry arose on shore, and looking to the wreck, we saw the cruel sail, with blow on blow, beat off the lower of the two men, and fly up in triumph round the active figure left alone upon the mast. Against such a sight and against such determination as that of the calmly desperate man, who was already accustomed to lead half the people present, I might as hopefully have entreated the wind. "Mas'r Davy," he said, cheerily grasping me by both hands, "if my time is come, 'tis come. If 't an't, I'll bide it. Lord above bless you, and bless all! Mates, make me ready! I'm a-going off!"

I was swept away, but not unkindly, to some distance, where the people around me made me stay, urging, as I confusedly perceived, that he was bent on going, with help or without, and that I should endanger the precautions for his safety, by troubling those with whom they rested. I don't know what I answered, or what they rejoined; but I saw hurry on the beach, and men running with ropes from a capstan that was there, and penetrating into a circle of figures that hid him from me. Then I saw him standing alone, in a seaman's frock and trousers, a rope in his hand, or slung to his wrist, another round his body, and several of the best men holding at a little distance to the latter, which he laid out himself slack upon the shore, at his feet. The wreck, even to my unpractised eye, was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle, and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread. Still he clung to it. He had a singular red cap on, not like a sailor's cap, but of a finer colour; and, as the few yielding planks between him and destruction rolled and bulged, and his anticipative death-knell rung, he was seen by all of us to wave it. I saw him do it now, and thought I was going distracted, when his action brought an old remembrance to my mind of a once dear friend. Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him, and the storm before, until there was a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who held the rope which was made fast round his body, he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water; rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam, then drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily. He was hurt. I saw blood on his face from where I stood; but he took no thought of that. He seemed hurriedly to give them some directions for leaving him more free—or so I judged from the motion of his arm—and was gone as before. And now he made for the wreck, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged foam, borne in towards the shore, borne on towards the ship, striving hard and

valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly. At length he neared the wreck. He was so near, that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it,—when, a high, green, vast hill-side of water, moving on shoreward, from beyond the ship, he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone! Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the spot where they were hauling in. Consternation was in every face. They drew him to my very feet—insensible—dead. He was carried to the nearest house; and no one preventing me now, I remained near him, busy, while every means of restoration were tried; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled for ever. As I sat beside the bed, when hope was abandoned and all was done, a fisherman, who had known me when Emily and I were children, and ever since, whispered my name at the door. "Sir," said he, with tears starting to his weather-beaten face, which, with his trembling lips, was ashy pale, "will you come over yonder?" The old remembrance that had been recalled to me, was in his look. I asked him terror-stricken, leaning on the arm he held out to support me:

"Has a body come ashore?"

He said, "Yes."

"Do I know it?" I asked then.

He answered nothing. But he led me to the shore. And on that part of it where she and I had looked for shells, two children—on that part of it where some lighter fragments of the old boat, blown down last night, had been scattered by the wind—among the ruins of the home he had wronged—I saw him lying with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him lie at school. . . . No need, O Steerforth, to have said, when we last spoke together, in that hour which I so little deemed to be our parting hour; no need to have said, "Think of me at my best!" I had done that ever; and could I change now, looking on this sight! . . . The windows of the chamber where

From Painting in National Portrait Gallery.] [*Photo by Emery Walker.*

William Makepeace Thackeray.

he lay, I darkened last. I lifted up the leaden hand, and held it to my heart; and all the world seemed death and silence, broken only by his mother's moaning.

From *David Copperfield.*

William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-1863) was born in Calcutta, where his father was in the Civil Service of the East India Company. Like all Anglo-Indian children, he was sent home to be educated.

Thackeray was sent to Charterhouse—the school of Addison and Steele—and, in 1829, he went to Cambridge. He remained there only one year, and then visited Weimar and Paris. At the former place he saw the great Goethe, and in the latter he studied as an artist. Returning to England, he lost his entire fortune in newspaper speculations, and betook himself for a living to writing for the daily papers and for the magazines.

At this time Thackeray, as "Michael Angelo Titmarsh," wrote for *Frazer's Magazine* a series of sketches—*Memoirs of Jeames Yellowplush,* the *History of the Great Hoggarty Diamond,* and the *Memoirs of Barry Lyndon.* He joined the staff of *Punch,* to which he contributed the *Snob Papers* and many sketches and verses during his ten years' connection with it.

The publication, in 1846, of *Vanity Fair,* "a novel without a hero," placed him in the front rank as a master of fiction. It was a wonderful mingling of satire and insight, and the character of Becky Sharp is one of the fine creations of English genius. *Pendennis* followed in 1850; and *Esmond,* a tale of the time of Queen Anne, and the most highly finished of all Thackeray's novels, two years later. The story of his own early struggles, as an author, is told in the experiences of Arthur Pendennis and Clive Newcome.

Thackeray died suddenly on Christmas Eve, 1863, and a touching tribute of praise was written by his compeer, Charles Dickens.

Thackeray and Dickens stand in marked contrast both in their aims and in their methods as writers of fiction. Dickens described life as lived by the lower and middle classes; Thackeray describes the life of the upper classes. Dickens shows the "soul of goodness" that exists among those of the

lowest ranks, while Thackeray's aim was to show the evil that may exist in the highest. Dickens first drew up his plot and then worked in his characters and incidents. To Thackeray the plot was of small importance; the realising of character was everything.

Belgium's Capital and Waterloo

Though midnight was long past, there was no rest for the city: the people were up, the lights in the houses flamed, crowds were still about the doors, and the streets were busy. Rumours of various natures went still from mouth to mouth: one report averred that the Prussians had been utterly defeated; another, that it was the English who had been attacked and conquered; a third, that the latter had held their ground.

This last rumour gradually got strength. No Frenchmen had made their appearance. Stragglers had come in from the army bringing reports more and more favourable: at last an aide-de-camp actually reached Brussels with dispatches for the Commandant of the place, who placarded presently through the town an official announcement of the success of the allies at Quatre Bras, and the entire repulse of the French under Ney after a six hours' battle. The aide-de-camp must have arrived some time while Jos and Rebecca were making their bargain together, or the latter was inspecting his purchase. When he reached his own hotel, he found a score of its numerous inhabitants on the threshold discoursing of the news; there was no doubt as to its truth. And he went up to communicate it to the ladies under his charge. He did not think it was necessary to tell them how he had intended to take leave of them, how he had bought horses, and what a price he had paid for them.

But success or defeat was a minor matter to them, who had only thought for the safety of those they loved. Amelia, at the news of the victory, became still more agitated even than before. She was for going that moment to the army. She besought her brother with

tears to conduct her thither. Her doubts and terrors had reached their paroxysm; and the poor girl, who for many hours had been plunged into stupor, raved and ran hither and thither in hysteric insanity—a piteous sight. No man writhing in pain on the hard-fought field fifteen miles off, where lay, after their struggles, so many of the brave—no man suffered more keenly than this poor harmless victim of the war. Jos could not bear the sight of her pain. He left his sister in the charge of her stouter female companion, and descended once more to the threshold of the hotel, where everybody still lingered, and talked, and waited for more news.

It grew to be broad daylight as they stood here, and fresh news began to arrive from the war, brought by men who had been actors in the scene. Waggons and long country carts laden with wounded came rolling into the town; ghastly groans came from within them, and haggard faces looked up sadly from out of the straw. Jos Sedley was looking at one of these carriages with a painful curiosity—the moans of the people within were frightful—the wearied horses could hardly pull the cart. "Stop! Stop!" a feeble voice cried from the straw, and the carriage stopped opposite Mr Sedley's hotel.

"It is George, I know it is!" cried Amelia, rushing in a moment to the balcony, with a pallid face and loose flowing hair. It was not George, however, but it was the next best thing: it was news of him. It was poor Tom Stubble, who had marched out of Brussels so gallantly twenty-four hours before, bearing the colours of the regiment, which he had defended very gallantly upon the field. A French lancer had speared the young Ensign in the leg, who fell, still bravely holding to his flag. At the conclusion of the engagement, a place had been found for the poor boy in a cart, and he had been brought back to Brussels.

"Mr Sedley, Mr Sedley!" cried the boy faintly, and Jos came up almost frightened at the appeal. He had not at first distinguished who it was that called him.

Little Tom Stubble held out his hot and feeble hand. "I'm to be taken in here," he said. "Osborne—and—and Dobbin said I was; and you are to give the man two Napoleons: my mother will pay you." This young fellow's thoughts during the long feverish hours passed in the cart, had been wandering to his father's parsonage, which he had quitted only a few months before, and he had sometimes forgotten his pain in that delirium.

The hotel was large, and the people kind, and all the inmates of the cart were taken in and placed on various couches. The young Ensign was conveyed upstairs to Osborne's quarters. Amelia and the Major's wife had rushed down to him, when the latter had recognised him from the balcony. You may fancy the feelings of these women when they were told that the day was over, and both their husbands were safe; in what mute rapture Amelia fell on her good friend's neck, and embraced her; in what grateful passion of prayer she fell on her knees, and thanked the Power which had saved her husband.

Our young lady, in her fevered and nervous condition, could have no more salutary medicine prescribed for her by any physician than that which chance put in her way. She and Mrs O'Dowd watched incessantly by the wounded lad, whose pains were very severe, and in the duty thus forced upon her, Amelia had not time to brood over her personal anxieties, or to give herself up to her own fears and forebodings after her wont. The young patient told in his simple fashion the events of the day, and the actions of our friends of the gallant —th. They had suffered severely. They had lost very many officers and men. The Major's horse had been shot under him as the regiment charged, and they all thought that O'Dowd was gone, and that Dobbin had got his majority, until on their return from the charge to their old ground, the Major was discovered seated on Pyramus's carcase, refreshing himself from a case-bottle. It was Captain Osborne that cut down the French lancer who had speared the Ensign. Amelia turned

so pale at the notion, that Mrs O'Dowd stopped the young Ensign in his story. And it was Captain Dobbin who at the end of the day, though wounded himself, took up the lad in his arms and carried him to the surgeon, and thence to the cart which was to bring him back to Brussels. And it was he who promised the driver two louis if he would make his way to Mr Sedley's hotel in the city; and tell Mrs Captain Osborne that the action was over, and that her husband was unhurt and well.

"Indeed, but he has a good heart that William Dobbin," Mrs O'Dowd said, "though he is always laughing at me."

Young Stubble vowed there was not such another officer in the army, and never ceased his praises of the senior captain, his modesty, his kindness, and his admirable coolness in the field. To these parts of the conversation Amelia lent a very distracted attention: it was only when George was spoken of that she listened, and when he was not mentioned she thought about him.

In tending her patient, and in thinking of the wonderful escapes of the day before, her second day passed away not too slowly with Amelia. There was only one man in the army for her: and as long as he was well, it must be owned that its movements interested her little. All the reports which Jos brought from the streets fell very vaguely on her ears; though they were sufficient to give that timorous gentleman, and many other people then in Brussels, every disquiet. The French had been repulsed certainly, but it was after a severe and doubtful struggle, and with only a division of the French army. The Emperor, with the main body, was away at Ligny, where he had utterly annihilated the Prussians, and was now free to bring his whole force to bear upon the allies. The Duke of Wellington was retreating upon the capital, and a great battle must be fought under its walls probably, of which the chances were more than doubtful. The Duke of Wellington had but twenty thousand British troops on whom he could

rely, for the Germans were raw militia, the Belgians disaffected; and with this handful his Grace had to resist a hundred and fifty thousand men that had broken into Belgium under Napoleon. Under Napoleon! What warrior was there, however famous and skilful, that could fight at odds with him?

Jos thought of all these things, and trembled. So did all the rest of Brussels—where people felt that the fight of the day before was but the prelude to the greater combat which was imminent. One of the armies opposed to the Emperor was scattered to the winds already. The few English that could be brought to resist him would perish at their posts, and the conqueror would pass over their bodies into the city. Woe be to those whom he found there! Addresses were prepared, public functionaries assembled and debated secretly, apartments were got ready, and tricoloured banners and triumphal emblems manufactured, to welcome the arrival of His Majesty the Emperor and King. The emigration still continued, and wherever families could find means of departure, they fled.

The next day was a Sunday. And Mrs Major O'Dowd had the satisfaction of seeing both her patients refreshed in health and spirits by some rest which they had taken during the night. She herself had slept on a great chair in Amelia's room, ready to wait upon her poor friend or the Ensign, should either need her nursing. When morning came, this robust woman went back to the house where she and her Major had their billet; and here performed an elaborate and splendid toilette, befitting the day. And it is very possible that whilst alone in that chamber, which her husband had inhabited, and where his cap still lay on the pillow, and his cane stood in the corner, one prayer at least was sent up to Heaven for the welfare of the brave soldier, Michael O'Dowd.

When she returned she brought her prayer-book with her, and her uncle the Dean's famous book of sermons, out of which she never failed to read every Sabbath; not understanding all, haply, not pronouncing many of the

words aright, which were long and abstruse—for the Dean was a learned man, and loved long Latin words—but with great gravity, vast emphasis, and with tolerable correctness in the main. How often has my Mick listened to these sermons, she thought, and me reading in the cabin of a calm! She proposed to resume this exercise on the present day, with Amelia and the wounded Ensign for a congregation. The same service was read on that day in twenty thousand churches at the same hour; and millions of British men and women, on their knees, implored protection of the Father of all.

They did not hear the noise which disturbed our little congregation at Brussels. Much louder than that which had interrupted them two days previously, as Mrs O'Dowd was reading the service in her best voice, the cannon of Waterloo began to roar.

When Jos heard that dreadful sound, he made up his mind that he would bear this perpetual recurrence of terrors no longer, and would fly at once. He rushed into the sick man's room, where our three friends had paused in their prayers, and further interrupted them by a passionate appeal to Amelia.

"I can't stand it any more, Emmy," he said; "I won't stand it; and you must come with me. I have bought a horse for you—never mind at what price—and you must dress and come with me, and ride behind Isidor."

"God forgive me, Mr Sedley, but you are no better than a coward," Mrs O'Dowd said, laying down the book.

"I say come, Amelia," the civilian went on; "never mind what she says; why are we to stop here and be butchered by the Frenchmen?"

"Without my husband, Joseph?" Amelia said, with a look of wonder, and gave her hand to the Major's wife. Jos's patience was exhausted.

"Good-bye, then," he said, shaking his fist in a rage, and slamming the door by which he retreated.

All that day, from morning until past sunset, the cannon never ceased to roar. It was dark when the cannonading stopped all of a sudden.

All of us have read of what occurred during that interval. The tale is in every Englishman's mouth: and you and I, who were children when the great battle was won and lost, are never tired of hearing and recounting the history of that famous action. Its remembrance rankles still in the bosoms of millions of the countrymen of those brave men who lost the day. They pant for an opportunity of revenging that humiliation; and if a contest, ending in a victory on their part, should ensue, elating them in their turn, and leaving its cursed legacy of hatred and rage behind to us, there is no end to the so-called glory and shame, and to the alternations of successful and unsuccessful murder, in which two high-spirited nations might engage. Centuries hence, we Frenchmen and Englishmen might be boasting and killing each other still, carrying out bravely the Devil's code of honour.

All our friends took their share and fought like men in the great field. All day long, whilst the women were praying ten miles away, the lines of the dauntless English infantry were receiving and repelling the furious charges of the French horsemen. Guns which were heard at Brussels were ploughing up their ranks, and comrades falling, and the resolute survivors closing in. Towards evening, the attack of the French, repeated and resisted so bravely, slackened in its fury. They had other foes besides the British to engage, or were preparing for a final onset. It came at last: the columns of the Imperial Guard marched up the hill of Saint Jean, at length and at once to sweep the English from the height which they had maintained all day, and spite of all: unscared by the thunder of the artillery, which hurled death from the English line—the dark rolling column pressed on and up the hill. It seemed almost to crest the eminence, when it began to wave and falter. Then it stopped, still facing the shot. Then at last the English troops rushed from the post from which no enemy had been able to dislodge them, and the Guard turned and fled.

No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit

rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city; and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart.

From *Vanity Fair.*

The Sisters Brontë.—The three sisters, Charlotte, Emily Jane, and Anne Brontë, all won a place in literature. Their father was an Irishman who was settled as a clergyman at Haworth, on the wild moors of the West Riding of Yorkshire. The family was poor, their brother clouded their lives by dissipation, and their best work was hindered by ill health.

The three sisters had early loved to write as well as to read, and, in 1846, a small volume of *Poems* by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell was published.

Each sister next had a story ready, and Emily's *Wuthering Heights* and Anne's *Agnes Grey* were accepted "on terms somewhat impoverishing to the two authors." Charlotte's *The Professor* was rejected by one publisher after another, and ten years passed before it was published. Meantime she wrote *Jane Eyre,* which appeared in 1847—a book which is one of the epoch-making works of fiction of the nineteenth century. This was followed by *Shirley, Villette,* and by *The Professor,* which was posthumously published. Charlotte Brontë is "one of the half-dozen or so of great English novelists of the past century."

A Night Adventure

Having crossed the marsh, I saw a trace of white over the moor. I approached it; it was a road or a track: it led straight up to the light, which now beamed from a sort of knoll, amidst a clump of trees—firs, apparently, from what I could distinguish of the character of their forms and foliage through the gloom. My star vanished as I drew near: some obstacle had intervened between me and it. I put out my hand to feel the dark mass before me: I discriminated the rough stones of a low wall—above it, something like palisades, and within, a high and prickly hedge. I groped on. Again a whitish object gleamed before me: it was a gate—a

wicket: it moved on its hinges as I touched it. On each side stood a sable bush—holly or yew.

Entering the gate and passing the shrubs, the silhouette of a house rose to view; black, low, and rather long; but the guiding light shone nowhere. All was obscurity. Were the inmates retired to rest? I feared it must be so. In seeking the door, I turned an angle: there shot out the friendly gleam again, from the lozenged panes of a very small latticed window, within a foot of the ground: made still smaller by the growth of ivy or some other creeping plant, whose leaves clustered thick over the portion of the house wall in which it was set. The aperture was so screened and narrow, that curtain or shutter had been deemed unnecessary; and when I stooped down and put aside the spray of foliage shooting over it, I could see all within. I could see clearly a room with a sanded floor, clean scoured; a dresser of walnut, with pewter plates ranged in rows, reflecting the redness and radiance of a glowing peat-fire. I could see a clock, a white deal table, some chairs. The candle, whose ray had been my beacon, burnt on the table; and by its light an elderly woman, somewhat rough-looking, but scrupulously clean, like all about her, was knitting a stocking.

I noticed these objects cursorily only—in them there was nothing extraordinary. A group of more interest appeared near the hearth, sitting still amidst the rosy peace and warmth suffusing it. Two young, graceful women—ladies in every point—sat, one on a low rocking-chair, the other on a lower stool; both wore deep mourning of crape and bombazeen, which sombre garb singularly set off very fair necks and faces; a large old pointer dog rested its massive head on the knee of one girl—in the lap of the other was cushioned a black cat.

A strange place was this humble kitchen for such occupants! Who were they? They could not be the daughters of the elderly person at the table; for she looked like a rustic, and they were all delicacy and cultivation. I had nowhere seen such faces as theirs;

and yet, as I gazed on them, I seemed intimate with every lineament. I cannot call them handsome—they were too pale and grave for the word: as they each bent over a book, they looked thoughtful almost to severity. A stand between them supported a second candle and two great volumes, to which they frequently referred; comparing them seemingly with the smaller books they held in their hands, like people consulting a dictionary to aid them in the task of translation. This scene was as silent as if all the figures had been shadows, and the fire-lit apartment a picture; so hushed was it, I could hear the cinders fall from the grate, the clock tick in its obscure corner; and I even fancied I could distinguish the click-click of the woman's knitting-needles.

"Ye'll want your supper, I am sure," observed Hannah; "and so will Mr St John when he comes in."

And she proceeded to prepare the meal. The ladies rose; they seemed about to withdraw to the parlour. Till this moment I had been so intent on watching them, their appearance and conversation had excited in me so keen an interest, I had half-forgotten my own wretched position: now it recurred to me. More desolate, more desperate than ever, it seemed from contrast. And how impossible did it appear to touch the inmates of this house with concern on my behalf; to make them believe in the truth of my wants and woes—to induce them to vouchsafe a rest for my wanderings! As I groped out the door and knocked at it hesitatingly, I felt that last idea to be a mere chimera. Hannah opened.

"What do you want?" she inquired, in a voice of surprise, as she surveyed me by the light of the candle she held.

"May I speak to your mistresses?" I said.

"You had better tell me what you have to say to them. Where do you come from?"

"I am a stranger."

"What is your business here at this hour?"

"I want a night's shelter in an outhouse, or anywhere, and a morsel of bread to eat."

Distrust, the very feeling I dreaded, appeared in Hannah's face. "I'll give you a piece of bread," she said, after a pause; "but we can't take in a vagrant to lodge. It isn't likely."

"Do let me speak to your mistresses."

"No; not I. What can they do for you? You should not be roving about now; it looks very ill."

"But where shall I go if you drive me away? What shall I do?"

"Oh, I'll warrant you know where to go, and what to do. Mind you don't do wrong, that's all. Here is a penny; now go"——

"A penny cannot feed me, and I have no strength to go farther. Don't shut the door—oh, don't, for God's sake!"

"I must; the rain is driving in"——

"Tell the young ladies. Let me see them."

"Indeed, I will not. You are not what you ought to be, or you wouldn't make such a noise. Move off."

"But I must die if I am turned away."

"Not you. I'm fear'd you have some ill plans agate, that brings you about folk's houses at this time o' night. If you've any followers—housebreakers or such like—anywhere near, you may tell them we are not by ourselves in the house; we have a gentleman, and dogs, and guns." Here the honest but inflexible servant clapped the door to and bolted it within.

This was the climax. A pang of exquisite suffering—a throe of true despair—rent and heaved my heart. Worn out, indeed, I was; not another step could I stir. I sank on the wet door-step: I groaned, I wrung my hands, I wept in utter anguish. Oh, this spectre of death! Oh, this last hour, approaching in such horror! Alas, this isolation, this banishment from my kind! Not only the anchor of home, but the footing of fortitude was gone—at least for a moment: but the last I soon endeavoured to regain.

"I can but die," I said; "and I believe in God. Let me try to wait His will in silence."

These words I not only thought, but uttered; and thrusting back all my misery into my heart, I made an effort to compel it to remain there, dumb and still.

"All men must die," said a voice quite close at hand; "but all are not condemned to meet a lingering and premature doom, such as yours would be if you perished here of want."

"Who or what speaks?" I asked, terrified at the unexpected sound, and incapable now of deriving from any occurrence a hope of aid. A form was near—what form, the pitch-dark night and my enfeebled vision prevented me from distinguishing. With a loud, long knock, the new comer appealed to the door.

"Is it you, Mr St John?" cried Hannah.

"Yes,—yes; open quickly."

"Well, how wet and cold you must be, such a wild night as it is! Come in; your sisters are quite uneasy about you, and I believe there are bad folks about. There has been a beggar-woman—I declare she is not gone yet!—laid down there. Get up! for shame! Move off, I say!"

"Hush, Hannah! I have a word to say to the woman. You have done your duty in excluding, now let me do mine in admitting her. I was near, and listened to both you and her. I think this is a peculiar case—I must at least examine into it. Young woman, rise, and pass before me into the house."

With difficulty I obeyed him. Presently I stood within that clean, bright kitchen—on the very hearth, trembling, sickening; conscious of an aspect in the last degree ghastly, wild, and weather-beaten. The two ladies, their brother Mr St John, the old servant, were all gazing at me.

"St John, who is it?" I heard one ask.

"I cannot tell: I found her at the door," was the reply.

"She does look white," said Hannah.

"As white as clay or death," was responded. "She will fall: let her sit."

And indeed my head swam: I dropped; but a chair

received me. I still possessed my senses, though just now I could not speak.

"Perhaps a little water would restore her. Hannah, fetch some. But she is worn to nothing. How very thin, and how very bloodless!"

"A mere spectre!"

"Is she ill, or only famished?"

"Famished, I think. Hannah, is that milk? Give it me, and a piece of bread."

Diana (I knew her by the long curls which I saw drooping between me and the fire as she bent over me) broke some bread, dipped it in milk, and put it to my lips. Her face was near mine: I saw there was pity in it, and I felt sympathy in her hurried breathing. In her simple words, too, the same balm-like emotion spoke: "Try to eat."

"Yes—try," repeated Mary, gently; and Mary's hand removed my sodden bonnet and lifted my head. I tasted what they offered me: feebly at first, eagerly soon.

"Not too much at first—restrain her," said the brother; "she has had enough." And he withdrew the cup of milk and the plate of bread.

"A little more, St John—look at the avidity in her eyes."

"No more at present, sister. Try if she can speak now—ask her her name."

I felt I could speak, and I answered—"My name is Jane Elliot." Anxious as ever to avoid discovery, I had before resolved to assume an *alias*.

"And where do you live? Where are your friends?"

I was silent.

"Can we send for any one you know?"

I shook my head.

"What account can you give of yourself?"

Somehow, now that I had once crossed the threshold of this house, and once was brought face to face with its owners I felt no longer outcast, vagrant, and disowned by the wide world. I dared to put off the mendicant, to resume my natural manner and character. I began once

more to know myself; and when Mr St John demanded an account—which at present I was far too weak to render—I said, after a brief pause—

"Sir, I can give you no details to-night."

"But what, then," said he, "do you expect me to do for you?"

"Nothing," I replied. My strength sufficed for but short answers. Diana took the word:—

"Do you mean," she asked, "that we have now given you what aid you require, and that we may dismiss you to the moor and the rainy night?"

I looked at her. She had, I thought, a remarkable countenance; instinct both with power and goodness. I took sudden courage. Answering her compassionate gaze with a smile, I said: "I will trust you. If I were a masterless and stray dog, I know that you would not turn me from your hearth to-night: as it is, I really have no fear. Do with me and for me as you like; but excuse me from much discourse—my breath is short—I feel a spasm when I speak." All three surveyed me, and all three were silent.

"Hannah," said Mr St John, at last, "let her sit there at present, and ask her no questions; in ten minutes more give her the remainder of that milk and bread. Mary and Diana, let us go into the parlour and talk the matter over."

They withdrew. Very soon one of the ladies returned —I could not tell which. A kind of pleasant stupor was stealing over me as I sat by the genial fire. In an undertone she gave some directions to Hannah. Erelong, with the servant's aid, I contrived to mount a staircase; my dripping clothes were removed; soon a warm, dry bed received me. I thanked God — experienced amidst unutterable exhaustion a glow of grateful joy—and slept.

From *Jane Eyre.*

Charles Kingsley (1819-1875) was born at the vicarage of Holne, on the edge of Dartmoor, in Devonshire. Educated at King's College, London, and at Cambridge, he

was appointed, first curate and then rector of Eversley, a living which he held for the rest of his life. He also held the posts of Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, of a Canon at Chester, and, later, at Westminster.

As a writer, he began with verse, and "of all men who have written so little verse during as long a life in our time, Kingsley is probably the best poet." His masterpiece in prose is the great Elizabethan novel of *Westward Ho!* and the best of his other novels are *Alton Locke, Yeast, Hypatia, Two Years Ago,* and *Hereward the Wake.* His powers appear at the very best in the delightful story-satire, *The Water Babies.*

Kingsley's lyrics, *The Three Fishers, The Sands of Dee,* and *Ode to the North-East Wind,* are among the most widely known in the language.

How Hereward Slew the Bear

The chroniclers only say that Hereward was in those days beyond Northumberland with Gilbert of Ghent.

Gilbert of Ghent, who afterwards owned, by chance of war, many a fair manor in Lincolnshire and elsewhere, was one of those valiant Flemings who settled along the east and north-east coast of Scotland in the eleventh century. They fought with the Celtic Maolmors, and then married with their daughters; got to themselves lands by the title-deed of the sword; and so became—the famous Freskin the Fleming especially—the ancestors of the finest aristocracy, both physically and intellectually, in the world. Their friendship was sought, their enmity feared, far and wide throughout the north. They seem to have been, with the instinct of true Flemings, civilisers, and cultivators, and traders, as well as conquerors; they were in those very days bringing to order and tillage the rich lands of the north-east, from the Firth of Moray to that of Forth; and forming a rampart for Scotland against the invasions of Sweyn, Hardraade, and all the wild Vikings of the northern seas.

Gilbert heard that Hereward was outlawed, and sent for him, says the story, having, it would seem, some

connection with his father. And there he lived, doubtless happily enough, fighting Celts and hunting deer, so that as yet the pains and penalties of exile did not press very hardly upon him. The handsome, petulant, good-humoured lad had become in a few weeks the darling of Gilbert's ladies, and the envy of all his knights and gentlemen. Hereward the singer, harp-player, dancer, Hereward the rider and hunter, was in all mouths: but he himself was discontented at having as yet fallen in with no adventure worthy of a man; and he looked curiously and longingly at the menagerie of wild beasts enclosed in strong wooden cages, which Gilbert kept in one corner of the great courtyard, not for any scientific purposes, but to try with them, at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, the mettle of the young gentlemen who were candidates for the honour of knighthood. But after looking over the bulls and stags, wolves and bears, Hereward settled it in his mind that there was none worthy of his steel, save one huge white bear, whom no man had yet dared to face, and whom Hereward, indeed, had never seen, hidden as he was all day within the old oven-shaped Pict's house of stone, which had been turned into his den. There was a mystery about the uncanny brute which charmed Hereward. He was said to be half-human. He had iron claws; he had human intellect, and understood human speech, and the arts of war—at least so all in the place believed, and not as absurdly as at first sight seems.

Terrible was the brown bear: but more terrible "the white sea-deer," as the Saxons called him; the hound of Hrymir, the whale's bane, the seal's dread, the rider of the iceberg, the sailor of the floe. To slay him was a feat worthy of Beowulf's self; and the greatest wonder, perhaps, among all the wealth of Crowland, was the twelve white bear-skins which lay before the altars, the gift of the great Canute. How Gilbert had obtained his white bear, and why be kept him there in durance vile, was a mystery over which men shook their heads. Again and again Hereward asked his host to let him try his

strength against the monster of the North. Again and again the shrieks of the ladies, and Gilbert's own pity for the stripling youth, brought a refusal. But Hereward settled it in his heart, nevertheless, that somehow or other, when Christmas time came round, he would extract from Gilbert, drunk or sober, leave to fight that bear; and then either make himself a name, or die like a man.

Meanwhile Hereward made a friend. Among all the ladies of Gilbert's household, however kind they were inclined to be to him, he took a fancy only to one—a little girl of ten years old. Alftruda was her name. Alftruda was beautiful, exceedingly, and precocious and, it may be, vain enough to repay his attentions in good earnest. Moreover she was English, as he was, and royal likewise; a relation of Elfgiva, daughter of Ethelred, once King of England. Between the English lad, then, and the English maiden grew up in a few weeks an innocent friendship, which had almost become more than friendship, through the intervention of the Fairy Bear.

For as Hereward was coming in one afternoon from hunting, hawk on fist, with Martin Lightfoot trotting behind, crane and heron, duck and hare, slung over his shoulder, on reaching the courtyard gates he was aware of screams and shouts within, tumult and terror among man and beast. Hereward tried to force his horse in at the gate. The beast stopped and turned, snorting with fear; and no wonder; for in the midst of the courtyard stood the Fairy Bear; his white mane bristled up till he seemed twice as big as any of the sober brown bears which Hereward yet had seen: his long snake neck and cruel visage wreathing about in search of prey. A dead horse, its back broken by a single blow of the paw, and two or three writhing dogs, showed that the beast had turned (like too many of his human kindred in those days) "Berserker." The courtyard was utterly empty: but from the ladies' bower came shrieks and shouts, not only of women but of men; and knocking at the bower

door, adding her screams to those inside, was a little white figure, which Hereward recognised as Alftruda's. They had barricaded themselves inside, leaving the child out; and now dared not open the door, as the bear swung and rolled towards it, looking savagely right and left for a fresh victim.

Hereward leaped from his horse, and drawing his sword, rushed forward with a shout which made the bear turn round.

He looked once back at the child; then round again at Hereward: and making up his mind to take the largest morsel first, made straight at him with a growl which there was no mistaking.

He was within two paces; then he rose on his hind legs, a head and shoulders taller than Hereward, and lifted the iron talons high in air. Hereward knew that there was but one spot at which to strike; and he struck true and strong, before the iron paw could fall, right on the muzzle of the monster.

He heard the dull crash of the steel; he felt the sword jammed tight. He shut his eyes for an instant, fearing lest, as in dreams, his blow had come to nought; lest his sword had turned aside, or melted like water in his hand, and the next moment would find him crushed to earth, blinded and stunned. Something tugged at his sword. He opened his eyes, and saw the huge carcass bend, reel, roll slowly over to one side, dead, tearing out of his hand the sword, which was firmly fixed into the skull.

Hereward stood a while staring at the beast like a man astonished at what he himself had done. He had had his first adventure, and he had conquered. He was now a champion in his own right—a hero of the heroes—one who might take rank, if he went on, beside Beowulf, or Harold Hardraade. He had done this deed. What was there after this which he might not do? And he stood there in the fulness of his pride, defiant of earth and heaven. There he stood, staring, and dreaming over renown to come, a true pattern of

the half-savage hero of those rough times, capable of all vices except cowardice, and capable, too, of all virtues save humility.

"Do you not see," said Martin Lightfoot's voice close by, "that there is a fair lady trying to thank you, while you are so rude or so proud that you will not vouchsafe her one look?"

It was true. Little Alftruda had been clinging to him for five minutes past. He took the child up in his arms and kissed her with pure kisses, which for a moment softened his hard heart; then setting her down, he turned to Martin.

"I have done it, Martin."

"Yes, you have done it; I spied you. What will the old folks at home say to this?"

"What care I?"

Martin Lightfoot shook his head, and drew out his knife.

"What is that for?" said Hereward.

"When the master kills the game, the knave can but skin it. We may sleep warm under this fur in many a cold night by sea and moor."

The door of the bower was opened cautiously; and out looked, to the shame of knighthood be it said, two or three knights who had taken shelter in the bower with the ladies. Whatever they were going to say the ladies forestalled, for, rushing out across the prostrate bear, they overwhelmed Hereward with praises, thanks, and, after the straightforward custom of those days, with substantial kisses.

"You must be knighted at once," cried they. "You have knighted yourself by that single blow."

"He must be knighted—he shall be knighted, as soon as Sir Gilbert comes home," said all the ladies in chorus.

"I should be sorry to think," said Hereward, with the blundering mock humility of a self-conceited boy, "that I had done anything worthy of such an honour. I hope to win my spurs by greater feats than these."

A burst of laughter from the knights and gentlemen followed.

"How loud the young cockerel crows after his first scuffle!"

"Hark to him! What will he do next? Eat a dragon? Fly to the moon? Marry the Sophy of Egypt's daughter?"

The last touched Hereward to the quick, for it was just what he thought of doing; and his blood, heated enough already, beat quicker, as some one cried, with the evident intent of picking a quarrel:

"That was meant for us. If the man who killed the bear has not deserved knighthood, what must we have deserved, who have not killed him? You understand his meaning, gentlemen—do not forget it!"

Hereward looked down, and setting his foot on the bear's head, wrenched out of it the sword, which he had left till now, with pardonable pride, fast set in the skull.

Martin Lightfoot, for his part, drew stealthily from his bosom the little magic axe he always carried, keeping his eye on the brain-pan of the last speaker.

The lady of the house cried "Shame!" and ordered the knights away with haughty words and gestures, which, because they were so well deserved, only made the quarrel more deadly.

Then she commanded Hereward to sheath his sword.

He did so; and, turning to the knights, said with all courtesy, "You mistake me, sirs. You were where brave knights should be, within the beleaguered fortress, defending the ladies. Had you remained outside, and been eaten by the bear, what must have befallen them, had he burst open the door? As for this little lass, whom you left outside, she is too young to requite knight's prowess by lady's love; and therefore beneath your attention, and only fit for the care of a boy like me." And taking up Alftruda in his arms, he carried her in and disappeared.

Who now but Hereward was in all men's mouths? The minstrels made ballads on him; the lasses sang his

praises (says the chronicler) as they danced upon the green. Gilbert's lady would need give him the seat, and all the honours, of a belted knight, though knight he was none. And daily and weekly the valiant lad grew and hardened into a valiant man, and a courteous one withal, giving no offence himself, and not over ready to take offence at other men.

From *Hereward the Wake.*

Ode to the North-east Wind

Welcome, wild North-easter! shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr; ne'er a verse to thee.
Welcome, black North-easter! o'er the German foam!
O'er the Danish moorlands, from thy frozen home.
Tired we are of summer, tired of gaudy glare,
Showers soft and streaming, hot and breathless air.
Tired of listless dreaming, through the lazy day;
Jovial wind of winter, turn us out to play!
Sweep the golden reed-beds; crisp the lazy dyke;
Hunger into madness every plunging pike.
Fill the lake with wildfowl; fill the marsh with snipe;
While on dreary moorlands lonely curlew pipe.
Through the black fir-forest thunder harsh and dry,
Shattering down the snowflakes off the curdled sky.
Let the luscious South wind, breathe in lover's sighs,
While the lazy gallants bask in ladies' eyes.
What does he but soften heart alike and pen?
'Tis the hard gray weather breeds hard Englishmen.
What's the soft South-wester? 'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true-loves out of all the seas.
But the black North-easter, through the snow-storm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak seaward round the world.
Come, as came our fathers, heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward, lords by land and sea.
Come; and strong within us stir the Vikings' blood;
Bracing brain and sinew; blow, thou wind of God!

"George Eliot" (1819-1880).—This was the pen-name of the novelist who is perhaps best known as the author of *Adam Bede*. She was the daughter of a land-agent in Warwickshire, and her baptismal name was Mary Ann (or, as she preferred to write it, Marian) Evans. She was educated at various ladies' schools, and was taught German, Italian, and music by masters who came from Coventry.

In 1851, Miss Evans became assistant-editor of the *Westminster Review*, and was the centre of a literary circle of which the leading members were G. H. Lewes and Herbert Spencer. Her reputation as a writer of the foremost rank was made by the publication of *Adam Bede*, which met with marvellous success. *The Mill on the Floss*, *Silas Marner*, *Romola*, a historical romance, and *Felix Holt* followed in slow succession. Then came her first poem, *The Spanish Gypsy*, and after an interval of some time, *Middlemarch*, which some think a greater work than *Adam Bede*, and *Daniel Deronda*, which does not maintain the high level of her best work.

In 1880, Miss Evans married Mr John Cross, but their married life lasted for only a few months. "George Eliot" died in Chelsea, and was buried in Highgate Cemetery.

"George Eliot" ranks among the great English novelists as a writer of force and originality. Many of her studies of farm life and her pictures of ordinary people in her own Midland Counties are as realistic and convincing as anything we have in fiction.

Bartle Massey's Night-School

Bartle Massey's was one of a few scattered houses on the edge of a common which was divided by the road to Treddleston. Adam reached it in a quarter of an hour after leaving the Hall farm; and when he had his hand on the door latch he could see, through the curtainless window, that there were eight or nine heads bending over the desks, lighted by thin dips.

When he entered, a reading lesson was going forward, and Bartle Massey merely nodded, leaving him to take his place where he pleased. It was a scene which Adam had beheld almost weekly for years. He knew by heart every arabesque flourish in the framed specimen of Bartle

Massey's handwriting which hung over the schoolmaster's head, by way of keeping a lofty ideal before the minds of his pupils.

He knew the backs of all the books on the shelf running along the whitewashed wall above the pegs for the slates. He knew exactly how many grains were gone out of the ear of Indian corn that hung from one of the rafters. From the place where he sat, he could make nothing of the old map of England that hung against the opposite wall, for age had turned it to a fine yellow-brown.

The drama that was going on was almost as familiar as the scene. Nevertheless habit had not made him indifferent to it, and, even in his present self-absorbed mood, Adam felt a stirring of the old fellow-feeling as he looked at the rough men painfully holding pen or pencil with their cramped hands, or humbly labouring through their reading lesson.

The reading class now seated on the form in front of the schoolmaster's desk, consisted of the three most backward pupils. Adam would have known it only by seeing Bartle Massey's face as he looked over his spectacles, which he had shifted to the ridge of his nose, not requiring them for present purposes. The face wore its mildest expression; the grizzled, bushy eyebrows had taken their more acute angle of compassionate kindness, and the mouth was relaxed so as to be able to speak a hopeful word or syllable in a moment.

This gentle expression was the more interesting because the schoolmaster's nose, an irregular aquiline, twisted a little on one side, had rather a formidable character. His brow, moreover, had that peculiar tension which is a sign of a keen, impatient temperament; the blue veins stood out like cords under the transparent skin, and this brow was softened by no tendency to baldness, for the gray bristly hair, cut down to about an inch in length, stood round it in as close ranks as ever.

"Nay, Bill, nay," Bartle was saying in a kind tone, as he nodded to Adam, "begin that again, and then,

perhaps, it'll come to you what *d-r-y*, spells. It's the same lesson you read last week, you know."

"Bill" was a sturdy fellow, aged four-and-twenty, an excellent stone-sawyer, who could get as good wages as any man in the trade of his years; but he found a reading lesson in words of one syllable a harder matter to deal with than the hardest stone he had ever had to saw. The letters, he complained, were so "uncommon alike, there was no tellin' 'em one from another," the sawyer's business not being concerned with minute differences such as exist between a letter with its tail turned up and a letter with its tail turned down.

So here he was, pointing his big finger toward three words at once, and turning his head on one side that he might keep better hold with his eye of the one word which was to be discriminated out of the group. The amount of knowledge Bartle Massey must possess was something so dim and vast that Bill's imagination recoiled before it; he would hardly have ventured to deny that the schoolmaster might have something to do in bringing about the regular return of daylight and the changes in the weather.

The man seated next to Bill was of a very different type; he was a brickmaker, who, after spending thirty years of his life in perfect satisfaction with his ignorance, had lately been seized with a desire to read. But with him, too, learning was a heavy business, and on his way out to-night he had offered as usual a special prayer for help, seeing that he had undertaken this hard task with a single eye to the nourishment of his soul.

The third beginner was a much more promising pupil. He was a tall but thin and wiry man, with a very pale face, and hands stained a deep blue. He was a dyer, who, in the course of dipping homespun wool, was fired with the ambition to learn a great deal more about the strange secrets of colour.

He had already a high reputation in the district for his dyes, and he was bent on discovering some method by which he could reduce the expense of crimsons and

scarlets. The druggist at Treddleston had given him a notion that he might save himself a great deal of labour and expense if he could learn to read, and so he had begun to give his spare hours to the night-school.

It was touching to see these three big men, with the marks of their hard labour upon them, anxiously bending over the worn books, and painfully making out, "The grass is green," "The sticks are dry," "The corn is ripe"—a very hard lesson to pass to after columns of single words all alike except in the first letter. It was almost as if three rough animals were making humble efforts to learn how they might become human.

And it touched the tenderest fibre in Bartle Massey's nature, for such full-grown children as these were the only pupils for whom he had no severe epithets, and no impatient tones. He was not gifted with an even temper, and on music nights it was apparent that patience could never be an easy virtue to him. But this evening, as he glances over his spectacles at Bill Downes, the sawyer, who is turning his head on one side with a desperate sense of blankness before the letters, *d-r-y*, his eyes shed their mildest and most encouraging light.

After the reading class, two youths, between sixteen and nineteen, came up with imaginary bills of parcels, which they had been writing out on their slates, and were now required to calculate "off-hand"—a test which they stood with such imperfect success that Bartle Massey, whose eyes had been glaring at them threateningly through his spectacles for some minutes, at length burst out in a bitter high-pitched tone, pausing between his sentences to rap the floor with a knobbed stick which rested between his feet.

"Now, you see, you don't do this thing a bit better than you did a fortnight ago; and I'll tell you what's the reason. You want to learn accounts; that's well and good. But you think all you need do to learn accounts is to come to me and do sums for an hour or so, two or three times a week; and no sooner do you get your caps

on and turn out of doors again, than you sweep the whole thing clean out of your mind. You go whistling about, and take no more care what you're thinking of than if your heads were gutters for any rubbish that happened to be in the way, and if you get a good notion in 'em, it's pretty soon washed out again.

"You think knowledge is to be had cheap—you'll come and pay Bartle Massey sixpence a week, and he'll make you clever at figures without your taking any trouble. But knowledge isn't to be had by paying sixpence, let me tell you. If you're to know figures, you must turn 'em over in your own heads, and keep your thoughts on 'em. There's nothing you can't turn into a sum, for there's nothing but what has number in it—even a fool. You may say to yourselves, 'I'm one fool and Jack's another; if my fool's head weighed four pounds and Jack's three pounds three ounces and three-quarters, how much heavier would my head be than Jack's?'

"A man that has his heart in learning figures would make sums for himself and work 'em in his head. When he sat at his shoemaking, he'd count his stitches by fives, and then put a price on his stitches, say half a farthing, and then see how much money he could get in an hour; and then ask himself how much money he'd get in a day at that rate; and then how much ten workmen would get working three, or twenty, or a hundred years at that rate—and all the while his needle would be going just as fast as if he left his head empty.

"But the long and short of it is—I'll have nobody in my night-school that doesn't strive to learn what he came to learn, as hard as if he were striving to get out of a dark hole into broad daylight. I'll send no man away because he is stupid; if Billy Taft, the idiot, wanted to learn anything, I'd not refuse to teach him. But I'll not throw away good knowledge on people who think they can get it by the six-pennyworth, and carry it away with them as they would an ounce of snuff. So never come to me again, if you can't show that you have been working with your own heads, instead of thinking you can pay

mine to work for you. That's the last word I have to say to you."

With this final sentence, Bartle Massey gave a sharper rap than ever with his knobbed stick.

From *Adam Bede.*

The Choir Invisible

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars.
And with their mild persistence urge men's search
To vaster issues.
So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man. . . .
This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardour, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield (1804-1881), the son of Isaac Disraeli, author of *The Curiosities of Literature,* was born in London, and educated privately. He was "born in a library," he tells us, "and trained from early childhood among learned men who did not share the passions and the prejudices of our political and social life." His first novel, *Vivian Grey,* was published in 1826, and was

a brilliant success. It was followed in 1832 by *Contarini Fleming,* which had for its subject "the development and formation of the poetic character." But his best novels are, perhaps, those written to spread the ideas of the Young England party, of which he was leader—*Coningsby, Sybil,* and *Tancred.*

After a silence of twenty-two years, spent in strenuous political life, during which he became Prime Minister in 1868, and was made Earl of Beaconsfield in 1876, he published *Lothair* in 1870, and his last work, *Endymion,* appeared in 1880. All his works are marked by wit, fancy, keen insight, and, in his later works, the maturity and wisdom of a man of the world.

Bethany at Sunset

The sun had been declining for some hours, the glare of the earth had subsided, the fervour of the air was allayed. A caravan came winding round the hills, with many camels and persons in rich, bright Syrian dresses; a congregation that had assembled at the Church of the Ascension on Mount Olivet had broken up, and the side of the hill was studded with brilliant and picturesque groups; the standard of the Crescent floated on the Tower of David; there was the clang of Turkish music, and the governor of the city, with a numerous cavalcade, might be discerned on Mount Moriah, caracoling without the walls; a procession of women bearing classic vases on their heads, who had been fetching the waters of Siloah from the well of Job, came up the valley of Jehoshaphat, to wind their way to the gate of Stephen and enter Jerusalem by the street of Calvary.

Tancred came forth from the garden of Gethsemane; his face was flushed with the rapt stillness of pure ecstasy; hours had vanished during his passionate reverie, and he stared upon the declining sun.

"The path to the right leads to Bethany." The force of association brought back the last words that he had heard from a human voice. And can he sleep without seeing Bethany? He mounts the path. What

a landscape surrounds him as he moves! What need for nature to be fair in a scene like this, where not a spot is visible that is not heroic or sacred, consecrated or memorable; not a rock that is not the cave of prophets; not a valley that is not the valley of heaven-anointed kings; not a mountain that is not the mountain of God!

Before him is a living, a yet breathing and existing city, which Assyrian monarchs came down to besiege, which the chariots of Pharaohs encompassed, which Roman Emperors have personally assailed, for which Saladin and Cœur de Lion, the Desert and Christendom, Asia and Europe, struggled in rival chivalry; a city which Mahomet sighed to rule, and over which the Creator alike of Assyrian kings and Egyptian Pharaohs and Roman Cæsars, the Framer alike of the Desert and of Christendom, poured forth the full effusion of his divinely human sorrow.

What need of cascade and of cataract, the deep green turf, the foliage of the fairest trees, the impenetrable forest, the abounding river, mountains of glaciered crest, the voice of birds, the bounding forms of beauteous animals; all sights and sounds of material loveliness that might become the delicate ruins of some archaic theatre, or the lingering fanes of some forgotten faith. They would not be observed as the eye seized on Sion and Calvary, the gates of Bethlehem and Damascus, the hill of Titus, the Mosque of Mahomet, and the Tomb of Christ. The view of Jerusalem is the history of the world; it is more, it is the history of earth and of heaven.

The path winding round the southern side of the Mount of Olives at length brought Tancred in sight of a secluded village, situate among the hills on a sunny slope, and shut out from all objects excepting the wide landscape which immediately faced it; the first glimpse of Arabia through the ravines of the Judæan hills; the rapid Jordan quitting its green and happy valley for the bitter waters of Asphaltites, and, in the extreme distance, the blue mountains of Moab.

Ere he turned his reluctant steps towards the city, he

was attracted by a garden, which issued, as it were, from a gorge in the hills, so that its limit was not perceptible, and then spread over a considerable space, comparatively with the inclosures in its vicinity, until it reached the village. It was surrounded by high stone walls, which every now and then the dark spiral forms of a cypress or a cedar would overtop, and in the more distant and elevated part rose a tall palm tree, bending its graceful and languid head, on which the sunbeam glittered. It was the first palm that Tancred had ever seen, and his heart throbbed as he beheld that fair and sacred tree.

As he approached the garden, Tancred observed that its portal was open; he stopped before it, and gazed upon its walks of lemon trees with delight and curiosity. Tancred had inherited from his mother a passion for gardens; and an Eastern garden, a garden in the Holy Land, such as Gethsemane might have been in those days of political justice when Jerusalem belonged to the Jews; the occasion was irresistible; he could not withstand the temptation of beholding more clearly a palm-tree; and he entered.

Like a prince in a fairy tale who has broken the mystic boundary of some enchanted pleasaunce, Tancred traversed the alleys which were formed by the lemon and pomegranate tree, and sometimes by the myrtle and the rose. His ear caught the sound of falling water, bubbling with a gentle noise, more distinct and more forcible every step that he advanced. The walk in which he now found himself ended in an open space covered with roses; beyond them a gentle acclivity, clothed so thickly with a small bright blue flower that it seemed a bank of turquoise, and on its top was a kiosk of white marble, gilt and painted; by its side, rising from a group of rich shrubs, was the palm, whose distant crest had charmed Tancred without the gate.

In the centre of the kiosk was the fountain, whose alluring voice had tempted Tancred to proceed further than he had at first dared to project. He must not retire without visiting the waters which had been speaking

to him so long. Following the path round the area of roses, he was conducted to the height of the acclivity, and entered the kiosk; some small, beautiful mats were spread upon its floor, and, reposing upon one of them, Tancred watched the bright, clear water as it danced and sparkled in its marble basin.

The reader has perhaps experienced the effect of falling water. Its lulling influence is proverbial. In the present instance, we must remember that Tancred had been exposed to the meridian fervour of a Syrian sun, that he had been the whole day under the influence of that excitement which necessarily ends in exhaustion; and that, in addition to this, he had recently walked some distance; it will not, therefore, be looked upon as an incident improbable or astonishing, that Lord Montacute, after pursuing for some time that train of meditation which was his custom, should have fallen asleep.

His hat had dropped from his head, his rich curls fell on his outstretched arm that served as a pillow for a countenance which in the sweet dignity of its blended beauty and stillness might have become an archangel; and, lying on one of the mats, in an attitude of unconscious gracefulness which a painter might have transferred to his portfolio, Tancred sank into a deep and dreamless repose. From *Tancred.*

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894) was born in Edinburgh, and belonged to the famous family of lighthouse builders. He was always delicate in health and latterly made his home in the island of Samoa in the Pacific, where he died. He first became popular on the publication of *Treasure Island,* one of the best boys' stories ever written. This was followed by *Prince Otto, The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde, Kidnapped,* and others, all written in a style which, though somewhat artificial, was quite his own. Professor Saintsbury says: "His too short life has left a fairly ample store of work, not always quite equal, seldom quite without a flaw, but charming, stimulating, distinguished as few things in this last quarter of a century have been."

The Old Buccaneer

I remember him as if it were yesterday, as he came plodding to the inn door, his sea-chest following behind him in a hand-barrow; a tall, strong, heavy, nut-brown man; his tarry pigtail falling over the shoulders of his soiled blue coat; his hands ragged and scarred, with black, broken nails; and the sabre cut across one cheek, a dirty, livid white. I remember him looking round the cove and whistling to himself as he did so, and then breaking out in that old sea-song that he sang so often afterwards:—

> "Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest—
> Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum"

in the high, old tottering voice that seemed to have been tuned and broken at the capstan bars. Then he rapped on the door with a bit of stick like a handspike that he carried, and when my father appeared, called roughly for a glass of rum. This, when it was brought to him, he drank slowly, like a connoisseur, lingering on the taste, and still looking about him at the cliffs and up at our signboard.

"This is a handy cove," says he, at length; "and a pleasant sittyated grog-shop. Much company, mate?"

My father told him no, very little company, the more was the pity.

"Well, then," said he, "this is the berth for me. Here you, matey," he cried to the man who trundled the barrow, "bring up alongside and help up my chest. I'll stay here a bit," he continued. "I'm a plain man; rum and bacon and eggs is what I want, and that head up there for to watch ships off. What you mought call me? You mought call me captain. Oh, I see what you're at—there;" and he threw down three or four gold pieces on the threshold. "You can tell me when I've worked through that," says he, looking as fierce as a commander.

And, indeed, bad as his clothes were, and coarsely as

he spoke, he had none of the appearance of a man who sailed before the mast; but seemed like a mate or skipper, accustomed to be obeyed or to strike. The man who came with the barrow told us the mail had set him down the morning before at the "Royal George"; that he had inquired what inns there were along the coast, and hearing ours well spoken of, I suppose, and described as lonely, had chosen it from the others for his place of residence. And that was all we could learn of our guest.

He was a very silent man by custom. All day he hung round the cove, or upon the cliffs, with a brass telescope; all evening he sat in a corner of the parlour next the fire, and drank rum and water very strong. Mostly he would not speak when spoken to; only look up sudden and fierce, and blow through his nose like a fog-horn; and we and the people who came about our house soon learned to let him be. Every day, when he came back from his stroll, he would ask if any seafaring men had gone by along the road? At first we thought it was the want of company of his own kind that made him ask this question; but at last we began to see he was desirous to avoid them. When a seaman put up at the "Admiral Benbow" (as now and then some did, making by the coast road for Bristol), he would look in at him through the curtained door before he entered the parlour; and he was always sure to be as silent as a mouse when any such was present. For me, at least, there was no secret about the matter; for I was, in a way, a sharer in his alarms. He had taken me aside one day, and promised me a silver fourpenny on the first of every month if I would only keep my "weather-eye open for a seafaring man with one leg," and let him know the moment he appeared. Often enough, when the first of the month came round, and I applied to him for my wage, he would only blow through his nose at me, and stare me down; but before the week was out he was sure to think better of it, bring me my fourpenny piece, and repeat his orders to look out for "the seafaring man with one leg."

How that personage haunted my dreams, I need scarcely tell you. On stormy nights, when the wind shook the four corners of the house, and the surf roared along the cove and up the cliffs, I would see him in a thousand forms, and with a thousand diabolical expressions. Now the leg would be cut off at the knee, now at the hip; now he was a monstrous kind of a creature who had never had but the one leg, and that in the middle of his body. To see him leap and run and pursue me over hedge and ditch was the worst of nightmares. And altogether I paid pretty dear for my monthly fourpenny piece, in the shape of these abominable fancies.

But though I was so terrified by the idea of the seafaring man with one leg, I was far less afraid of the captain himself than anybody else who knew him. There were nights when he took a deal more rum and water than his head would carry; and then he would sometimes sit and sing his wicked, old, wild sea-songs, minding nobody; but sometimes he would call for glasses round, and force all the trembling company to listen to his stories or bear a chorus to his singing. Often I have heard the house shaking with "Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum," all the neighbours joining in for dear life, with the fear of death upon them, and each singing louder than the other, to avoid remark. For in these fits he was the most over-riding companion ever known; he would slap his hand on the table for silence all round; he would fly up in a passion of anger at a question, or sometimes because none was put, and so he judged the company was not following his story. Nor would he allow anyone to leave the inn till he had drunk himself sleepy and reeled off to bed.

His stories were what frightened people worst of all. Dreadful stories they were; about hanging, and walking the plank, and storms at sea, and the Dry Tortugas, and wild deeds and places on the Spanish Main. By his own account he must have lived his life among some of the wickedest men that God ever allowed upon the sea; and the language in which he told these stories shocked

our plain country people almost as much as the crimes that he described. My father was always saying the inn would be ruined, for people would soon cease coming there to be tyrannised over and put down, and sent shivering to their beds; but I really believe his presence did us good. People were frightened at the time, but on looking back they rather liked it; it was a fine excitement in a quiet country life; and there was even a party of the younger men who pretended to admire him, calling him a "true sea-dog," and a "real old salt," and such like names, and saying there was the sort of man that made England terrible at sea.

From *Treasure Island.*

Lord Lytton (1803-1873), born in London, was the son of General Bulwer, and adopted his mother's name, Lytton, on succeeding to her property in Hertfordshire. His first success in literature was gained by his clever novel, *Pelham,* and this was followed by *Paul Clifford* and *Eugene Aram.* It is, however, on the four "Lasts," a group of historical novels, that his fame as a novelist survives—*The Last Days of Pompeii; Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes; The Last of the Barons;* and *Harold, the Last of the Saxons.* These were followed by a highly successful trilogy of domestic novels, *The Caxtons, My Novel,* and *What will he do with it?* As a dramatic writer, Lytton still holds the stage with *Richelieu* and *The Lady of Lyons.*

Warwick's Last Stand

Edward IV., surrounded by Hastings, Gloucester, and his principal captains, took advantage of the unexpected sunshine to scan the foe and his position, with the eye of his intuitive genius for all that can slaughter man. "This day," he said, "brings no victory, assures no crown, if Warwick escape alive. To you, Lovell and Ratcliffe, I intrust two hundred knights—your sole care—the head of the rebel earl!"

"And Montagu?" said Ratcliffe.

"Montagu? Nay—poor Montagu, I loved him as

well once, as my own mother's son; and Montagu," he muttered to himself, "I never wronged, and therefore him I can forgive! Spare the marquis.—I mislike that wood; they must have more force within than that handful on the skirts betrays. Come hither, D'Eyncourt."

And a few minutes afterwards, Warwick and his men saw two parties of horse leave the main body—one for the right hand, one the left—followed by long detachments of pikes, which they protected; and then the central array marched slowly and steadily on towards the scanty foe. The design was obvious—to surround on all sides the enemy, driven to its last desperate bay. But Montagu and his brother had not been idle in the breathing pause; they had planted the greater portion of the archers skilfully among the trees. They had placed their pikemen on the verge of the barricades, made by sharp stakes and fallen timber, and where their rampart was unguarded by the pass which had been left free for the horsemen, Hilyard and his stoutest fellows took their post, filling the gap with breasts of iron.

And now, as with horns and clarions—with a sea of plumes, and spears, and pennons, the multitudinous deathsmen came on, Warwick, towering in the front, not one feather on his eagle crest despoiled or shorn, stood, dismounted, his visor still raised, by his renowned steed. Some of the men had by Warwick's order removed the mail from the destrier's breast; and the noble animal, relieved from the weight, seemed as unexhausted as its rider; save where the champed foam had bespecked its glossy hide, not a hair was turned; and the onguard of the Yorkists heard its fiery snort, as they moved slowly on. This figure of horse and horseman stood prominently forth, amidst the little band. And Lovell, riding by Ratcliffe's side, whispered—"Beshrew me, I would rather King Edward had asked for mine own head, than that gallant earl's!"

"Tush, youth," said the inexorable Ratcliffe—"I care not of what steps the ladder of mine ambition may be made!"

While they were thus speaking, Warwick, turning to Montagu and his knights, said—

"Our sole hope is in the courage of our men. And, as at Touton, when I gave the throne to yon false man, I slew, with my own hand, my noble Malech, to show that on that spot I would win or die, and by that sacrifice so fired the soldiers, that we turned the day—so now—oh, gentlemen in another hour ye would jeer me, for my hand fails: this hand that the poor beast hath so often fed from! Saladin, last of thy race, serve me now in death as in life. Not for my sake, oh noblest steed that ever bore a knight—not for mine this offering!"

He kissed the destrier on his frontal, and Saladin, as if conscious of the coming blow, bent his proud crest humbly, and licked his lord's steel-clad hand. So associated together had been horse and horseman, that had it been a human sacrifice, the bystanders could not have been more moved. And when covering the charger's eyes with one hand, the earl's dagger descended, bright and rapid—a groan went through the ranks. But the effect was unspeakable! The men knew at once, that to them, and them alone, their lord intrusted his fortunes and his life—they were nerved to more than mortal daring. No escape for Warwick—why, then, in Warwick's person they lived and died! Upon foe as upon friend, the sacrifice produced all that could tend to strengthen the last refuge of despair. Even Edward, where he rode in the van, beheld and knew the meaning of the deed. Victorious Touton rushed back upon his memory with a thrill of strange terror and remorse.

"He will die as he has lived," said Gloucester, with admiration. "If I live for such a field, God grant me such a death!"

As the words left the duke's lips, and Warwick, one foot on his dumb friend's corpse, gave the mandate, a murderous discharge from the archers in the covert, rattled against the line of the Yorkists, and the foe, still advancing, stepped over a hundred corpses to the conflict. Despite the vast preponderance of numbers, the skill of

Warwick's archers, the strength of his position, the obstacle to the cavalry made by the barricades, rendered the attack perilous in the extreme. But the orders of Edward were prompt and vigorous. He cared not for the waste of life, and as one rank fell, another rushed on. High before the barricades, stood Montagu, Warwick, and the rest of that indomitable chivalry, the flower of the ancient Norman heroism. As idly beat the waves upon a rock as the ranks of Edward upon that serried front of steel. The sun still shone in heaven, and still Edward's conquest was unassured. Nay, if Marmaduke could yet bring back the troops of Somerset upon the rear of the foe, Montagu and the earl felt that the victory might be for them.

And often the earl paused, to hearken for the cry of "Somerset" on the gale, and often Montagu raised his visor to look for the banners and the spears of the Lancastrian duke. And ever, as the earl listened and Montagu scanned the field, larger and larger seemed to spread the armament of Edward. The regiment which boasted the stubborn energy of Alwyn was now in movement, and, encouraged by the young Saxon's hardihood, the Londoners marched on, unawed by the massacre of their predecessors. But Alwyn, avoiding the quarter defended by the knights, defiled a little towards the left, where his quick eye, inured to the northern fogs, had detected the weakness of the barricade in the spot where Hilyard was stationed; and this pass Alwyn (discarding the bow) resolved to attempt at the point of the pike—the weapon answering to our modern bayonet. The first rush which he headed was so impetuous as to effect an entry. The weight of the numbers behind urged on the foremost, and Hilyard had not sufficient space for the sweep of the two-handed sword which had done good work that day. On pressed the Yorkists through the pass forced by Alwyn.

Behind the column which still commemorates "the great battle" of that day, stretches now a trilateral patch of pasture land which faces a small house. At that time

this space was rough forest ground, and where now, in the hedge, rise too small trees, types of the diminutive offspring of our niggard and ignoble civilisation, rose then two huge oaks, coeval with the warriors of the Norman Conquest. They grew close together, yet, though their roots interlaced—though branches mingled, one had not taken nourishment from the other. They stood equal in height and grandeur, the twin giants of the wood. Before these trees, whose ample trunks protected them from the falchions in the rear, Warwick and Montagu took their last post. In front rose, literally, mounds of the slain, whether of foe or friend; for round the two brothers to the last had gathered the brunt of war, and they towered now, almost solitary in valour's sublime despair, amidst the wrecks of battle, and against the irresistible march of fate. As side by side they had gained this spot, and the vulgar assailants drew back, leaving the bodies of the dead their last defence from death, they turned their visors to each other, as for one latest farewell on earth.

. . . . . .

Seven points might the shadow have traversed on the dial, and, before Warwick's axe and Montagu's sword, seven souls had gone to judgment. In that brief crisis, amidst the general torpor and stupefaction and awe of the bystanders round one little spot centred still a war.

But numbers rushed on numbers, as the fury of conflict urged on the lukewarm. Montagu was beaten to his knee—Warwick covered him with his body—a hundred axes resounded on the earl's stooping casque—a hundred blades gleamed round the joints of his harness—a simultaneous cry was heard—over the mounds of the slain, through the press into the shadow of the oaks, dashed Gloucester's charger. The conflict had ceased—the executioners stood mute in a half-circle. Side by side, axe and sword still gripped in their iron hands, lay Montagu and Warwick.

"Wife!—child!" murmured the earl, indistinctly. "Anne—Anne! Dear ones, God comfort ye!" And

with these words the breath went—the head fell heavily on its mother earth—the face set, calm and undistorted, as the face of a soldier should be, when a brave death has been worthy of a brave life.

From *Last of the Barons.*

THE SCIENTIFIC AGE

The latter half of the nineteenth century has been styled the scientific age. One of the first pioneers of science in the century was Sir Humphry Davy, a great chemist, who attained fame as a lecturer at the Royal Institution, London. His assistant was the equally famous Michael Faraday, whose assistant again was John Tyndall. For nearly a whole century these three maintained in the same place a series of brilliant lectures on science subjects.

But the men of science who were at the same time men of letters were **Charles Darwin** and **Thomas Huxley**. Darwin, who was a native of Shrewsbury, and who was educated at Edinburgh and Cambridge, where "he was more attracted by beetles than by books," spent five years in the South Seas before settling down to scientific writing. He spent forty years of his life experimenting in crossing species and maturing his views, which he gave to the world in the famous *Origin of Species*, a work which was followed by *The Descent of Man.*

Thomas Henry Huxley was born in 1825 at Ealing, and, becoming a navy doctor, went, like Darwin, a voyage to the South Seas. All his life he was a busy worker in various fields of science, and a vigorous supporter of the theories of Darwin. He was the writer of many brilliant essays and lectures.

Another man of science who possessed marked literary gifts was **Hugh Miller**, who was born at Cromarty in 1802. Till he was over thirty years of age he worked as a stonemason, and, being a careful observer, he published, in 1841, his *Old Red Sandstone*, a work which made a great addition to the knowledge of fossils. He became editor of the *Witness* newspaper, and, after twenty years of journalism and authorship, he shot himself, probably in a fit of insanity brought on by overwork.

Dispersal during the Glacial Period

The identity of many plants and animals on mountain-summits, separated from each other by hundreds of miles of lowlands, where the Alpine species could not possibly exist, is one of the most striking cases known of the same species living at distant points, without the apparent possibility of their having migrated from one to the other. It is indeed a remarkable fact to see so many of the same plants living on the snowy regions of the Alps or Pyrenees, and in the extreme northern parts of Europe; but it is far more remarkable that the plants on the White mountains, in the United States of America, are all the same with those of Labrador, and nearly all the same with those on the loftiest mountains of Europe. Even as long ago as 1747, such facts led Gmelin to conclude that the same species must have been independently created at several distinct points; and we might have remained in this same belief had not Agassiz and others called vivid attention to the Glacial period, which, as we shall immediately see, affords a simple explanation of these facts.

We have evidence of almost every conceivable kind, organic and inorganic, that within a very recent geological period, Central Europe and North America suffered under an Arctic climate. The ruins of a house burnt by fire do not tell their tale more plainly than do the mountains of Scotland and Wales, with their scored flanks, polished surfaces, and perched boulders, of the icy streams with which their valleys were lately filled. So greatly has the climate of Europe changed, that in Northern Italy, gigantic moraines, left by old glaciers, are now clothed by the vine and maize. Throughout a large part of the United States, erratic boulders and rocks, scored by drifted icebergs and coast-ice, plainly reveal a former cold period.

The former influence of the glacial climate on the distribution of the inhabitants of Europe, as explained with remarkable clearness by Edward Forbes, is sub-

stantially as follows. But we shall follow the changes more readily, by supposing a new glacial period to come slowly on, and then pass away, as formerly occurred. As the cold came on, and as each more southern zone became fitted for arctic beings and ill-fitted for their former more temperate inhabitants, the latter would be supplanted and arctic productions would take their places. The inhabitants of the more temperate regions would at the same time travel southward, unless they were stopped by barriers, in which case they would perish. The mountains would become covered with snow and ice, and their former Alpine inhabitants would descend to the plains. By the time that the cold had reached its maximum, we should have a uniform arctic fauna and flora, covering the central parts of Europe, as far south as the Alps and Pyrenees, and even stretching into Spain. The now temperate regions of the United States would likewise be covered by arctic plants and animals, and these would be nearly the same with those of Europe; for the present circumpolar inhabitants, which we suppose to have everywhere travelled southward, are remarkably uniform round the world. We may suppose that the Glacial period came on a little earlier or later in North America than in Europe, so will the southern migration there have been a little earlier or later; but this will make no difference in the final result.

As the warmth returned, the arctic forms would retreat northward, closely followed up in their retreat by the production of the more temperate regions. And as the snow melted from the bases of the mountains, the arctic forms would seize on the cleared and thawed ground, always ascending higher and higher, as the warmth increased, whilst their brethren were pursuing their northern journey. Hence, when the warmth had fully returned, the same arctic species, which had lately lived in a body together on the lowlands of the Old and New Worlds, would be left isolated on distant mountain-summits (having been exterminated on all lesser heights) and in the arctic regions of both hemispheres.

Thus we can understand the identity of many plants at points so immensely remote as on the mountains of the United States and of Europe. We can thus also understand the fact that the Alpine plants of each mountain-range are more especially related to the arctic forms living due north or nearly due north of them: for the migration as the cold came on, and the re-migration on the returning warmth, will generally have been due south and north. The Alpine plants, for example, of Scotland, and those of the Pyrenees are more especially allied to the plants of northern Scandinavia; those of the United States to Labrador; those of the mountains of Siberia to the arctic regions of that country. These views, grounded as they are on the perfectly well-ascertained occurrence of a former Glacial period, seem to me to explain in so satisfactory a manner the present distribution of the Alpine and Arctic productions of Europe and America, that when in other regions we find the same species on distant mountain-summits, we may almost conclude without other evidence, that a colder climate permitted their former migration across the low intervening tracts, since become too warm for their existence. From DARWIN'S *The Origin of Species.*

On the Physical Basis of Life

If a drop of blood be drawn by pricking one's finger, and viewed with proper precautions and under a sufficiently high microscopic power, there will be seen, among the innumerable multitude of little, circular, discoidal bodies, or corpuscles, which float in it and give it its colour, a comparatively small number of colourless corpuscles, of somewhat larger size and very irregular shape. If the drop of blood be kept at the temperature of the body, these colourless corpuscles will be seen to exhibit a marvellous activity, changing their forms with great rapidity, drawing in and thrusting out prolongations of their substance, and creeping about as if they were independent organisms.

The substance which is thus active is a mass of protoplasm, and its activity differs in detail, rather than in principle, from that of the protoplasm of the nettle. Under sundry circumstances the corpuscle dies and becomes distended into a round mass, in the midst of which is seen a smaller spherical body, which existed, but was more or less hidden in the living corpuscle, and is called its *nucleus*. Corpuscles of essentially similar structure are to be found in the skin, in the lining of the mouth, and scattered through the whole framework of the body. Nay, more; in the earliest condition of the human organism, in that state in which it has but just become distinguishable from the egg in which it arises, it is nothing but an aggregation of such corpuscles, and every organ of the body was once no more than such an aggregation.

Thus a nucleated mass of protoplasm turns out to be what may be termed the structural unit of the human body. As a matter of fact, the body, in its earliest state, is a mere multiple of such units; and, in its perfect condition, it is a multiple of such units, variously modified.

In the wonderful story of the "Peau de Chagrin," the hero becomes possessed of a magical wild ass' skin, which yields him the means of gratifying all his wishes. But its surface represents the duration of the proprietor's life; and for every satisfied desire the skin shrinks in proportion to the intensity of fruition, until at length life and the last handbreadth of the *peau de chagrin* disappear with the gratification of a last wish.

Balzac's studies had led him over a wide range of thought and speculation, and his shadowing forth of physiological truth in this strange story may have been intentional. At any rate, the matter of life is a veritable *peau de chagrin*, and for every vital act it is somewhat the smaller. All work implies waste, and the work of life results, directly or indirectly, in the waste of protoplasm.

Every word uttered by a speaker costs him some physical loss; and, in the strictest sense, he burns that others may have light—so much eloquence, so much of his body resolved into carbonic acid, water, and urea. It

is clear that this process of expenditure cannot go on for ever. But, happily, the protoplasmic *peau de chagrin* differs from Balzac's in its capacity of being repaired, and brought back to its full size, after every exertion.

For example, this present lecture, whatever its intellectual worth to you, has a certain physical value to me, which is, conceivably, expressible by the number of grains of protoplasm and other bodily substance wasted in maintaining my vital processes during its delivery. My *peau de chagrin* will be distinctly smaller at the end of the discourse than it was at the beginning. By and by, I shall probably have recourse to the substance commonly called mutton, for the purpose of stretching it back to its original size. Now this mutton was once the living protoplasm, more or less modified, of another animal—a sheep. As I shall eat it, it is the same matter altered, not only by death, but by exposure to sundry artificial operations in the process of cooking.

But these changes, whatever be their extent, have not rendered it incompetent to resume its old functions as matter of life. A singular inward laboratory, which I possess, will dissolve a certain portion of the modified protoplasm; the solution so formed will pass into my veins; and the subtle influences to which it will then be subjected will convert the dead protoplasm into living protoplasm, and transubstantiate sheep into man.

Hence it appears to be a matter of no great moment what animal or what plant I lay under contribution for protoplasm, and the fact speaks volumes for the general identity of that substance in all living beings. I share this catholicity of assimilation with other animals, all of which, so far as we know, could thrive equally well on the protoplasm of any of their fellows, or of any plant; but here the assimilative powers of the animal world cease. A solution of smelling-salts in water, with an infinitesimal proportion of some other saline matters, contains all the elementary bodies which enter into the composition of protoplasm; but, as I need hardly say, a hogshead of that fluid would not keep a hungry man

from starving, nor would it save any animal whatever from a like fate. An animal cannot make protoplasm, but must take it ready-made from some other animal or some plant—the animal's highest feat of constructive chemistry being to convert dead protoplasm into that living matter of life which is appropriate to itself.

Therefore, in seeking for the origin of protoplasm, we must eventually turn to the vegetable world. The fluid containing carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, which offers such a Barmecide feast to the animal, is a table richly spread to multitudes of plants; and, with a due supply of only such materials, many a plant will not only maintain itself in vigour, but grow and multiply until it has increased a million-fold, or a million-million-fold, the quantity of protoplasm which it originally possessed; in this way building up the matter of life, to an indefinite extent, from the common matter of the universe.

Thus, the animal can only raise the complex substance of dead protoplasm to the higher power, as one may say, of living protoplasm; while the plant can raise the less complex substances—carbonic acid, water, and ammonia—to the same stage of living protoplasm, if not to the same level.

Thus the matter of life, so far as we know it (and we have no right to speculate on any other), breaks up, in consequence of that continual death which is the condition of its manifesting vitality, into carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, which certainly possess no properties but those of ordinary matter. And out of these same forms of ordinary matter, and from none which are simpler, the vegetable world builds up all the protoplasm which keeps the animal world agoing. Plants are the accumulators of the power which animals distribute and disperse.

From HUXLEY's *Lay Sermons, Addresses and Reviews.*

A Young Geologist

It was twenty years last February since I set out, a little before sunrise, to make my first acquaintance with a life of labour and restraint; and I have rarely had a

heavier heart than on that morning. I was but a slim, loose-jointed boy at the time, fond of the pretty intangibilities of romance, and of dreaming when broad awake; and, woeful change! I was now going to work at what Burns has instanced, in his "Twa Dogs," as one of the most disagreeable of all employments,—to work in a quarry. Bating the passing uneasiness occasioned by a few gloomy anticipations, the portion of my life which had already gone by had been happy beyond the common lot. I had been a wanderer among rocks and woods, a reader of curious books when I could get them, a gleaner of old traditionary stories; and now I was going to exchange all my day-dreams, and all my amusements, for the kind of life in which men toil every day that they may be enabled to eat, and eat every day that they may be enabled to toil!

The quarry in which I wrought lay on the southern shore of a noble inland bay, or frith rather, with a little clear stream on the one side, and a thick fir wood on the other. It had been opened in the Old Red Sandstone of the district, and was overtopped by a huge bank of diluvial clay, which rose over it in some places to the height of nearly thirty feet, and which at this time was rent and shivered, wherever it presented an open front to the weather, by a recent frost. A heap of loose fragments, which had fallen from above, blocked up the face of the quarry, and my first employment was to clear them away. The friction of the shovel soon blistered my hands, but the pain was by no means very severe, and I wrought hard and willing, that I might see how the huge strata below, which presented so firm and unbroken a frontage, were to be torn up and removed. Picks, and wedges, and levers, were applied by my brother-workmen; and, simple and rude as I had been accustomed to regard these implements, I found I had much to learn in the way of using them. They all proved inefficient, however, and the workmen had to bore into one of the inferior strata and employ gunpowder.

The process was new to me, and I deemed it a highly

amusing one: it had the merit, too, of being attended with some such degree of danger as a boating or rock excursion, and had thus an interest independent of its novelty. We had a few capital shots: the fragments flew in every direction; and an immense mass of the diluvium came toppling down, bearing with it two dead birds, that in a recent storm had crept into one of the deeper fissures, to die in the shelter. I felt a new interest in examining them. The one was a pretty cock goldfinch, with its hood of vermilion, and its wings inlaid with the gold to which it owes its name, as unsoiled and smooth as if it had been preserved for a museum. The other, a somewhat rarer bird, of the woodpecker tribe, was variegated with light blue and a grayish yellow. I was engaged in admiring the poor little things, more disposed to be sentimental, perhaps, than if I had been ten years older, and thinking of the contrast between the warmth and jollity of their green summer haunts, and the cold and darkness of their last retreat, when I heard our employer bidding the workmen lay by their tools. I looked up, and saw the sun sinking behind the thick fir wood beside us, and the long dark shadows of the trees stretching downwards towards the shore.

This was no very formidable beginning of the course of life I had so much dreaded. To be sure, my hands were a little sore, and I felt nearly as much fatigued as if I had been climbing among the rocks; but I had wrought and been useful, and had yet enjoyed the day fully as much as usual. It was no small matter, too, that the evening, converted by a rare transmutation, into the delicious "blink of rest" which Burns so truthfully describes, was all my own.

I was as light of heart next morning as any of my brother-workmen. There had been a smart frost during the night, and the rime lay white on the grass as we passed onwards through the fields; but the sun rose in a clear atmosphere, and the day mellowed as it advanced, into one of those delightful days of early spring which give so pleasing an earnest of

whatever is mild and genial in the better half of the year. All the workmen rested at midday, and I went to enjoy my half-hour alone on a mossy knoll in the neighbouring wood, which commands through the trees a wide prospect of the bay and the opposite shore.

There was not a wrinkle on the water, nor a cloud in the sky, and the branches were as moveless in the calm as if they had been traced on canvas. From a wooded promontory that stretched half-way across the frith there ascended a thin column of smoke. It rose straight as the line of a plummet for more than a thousand yards, and then, on reaching a thinner stratum of air, spread out equally on every side, like the foliage of a stately tree. Ben Wyvis rose to the west, white with the yet unwasted snows of winter, and as sharply defined in the clear atmosphere as if all its sunny slopes and blue retiring hollows had been chiselled in marble. A line of snow ran along the opposite hills: all above was white, and all below was purple. They reminded me of the pretty French story, in which an old artist is described as tasking the ingenuity of his future son-in-law, by giving him as a subject for his pencil a flower-piece composed of only white flowers, of which the one half were to bear their proper colour, the other half a deep purple hue, and yet all be perfectly natural; and how the young man resolved the riddle and gained his mistress by introducing a transparent purple vase into the picture, and making the light pass through it on the flowers that were drooping over the edge. I returned to the quarry, convinced that a very exquisite pleasure may be a very cheap one, and that the busiest employments may afford leisure enough to enjoy it.

The gunpowder had loosened a large mass in one of the inferior strata, and our first employment, on resuming our labours, was to raise it from its bed. I assisted the other workmen in placing it on edge, and was much struck by the appearance of the platform on which it had rested. The entire surface was ridged and furrowed like a bank of sand that had been left by the tide an

hour before. I could trace every bend and curvature, every cross hollow and counter ridge, of the corresponding phenomena; for the resemblance was no half resemblance, —it was the thing itself; and I had observed it a hundred and a hundred times while sailing my little schooner in the shallows left by the ebb. But what had become of the waves that had thus fretted the solid rock, or of what element had they been composed? I felt as completely at fault as Robinson Crusoe did on his discovering the print of the man's foot on the sand.

The evening furnished me with still further cause of wonder. We raised another block in a different part of the quarry, and found that the area of a circular depression in the stratum below was broken and flawed in every direction, as if it had been the bottom of a pool recently dried up, which had shrunk and split in the hardening. Several large stones came rolling down from the diluvium in the course of the afternoon. They were of different qualities from the sandstone below, and from one another; and, what was more wonderful still, they were all rounded and water-worn, as if they had been tossed about in the sea or the bed of a river for hundreds of years. There could not, surely, be a more conclusive proof that the bank which had enclosed them so long could not have been created on the rock on which it rested. No workman ever manufactures a half-worn article, and the stones were all half-worn! And if not the bank, why then the sandstone underneath? I was lost in conjecture, and found I had food enough for thought that evening, without once thinking of the unhappiness of a life of labour.

From Hugh Miller's *Old Red Sandstone.*

THE LATER MASTERS

Magazine Literature. — One of the most striking characteristics of the latter half of the nineteenth century was the successful establishment of periodical literature.

"The great development of the magazine and critical journals has taken place during the last sixty years. In the course of it two tendencies have become manifest: first, a tendency to shorten the intervals of publication; and, secondly, a tendency to multiply the organs of this periodical literature. The old quarterly has almost given place to the monthly magazine; the latter in its turn has had to abandon no small share of its province to the weekly journal; and recently the daily newspaper has been encroaching more and more upon the sphere of the weekly."

The establishment of the great periodical reviews—the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Quarterly Review*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, and others — is closely associated with the work of the essayists, and with the spread of literary criticism. When Constable, a young Scottish printer and publisher, established the *Edinburgh Review* in 1802, he gathered round him a band of writers—Jeffrey, Brougham, Sydney Smith, Carlyle, and others—who exercised a powerful influence on the literature of the nineteenth century.

Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881), was born at Ecclefechan, a village in Dumfriesshire. His father, James Carlyle, was first a stone-mason and afterwards a small farmer, and though young Thomas was thus the inmate of a very humble home, he received with his brothers and sisters a careful education. He attended first the village school, then went on to Annan Academy. The progress Thomas made in his studies was so marked that his father—quiet, thoughtful, ambitious James Carlyle—decided to send him to college. His neighbours thought this a great mistake, and hinted as much to James, telling him that his son would grow up to despise his poor and ignorant parents. Many years afterwards, when the youth Thomas had become a great man, his father was reminded of the taunts of his neighbours. Gladly and proudly he acknowledged that his famous son had not forgotten him, and that no scorn of his humble origin ever tainted the thoughts or words of "the most original writer of his time."

After a course at the University of Edinburgh, young Carlyle's thoughts turned to the ministry, but later he gave up all idea of entering the Church. He spent several years as a schoolmaster, first in Annan and then in Kirkcaldy, but

finally decided that teaching in school was not to be his life-work.

He then became tutor in a private family, and began to engage in literary work as well.

In 1825, as his prospects had become brighter, he married Jane Welsh, daughter of Dr John Welsh of Haddington, and settled for a time in Comely Bank, Edinburgh. Here he translated some German works, and began his connection with the *Edinburgh Review* with his article on "Jean Paul Richter."

Three years after his marriage, he and his wife removed to Craigenputtock, a small estate in Dumfriesshire, which belonged to his wife's family. It was while he stayed in this, "the dreariest spot in all the British dominions," that the rising author wrote his famous *Essay on Burns*, and his much criticised *Sartor Resartus*.

In 1834 he left the "wilderness of heath and rock" for London, where he took up his residence in Cheyne Row, Chelsea. Here he remained for the rest of his busy life. Shortly after removing to London, he issued his famous work on the *French Revolution*, which thoroughly established his reputation as a profound thinker and great writer.

His other important works are, *Heroes and Hero Worship*, *Life and Letters of Cromwell*, *History of Frederick the Great*.

Carlyle, although his literary style is often harsh and unpleasing, must be regarded as one of our greatest writers and most profound thinkers. He is one of the three strongest literary forces Scotland has produced—the other two being Burns and Scott. Professor Nichol says: "His works have done much to mould the best thinkers in two continents, in both of which he has been the Great-heart to many pilgrims."

King Shakespeare

Shakespeare is the grandest thing we (English) have yet done. For our honour among foreign nations, as an ornament to our English Household, what item is there that we would not surrender rather than him? Consider now, if they asked us, Will you give up your Indian Empire or your Shakespeare, you English; never have had

any Indian Empire, or never have had any Shakespeare? Really it were a grave question. Official persons would answer doubtless in official language; but we, for our part too, should not we be forced to answer: Indian Empire, or no Indian Empire; we cannot do without Shakespeare! Indian Empire will go, at any rate, some day; but this Shakespeare does not go, he lasts forever with us; we cannot give up our Shakespeare!

Nay, apart from spiritualities; and considering him merely as a real, marketable, tangibly useful possession. England, before long, this Island of ours, will hold but a small fraction of the English: in America, in New Holland, east and west to the very Antipodes, there will be a Saxondom covering great spaces of the Globe. And now, what is it that can keep all these together into virtually one nation, so that they do not fall out and fight, but live at peace, in brotherlike intercourse, helping one another? This is justly regarded as the greatest practical problem, the thing all manner of sovereignties and governments are here to accomplish: what is it that will accomplish this? Acts of Parliament, administrative prime ministers cannot. America is parted from us, so far as Parliament could part it. Call it not fantastic, for there is much reality in it. Here, I say, is an English king, whom no time or chance, Parliament or combination of Parliaments, can dethrone! This King Shakespeare, does not he shine, in crowned sovereignty, over us all, as the noblest, gentlest, yet strongest of rallying signs; *in*destructible; really more valuable in that point of view than any other means or appliance whatsoever? We can fancy him as radiant aloft over all the nations of Englishmen a thousand years hence. From Paramatta, from New York, wheresoever, under what sort of parish constable soever, English men and women are, they will say to one another: "Yes, this Shakespeare is ours; we produced him, we speak and think by him; we are of one blood and kind with him."

From *Heroes and Hero Worship.*

Labour

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works: in Idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, *is* in communication with Nature; the real desire to get Work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it. "Know thyself:" long enough has that poor "self" of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to "know" it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at; and work at it, like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan.

It has been written, "an endless significance lies in Work;" a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seedfields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of Labour, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these like hell-dogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor dayworker, as of every man: but he bends himself with free valour against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labour in him, is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame!

From *Past and Present.*

Death of Marie Antoinette

Is there a man's heart that thinks without pity of those long months and years of slow-wasting ignominy; of thy birth, self-cradled in imperial Schonbrunn, the

winds of heaven not to visit thy face too roughly, thy foot to light on softness, thy eye on splendour; and then of thy death, or hundred deaths, to which the guillotine and Fouquier Tinville's judgment-bar was but the merciful end! Look *there*, O man born of woman! The bloom of that fair face is wasted, the hair is grey with care; the brightness of those eyes is quenched, their lids hang drooping, the face is stony pale, as of one living in death. Mean weeds, which her own hand has mended, attire the Queen of the World. The death-hurdle, where thou sittest pale, motionless, which only curses environ, has to stop; a people, drunk with vengeance, will drink it again in full draught, looking at thee there. Far as the eye reaches, a multitudinous sea of maniac heads, the air deaf with their triumph-yell! The living-dead must shudder with yet one other pang; her startled blood yet again suffuses with the hue of agony that pale face, which she hides with her hands. There is there *no* heart to say God pity thee! O think not of these; think of HIM whom thou worshippest, the crucified—who also treading the wine-press *alone*, fronted sorrow still deeper; and triumphed over it and made it holy, and built of it a "sanctuary of sorrow" for thee and all the wretched! Thy path of thorns is nigh ended, one long last look at the Tuileries, where thy step was once so light—where thy children shall not dwell. The head is on the block; the axe rushes—dumb lies the world; that wild-yelling world, and all its madness is behind thee.

From *History of the French Revolution.*

Matthew Arnold (1822-1888) was the son of Dr Arnold, the famous headmaster of Rugby, and was educated at Winchester, Rugby, and Balliol College, Oxford. He became an inspector of schools, and was also for ten years Professor of Poetry at Oxford. No writer ever came so near the highest excellence in the double capacity of critic and poet as Arnold did. Of his longer poems, *The Scholar Gipsy* is a "poem of place," devoted to the country round Oxford; and *Thyrsis*, an elegy on Arthur Hugh Clough, an Oxford poet, is ranked by some as not inferior to Milton's

Lycidas or Shelley's *Adonais*. Among the shorter poems, *The Forsaken Merman* is perhaps the most original, *Dover Beach* gives expression to his religious attitude, and *Memorial Verses* is a noble tribute to the memory of his father.

But Arnold's true vocation in literature was found when he produced the *Essays in Criticism* in 1865. This book did much "to cultivate that 'sweetness and light' which is no unimportant feature in the literature of our day." His other prose works include *Culture and Anarchy* and *Literature and Dogma*.

Both Arnold's verse and his prose are marked by marvellous felicity of expression, and his phrases have caught the public mind as only those of great writers do. His life-work was as varied as it was excellent—"he was an inspector of schools, a literary, social, and political essayist, a religious reformer, and a poet. . . . In the second pursuit, he was the most brilliantly successful."

Memorial Verses

April, 1850.

Goethe in Weimar sleeps, and Greece,
Long since, saw Byron's struggle cease.
But one such death remain'd to come.
The last poetic voice is dumb.
What shall be said o'er Wordsworth's tomb?

When Byron's eyes were shut in death,
We bow'd our head and held our breath.
He taught us little: but our soul
Had *felt* him like the thunder's roll.
With shivering heart the strife we saw
Of Passion with Eternal Law;
And yet with reverential awe
We watch'd the fount of fiery life
Which serv'd for that Titanic strife.

When Goethe's death was told, we said—
Sunk, then, is Europe's sagest head.
Physician of the Iron Age,
Goethe has done his pilgrimage.

He took the suffering human race,
He read each wound, each weakness clear—
And struck his finger on the place.
And said—*Thou ailest here, and here.*—
He look'd on Europe's dying hour
Of fitful dream and feverish power;
His eye plung'd down the weltering strife,
The turmoil of expiring life;
He said—*The end is everywhere:*
Art still hath truth, take refuge there.
And he was happy, if we know
Causes of things, and far below
His feet to see the lurid flow
Of terror, and insane distress,
And headlong fate, be happiness.

And Wordsworth! Ah, pale Ghosts, rejoice
For never hath such soothing voice
Been to your shadowy world convey'd
Since erst, at morn, some wandering shade
Heard the clear song of Orpheus come
Through Hades, and the mournful gloom.
Wordsworth has gone from us—and ye,
Ah, may ye feel his voice as we.
He too upon a wintry clime
Had fallen—on this iron time
Of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears.
He found us when the age had bound
Our souls in its benumbing round;
He spoke, and loos'd our heart in tears.
He laid us as we lay at birth
On the cool flowery lap of earth;
Smiles broke from us and we had ease.
The hills were round us, and the breeze
Went o'er the sun-lit fields again:
Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.
Our youth return'd: for there was shed
On spirits that had long been dead,
Spirits dried up and closely-furl'd,
The freshness of the early world.

Ah, since dark days still bring to light
Man's prudence and man's fiery might,
Time may restore us in his course
Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force:
But where will Europe's latter hour
Again find Wordsworth's healing power?
Others will teach us how to dare,
And against fear our breast to steel:
Others will strengthen us to bear—
But who, ah who, will make us feel?
The cloud of mortal destiny,
Others will front it fearlessly—
But who, like him, will put it by?

Keep fresh the grass upon his grave,
O Rotha! with thy living wave.
Sing him thy best! for few or none
Hears thy voice right, now he is gone.

Necessity of a Knowledge of Life

Every one can see that a poet, for instance, ought to know life and the world before dealing with them in poetry; and life and the world being, in modern times, very complex things, the creation of a modern poet, to be worth much, implies a great critical effort behind it; else it must be a comparatively poor, barren, and short-lived affair. This is why Byron's poetry had so little endurance in it, and Goethe's so much; both Byron and Goethe had a great productive power, but Goethe's was nourished by a great critical effort providing the true materials for it, and Byron's was not; Goethe knew life and the world, the poet's necessary subjects, much more comprehensively and thoroughly than Byron. He knew a great deal more of them, and he knew them much more as they really are.

It has long seemed to me that the burst of creative activity in our literature through the first quarter of this century had about it, in fact, something premature;

and that from this cause its productions are doomed, most of them, in spite of the sanguine hopes which accompanied and do still accompany them, to prove hardly more lasting than the productions of far less splendid epochs. And this prematureness comes from its having proceeded without having its proper data, without sufficient materials to work with. In other words, the English poetry of the first quarter of this century, with plenty of energy, plenty of creative force, did not know enough. This makes Byron so empty of matter, Shelley so incoherent, Wordsworth even, profound as he is, yet so wanting in completeness and variety. Wordsworth cared little for books, and disparaged Goethe. I admire Wordsworth, as he is, so much that I cannot wish him different; and it is vain no doubt, to imagine such a man different from what he is, to suppose that he could have been different; but surely the one thing wanting to make Wordsworth an even greater poet than he is,—his thought richer, and his influence of wider application,—was that he should have read more books, among them, no doubt, those of that Goethe whom he disparaged without reading him.

But to speak of books and reading may easily lead to a misunderstanding here. It was not really books and reading that lacked to our poetry, at this epoch; Shelley had plenty of reading, Coleridge had immense reading. Pindar and Sophocles—as we all say so glibly, and often with so little discernment of the real import of what we are saying—had not many books; Shakespeare was no deep reader. True; but in the Greece of Pindar and Sophocles, in the England of Shakespeare, the poet lived in a current of ideas in the highest degree animating and nourishing to the creative power; society was, in the fullest measure, permeated by fresh thought, intelligent and alive; and this state of things is the true basis for the creative power's exercise,—in this it finds its data, its materials, truly ready for its hand; all the books and reading in the world are only valuable as they are helps to this.

From *Essays in Criticism.*

Robert Browning (1812-1889), the son of a clerk in the Bank of England, was born in Camberwell, London. He was educated at a private school and at University College, London, and though he lived a great part of his life in Italy, and found there the themes for much of his poetry, he retained a warm affection for his native place. When full of years and fame, some one remarked to him, "There is no romance now except in Italy." "Well," answered the poet, "I should make an exception of Camberwell."

His first important work, *Paracelsus,* was published when the poet was only twenty-three, and *Asolando,* his last book, appeared only a few days before his death. Between these two he produced a vast amount of poetry. His dramas were not successful as acting plays. *The Ring and the Book* is the longest of his poems, and the best of his other long poems are *Pippa Passes, Men and Women,* and *Red Cotton Nightcap Country.* Better known, however, to the general reader are his series of *Dramatic Idylls,* and such short pieces as *The Pied Piper of Hamelin, Hervé Riel,* and *How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix.*

Browning's poetry has few of the elements that ensure popularity. It lacks melody and simplicity both in the language employed and in his treatment of his subjects. Browning died at Venice, and was buried in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, the choir singing his wife's poem, "He giveth his beloved sleep."

How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he:
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good Speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt Dirck groaned: and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-socket's rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or
good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from
Ghent.

The Patriot

An Old Story

It was roses, roses, all the way,
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad:
The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
A year ago on this very day!

The air broke into a mist with bells,
The old walls rocked with the crowds and cries.
Had I said, "Good folk, mere noise repels—
But give me your sun from yonder skies!"
They had answered, "And afterward, what else?"

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun,
To give it my loving friends to keep!
Naught man could do have I left undone,
And you see my harvest, what I reap
This very day, now a year is run.

There's nobody on the house-tops now—
Just a palsied few at the windows set—
For the best of the sight is, all allow,
At the Shambles' Gate—or, better yet,
By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
A rope cuts both my wrists behind;
And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
For they fling, whoever has a mind,
Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

Thus I entered and thus I go!
In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.
"Paid by the World—what dost thou owe
Me?" God might question: now instead
'Tis God shall repay: I am safer so.

Mrs Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806-1861), the foremost of English poetesses, was born in Coxhoe Hall, County of Durham. She received a liberal education, including, as it did, philosophy, Latin and Greek, and various sciences. In 1839, she was forced to seek renewal of health at Torquay. But the drowning of her favourite brother by the sinking of a boat in the bay, gave her system such a shock that she lived in complete retirement for some years. During these years she read "almost every book worth reading in almost every language."

In 1846, and while still an invalid, she married Robert Browning, with whom she spent an ideally happy life at Florence.

Mrs Browning's greatest poem, *Aurora Leigh*, is a versified novelette; and her best known short poem, *The Cry of the Children*, is a pathetic appeal on behalf of the young whose childhood was spent in dismal factories.

Rural Beauties of England

I learnt to love that England. Very oft,
Before the day was born, or otherwise
Through secret windings of the afternoons,
I threw my hunters off and plunged myself
Among the deep hills, as a hunted stag
Will take the waters, shivering with the fear
And passion of the course. And when, at last
Escaped,—so many a green slope built on slope
Betwixt me and the enemy's house behind,
I dared to rest, or wander,—like a rest
Made sweeter for the step upon the grass,—
And view the ground's most gentle dimplement,
(As if God's finger touched but did not press
In making England!) such an up and down
Of verdure,—nothing too much up or down,
A ripple of land; such little hills, the sky
Can stoop to tenderly and the wheatfields climb;
Such nooks of valleys, lined with orchises,
Fed full of noises by invisible streams:
And open pastures, where you scarcely tell
White daisies from white dew,—at intervals
The mythic oaks and elm-trees standing out
Self-poised upon their prodigy of shade,—
I thought my father's land was worthy too
Of being my Shakespeare's.
But then the thrushes sang,
And shook my pulses and the elm's new leaves,—
And then I turned, and held my finger up,
And bade him mark that, howsoe'er the world
Went ill, as he related, certainly
The thrushes still sang in it.—At which word
His brow would soften. And he bore with me
In melancholy patience, not unkind,
While, breaking into voluble ecstasy,
I flattered all the beauteous country round,
As poets use . . . the skies, the clouds, the fields,
The happy violets hiding from the roads

The primroses run down to, carrying gold,—
The tangled hedgerows, where the cows push out
Impatient horns and tolerant churning mouths
'Twixt dripping ash-boughs,—hedgerows all alive
With birds and gnats and large white butterflies
Which look as if the Mayflower had caught life
And palpitated forth upon the wind,—
Hills, vales, woods, netted in a silver mist,
Farms, granges, doubled up among the hills,
And cattle grazing in the watered vales,
And cottage-chimneys smoking from the woods,
And cottage-gardens smelling everywhere,
Confused with smell of orchards. "See," I said,
"And see! is God not with us on the earth?
And shall we put Him down by aught we do?
Who says there's nothing for the poor and vile
Save poverty and wickedness? behold!"
And ankle-deep in English grass I leaped,
And clapped my hands, and called all very fair.

From *Aurora Leigh.*

The Sleep

"He giveth His beloved sleep."—Ps. cxxvii. 2.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
"He giveth His belovëd—sleep"?

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows?—
"He giveth His belovëd—sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake!
"He giveth His belovëd—sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
Who have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep.
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
"He giveth His belovëd—sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvëd gold, the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all.
"And giveth His belovëd—sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill;
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap.
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth His belovëd—sleep."

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say, and through the word
I think their happy smile is *heard*—
"He giveth His belovëd—sleep."

John Ruskin (1819-1900), author, artist, and social reformer, was by descent "a Scot of the Scots." His grandfather was a wine merchant in Edinburgh, and his father, John James Ruskin, was partner in a wine-importing firm in London. From his father he inherited a large fortune,

which was dispersed, chiefly in charitable and philanthropic objects, before his death.

In early youth, he was educated almost entirely under home influence: he was "absolutely home-bred, home-reared." From infancy to manhood he was forced to read two or three chapters of the Bible aloud day by day to his mother. He thus acquired, he tells us, the power of taking pains, and "the best part of my taste for literature." He further studied at King's College, London, and at Oxford.

Ruskin enjoyed the privilege of varied travel in youth. Every year his parents and he took long drives to the English Lakes and to Scotland, and they paid frequent visits to the Continent. After a few years of married life, he returned to Herne Hill, Kent, where he resided with his father and mother till their death. In 1871, he took up his residence at Brantwood, on Coniston Lake, and lived there for the rest of his life.

John Ruskin was the writer of the Victorian era, who produced the greatest amount of literature upon the greatest variety of subjects. He was, besides, the author about whom and his works most was written in his own lifetime. For fifty years he wrote, lectured, and talked upon themes as widely apart as mountains, cathedrals, geology, painting, political economy, poetry, theology. Altogether, he wrote about eighty distinct works, and in all he showed himself "one of the greatest masters of prose in English literature." His three greatest books are, perhaps, *Modern Painters, The Seven Lamps of Architecture,* and *The Stones of Venice.*

A Book

A book is, essentially, not a talked thing, but a written thing; and written, not with the view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would; the volume is mere multiplication of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would; you write instead: that is mere conveyance of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to preserve it.

The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it clearly, and melodiously, if he can; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life, he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him; this the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize.

He would fain set it down forever, engrave it on rock, if he could, saying, "This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved, and hated, like another; my life was as the vapour, and is not; but this I saw and knew; this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory." That is his "writing"; it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a "Book."

Now books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men; by great leaders, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and life is short. You have heard as much before; yet, have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that; what you lose to-day, you cannot gain to-morrow?

Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with kings and queens; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect, that you jostle with the common crowd for *entrée* here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen and the mighty of every place and time?

Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault. By your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take

a high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the Dead.

From *Sesame and Lilies.*

Mountain Mists

Stand upon the peak of some isolated mountain at daybreak, when the night mists first rise from off the plains, and watch their white and lake-like fields, as they float in level bays and winding gulfs about the summits of the lower hills, untouched yet by more than dawn, colder and more quiet than a windless sea under the moon of midnight; watch when the first sunbeam is sent upon the silver channels, how the foam parts and passes away, and down under their depths the glittering city and green pasture lie between the white paths of winding rivers; the flakes of light falling every moment faster and broader among the starry spires, as the wreathed surges break and vanish above them, and the confused crests and ridges of the dark hills shorten their gray shadows upon the plain.

Wait a little longer, and you shall see those scattered mists floating up towards you, along the winding valleys, till they couch in quiet masses, upon the broad breasts of the higher hills, whose leagues of massy undulation will melt back and back into that robe of material light, until they fade away, lost in its lustre, to appear again above, in the serene heaven, like a wild, bright, impossible dream.

Wait yet a little longer, and you shall see those mists gather themselves into white towers, and stand like fortresses along the promontories, massy and motionless only piled with every instant higher and higher into the sky, and casting longer shadows athwart the rocks; and out of the pale blue of the horizon you will see forming and advancing a troop of narrow, dark, pointed vapours, which will cover the sky, inch by inch, with their gray network, and take the light off the landscape with an

eclipse which will stop the singing of the birds and the motion of the leaves, together.

And then you will hear the sudden rush of the awakened wind, and you will see those watch-towers of vapour swept away from their foundations, and waving curtains of opaque rain let down to the valleys. And then, as the sun sinks, you shall see the storm drift for an instant from off the hills, leaving their broad sides smoking, and loaded yet with snow-white, torn, steamlike rags of vapour, now gone, now gathered again; while the smouldering sun, seeming not far away, but burning like a red-hot ball beside you, and as if you could reach it, plunges through the rushing wind and rolling cloud with headlong fall, as if it meant to rise no more, dyeing all the air about it with blood.

And then you shall hear the fainting tempest die in the hollow of the night, and you shall see a green halo kindling on the summit of the eastern hills, brighter—brighter yet, till the large, white circle of the slow moon is lifted up among the clouds, step by step, line by line; star after star she quenches with her kindling light, setting in their stead an army of pale, fleecy wreaths in the heaven, to give light upon the earth, which move together, hand in hand, so measured in their unity of motion, that the whole heaven seems to roll with them, and the earth to reel under them.

And then wait yet for one hour, until the east again becomes purple, and the heaving mountains, rolling against it in darkness, like waves of a wild sea, are drowned one by one in the glory of its burning: watch the white glaciers blaze in their winding paths about the mountains, like mighty serpents with scales of fire: watch the peaks of solitary snow, kindling downwards, chasm by chasm, each in itself a new morning; and then, when you look no more for gladness, and when you are bowed down with fear and love of the Maker and Doer of this, tell me who has best delivered this His message unto men!

From *Modern Painters.*

Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892) was the son of the Rector of Somersby, near Horncastle, in Lincolnshire. For two years he was at school in the neighbouring town of Louth, and for the next ten years he was educated at home by his father. When he was seventeen, his brothers and he published a small book of verse, entitled *Poems by Two* (really *three*) *Brothers*. At Cambridge he won a prize for a poem in blank verse on *Timbuctoo*, and Arthur Hallam, who was second in the competition, wrote of him as "promising fair to become the greatest poet of our generation." In 1830, while still at College, he published *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*.

On the death of his father in the following year, he left Cambridge, and made a brief visit to the south of France. Returning to Somersby, he issued another volume in which appeared *The May Queen* and *The Lady of Shalott*.

In 1842, after a silence of nine years, two volumes from his pen were published, and his fame as a poet was established. Wordsworth hailed him as "decidedly the first of our living poets." These volumes comtained *Morte d'Arthur, The Gardener's Daughter, Dora,* and *Locksley Hall*. His next work was *The Princess,* a romantic tale with the ideal of a University for women as its theme and plot.

In Memoriam, a poem, or rather a series of elegies, on the early death at Vienna of the poet's fellow-student, Arthur Henry Hallam, was the outcome of seventeen years' meditation. It was published in 1850, and in the same year he was married, and accepted the Poet-Laureateship.

The war in the Crimea first stirred Tennyson to patriotic battle-song, which he returned to again in his old age, his best pieces of this kind being *The Charge of the Light Brigade, The Defence of Lucknow,* and *The Revenge: a Ballad of the Fleet.*

In 1853, he went to live at Farringford in the Isle of Wight. It was his favourite home ever afterwards—close to the edge of breezy downs, within sight of the sea, and within sound of its waves in a storm. Some years later, he built for himself a second home at Aldworth, near Haslemere, in Surrey, with wide views over the Weald of Sussex to the South Downs and the sea. He lived alternately at Farringford and Aldworth, varying his life by many visits to different parts of the country and the Continent, and by cruises in the yachts of his friends. During these years he

[*Photo by Elliot & Fry.*

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

was seriously occupied with his work on the Arthurian legends, which had been fixed in an English form when Caxton printed the collection of Sir Thomas Malory. The result was *The Idylls of the King;* and to the same period belong *Maud* and *Enoch Arden.*

He was raised to the Peerage in 1883 as Baron Tennyson, and in his later years he wrote dramas—*Queen Mary, Harold, The Falcon, The Cup,* and *Becket.* But these are dramas rather for the careful reader than for the general audience. His last poem was a short but beautiful piece entitled *Crossing the Bar.*

It begins thus :—

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me !
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home."

He died in his Surrey home, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The Poet's Song

The rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
He pass'd by the town and out of the street,
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
And waves of shadow went over the wheat;
And he sat him down in a lonely place,
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild swan pause in her cloud,
And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee,
The snake slipt under a spray,
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
And stared with his foot on the prey,
And the nightingale thought, "I have sung many songs,
But ne'er a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away."

Blow, Bugle, Blow

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

Ode on the Death of Wellington

Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?
Mighty Seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since our world began.
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes;
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea;
His foes were thine; he kept us free;

O give him welcome, this is he
Worthy of our gorgeous rites
And worthy to be laid by thee;
For this is England's greatest son,
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun.
This is he that far away
Against the myriads of Assaye
Clash'd with his fiery few and won;
And underneath another sun,
Warring on a later day,
Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble works, the vast designs
Of his labour'd rampart lines,
Where he greatly stood at bay,
Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Past the Pyrenean pines,
Follow'd up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes.
Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,
And barking for the thrones of kings;
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down;
A day of onsets of despair!
Dash'd on every rocky square
Their surging charges foam'd themselves away;
Last the Prussian trumpet blew;
Thro' the long-tormented air
Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
And down we swept and charged and overthrew.

So great a soldier taught us there,
What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world's earthquake, Waterloo!
Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all,
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine!
And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

The Lotos-eaters

"Courage!" he said, and pointed toward the land,
"This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon."
In the afternoon they came unto a land,
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.

They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land: far off, three mountain-tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flushed: and, dew'd with showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmed sunset lingered low adown
In the red West: thro' mountain clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Bordered with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale;
A land where all things always seemed the same!
And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each, but whoso did receive of them,
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far, far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;
And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
And sweet it was to dream of Father-land,
Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore
Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, "We will return no more";
And all at once they sang, "Our island home
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam."

An Appreciation.—Professor Saintsbury thus estimates the literary performance of the past century: "The nineteenth century in England and English . . . has taken its

place finally and certainly, with a right never likely to be seriously challenged, and in a rank never likely to be much surpassed.

"The period which lisped in numbers in Burns, and Blake, and Cowper, which broke out into full song with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Shelley, and Keats, which, not to mention scores of minor singers, took up the tale with Tennyson and Browning and passed it on to Arnold, Rossetti, Mr Morris, and Mr Swinburne, need fear no comparisons in the matter of poetry. In prose fiction, as we have seen, it stands alone. It is almost a century of origins as regards the most important kinds; it is quite a century of capital and classical performance in them. In 'making'—prose or verse—no time leaves a record of performance more distinguished or more various."

LITERARY TERMS

I. LITERATURE

Literature (Lat. *litera*, a letter) "is the artistic expression in words of what is thought, felt, and remembered, or imagined." —ARNOLD.

Literature exists in the form either of prose or of verse.

1. **Prose** (Lat. *prosa* or *prorsa*, straightforward, from *pro*, forward; *vertĕre*, *versum*, to turn; *prorsa oratio*, straight-on speech, is the direct straightforward arrangement of words. It is ordinary spoken and written language.

2. **Verse** (Lat. *versa*, a line, a turning, from *vertĕre*, to turn; *oratio versa*, turned speech) is the arrangement of words in lines of a definite length which can be measured according to some fixed system. A *verse* is properly a *line*, though the term is often used to designate a *stanza*. At the end of each verse the composition *turns*, and a new verse begins.

Prose and verse refer only to the *form* of literature. There may be poetry in neither, or in both.

3. **Poetry** (Gr. *poiein*, to make) is the expression in vivid language of thoughts that are the creation of feeling and imagination. Passages of poetry are to be met with in many books of prose, and a great deal of what has been written as verse is very far from being poetry. The *Book of Job* is poetry in the form of prose. The *Song of Solomon* also is a prose-poem.

II. PROSE LITERATURE

1. A work of **Fiction** (Lat. *fictiōn-em*, from *fictus*, the part. of *fingĕre*, to feign) is a composition—usually in narrative form—which is not actual fact. It is a feigned story.

A **Romance** is a fictitious story in prose or verse that passes beyond the limits of real life, or probability. Such narratives were first told in the Romance languages—French, Spanish, Italian.

A **Novel** (Lat. *novellus*, from *novus*, new) is a fictitious prose narrative presenting a picture of real life.

An **Allegory** (Gr. *allos*, other: *agoreuein*, to speak) is a description of one thing under the image of another. It has a meaning underlying the literal meaning.

A **Fable** (Lat. *fabula*, from *fāri*, to speak) is a short narrative in which inanimate things or irrational animals are made to speak and act as if they had human passions and interests. Fables are designed to instruct or amuse.

2. **History** (Gr. *historia*, from *histor*, knowing) is a systematic account of the facts and events relating to the origin and progress of a nation.

The history of the world falls into three periods :—

i. **Ancient History**, from the beginning down to the Fall of Rome, A.D. 476.
ii. **Mediæval History**, from the Fall of Rome to the Renaissance in the beginning of the sixteenth century.
iii. **Modern History**, from the Renaissance onwards.

A **Chronicle** (Gr. *chronika*, from *chronos*, time) is a bare record of events arranged in order of time.

A **Biography** (Gr. *bios*, life; *graphein*, to write) is a history of the life of an individual.

An **Autobiography** (Gr. *autos*, one's-self) is a history of a person written by himself.

A **Diary** (Lat. *diārium*, from *diēs*, a day) is a daily record of events.

Diaries, Letters, and accounts of **Travels** and **Voyages** are valuable as furnishing material for the writing of History and Biography.

3. **Philosophy** (Gr. *philos*, a lover; *sophos*, wise) is the knowledge of the causes and the laws of all phenomena. It includes all "works of thought and theory."

Political Science (Gr. *politikos*, from *polites*, a citizen) is the study of government—its principles, methods, aims, etc.

An **Essay** (O. Fr. *essai*, from Lat. *exagĕre*, to try, to examine) is a written composition less comprehensive or full than a treatise, which is a formal and more elaborate essay. An essay is, literally, a trial or an endeavour.

Criticism (Gr. *kritikos*, from *krinein*, to judge) is the art of judging (not necessarily *fault-finding*), especially as applied to literature or the fine arts.

4. **Theology** (Gr. *theos*, God; *logos*, a treatise) is the science which treats of God, and of man's relation to Him. In

literature, it takes the form of *books*, *sermons*, *lectures*, *homilies*, *essays*, *tracts*, etc.

A **Homily** (Gr. *homos*, the same, like ; *ilē*, a crowd) is a simple practical sermon, expounding a passage of Scripture.

5. **Satire** (Lat. *satira*, *satura* (*lanx*), a full dish, a medley) is a criticism of man and his works whom it holds up to scorn or ridicule.

III. VERSE LITERATURE

"The oldest literature in all languages is verse ; and the oldest fragments in existence are in measured language." In Old English the composer of verse was a Maker, which has the same meaning as Poet, from the Greek word *Poiētes*, a Maker. Among the Norse he was a Scald, which meant Loud-Talker, and is cognate with the word *scold*. The French of the Middle Ages called the Poet a Trouvère, or Finder, in the North, and a Troubadour in the South.

1. **Epic Poetry** (Gr. *epikos*, from *epos*, a word, or narrative) presents a great event in an elevated style.

The great epic poems are :—

GREEK—The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, by Homer.
LATIN—The *Æneid*, by Virgil.
ITALIAN—The *Divina Commedia*, by Dante.
ENGLISH—*Paradise Lost*, by Milton.

2. **Dramatic Poetry** (Gr. *drama*, *dramat-os*, from *draein*, to do) is a poetic story of human life and action told with vivid force. When presented on the stage, the actors imitate the language, dress, manners, etc., of the characters.

A **Drama**, which may be either in verse or in prose, is a play written to be acted on the stage.

A **Tragedy** (Gr. *tragos*, a he-goat ; *ode*, a song) is a drama in which the language and the action are elevated, and the end usually sad. A tragedy is literally a *goat-song*, probably so called because actors in this form of drama wore goat-skins, or because a goat was sacrificed on the occasion.

A **Comedy** (Gr. *komos*, a revel, a festal procession) is a play of a pleasant or humorous character, originally accompanied with music and dancing.

A **Historical Play** is a play founded on the actual events of history.

A **Masque** or **Mask** (Fr. *masque*, a mask, or visor, Sp. *mascara*, from an Arabic word meaning a jester, a man disguised, a pleasantry) is an old form of the drama in which the actors represented heathen deities, Christian ideas, and real persons.

An **Opera** (Lat. *opera*, work) is a musical drama.

A **Burlesque** (It. *burla*, a trick, probably from Low Lat. *burra*, a flock of wool, a trifle) is a play which presents a subject with mock gravity, in order to excite laughter.

A Greek play adhered to certain fixed rules of construction called the **Unities**:—

i. **The Unity of Time**: the incidents represented must have happened within the space of one day.

ii. **The Unity of Place**: the distances between the places represented in the scenes were such as could be covered within the time.

iii. **The Unity of Action**: one leading event or action should run throughout the play.

3. **Narrative Poetry** includes all poems that tell a story—*Romances*, *Romantic Poems*—tales told in the manner of the old romances—*Historical Poems*, *Allegories*, etc.

4. **Lyrical Poetry** (Gr. *lyra*, a lyre or harp) is poetry which expresses the personal emotions of the poet. It was originally sung to the accompaniment of a lyre.
Lyrical poetry includes *Songs*, *Odes*, and *Hymns*.

5. **Pastoral Poetry** (Lat. *pastor*, a shepherd) describes the scenery and life of the country.
An *Idyll* (Gr. *idyllion*, from *eidos*, an image) is a short pictorial poem, either pastoral or narrative.

6. **Elegiac Poetry** (Gr. *elegos*, a lament) expresses regret for the dead. An elegiac poem may be called an *Elegy*, *a Dirge*, *a Monody*, *a Threnody*, or *a Lament*.

IV. METRICAL FORMS

Rhythm (Gr. *rhythmos*, measured motion, from *rhein*, to flow) is the agreement of measure and time in language. The rhythm of verse must be regular.

Alliteration (Lat. *ad*, to; *litera*, a letter) is the recurrence of the same initial letter at the beginning of two or more words; as—

And *f*ills with *f*lowers *f*air *F*lora's painted lap.

Alliteration was the principle of Old English verse, which was written thus—

The *K*ing and his *k*nightes
To the *k*irk wente,

or thus—

***P*ilgrymes and *p*almeres · *p*lighten hem togidere.**

In modern English verse, **Metre** (Gr. *metron*, measure) is the regular succession of groups of accented and unaccented syllables. Each group is a **foot** and must contain one—and only one—accented syllable, and not more than two unaccented syllables.

Accent (Lat. *ad*, to; *canĕre*, to sing) is stress of voice on a syllable of a word, or on a word of one syllable.

Rhyme, or more correctly **Rime** (A.S. *rim*, number) is the recurrence of similar sounds at certain intervals. The *hy* is due to the influence of the word *rhythm*, and the form *rhyme* is not found earlier than 1550. Alliteration is *Head-rime*.

Verse without rime is called **Blank Verse**.

A Stanza (It. *stanza*, a stop, from Lat. *stāre*, to stand) is a division of a poem containing a complete system of metre or of rime. It is so called from the stop or pause made at the end of it. The most common stanzas are—

The **Sonnet** or **Italian Stanza** (It. *sonetto*, from Lat. *sonus*, a sound) is a poem in one stanza of fourteen lines, originally made up of an octave (eight lines), and a sestet (six lines) which express two successive phases of one thought. The rimes in the octave are invariably *a b b a a b b a*, but greater freedom is allowed in arranging those of the sestet *c d e c d e*, *c d c d c d*, or *c d c d e e*.

NIGHT AND DEATH

This sonnet has been called by Coleridge "the finest in our language."

Octave.

Mysterious night! when our first parent knew — *a*
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name, — *b*
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame, — *b*
This glorious canopy of light and blue? — *a*
Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew, — *a*
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame, — *b*
Hesperus with the host of heaven came, — *b*
And lo! creation widened in man's view. — *a*

Sestet.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed — *c*
Within thy beams, O sun! or who could find — *d*
Whilst flower and leaf and insect stood revealed, — *c*
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind! — *d*
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife? — *e*
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life? — *e*

—Blanco White.

The **Spenserian stanza** consists of nine lines, of which the first eight are pentameters (5 xa, or ten syllables), while the ninth

is a hexameter (6 xa, or twelve syllables). A chief peculiarity of the stanza consists in the arrangement of the rimes. There are only three rimes in each stanza, thus distributed—namely, lines 1 and 3; lines 2, 4, 5, and 7; lines 6, 8, and 9.

Stanza:—

A lovely lady rode him fair beside, *a*
Upon a lowly ass more white than snow; *b*
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide *a*
Under a veil, that wimpled was full low; *b*
And over all a black stole she did throw; *b*
As one that inly mourned, so was she sad, *c*
And heavy sate upon her palfrey slow; *b*
Seemëd in her heart some hidden care she had; *c*
And by her, in a line, a milk-white lamb she lad. *c*

—SPENSER.

This stanza, which was invented by Spenser and is called the Spenserian, has been used by later poets—by Thomson in *The Castle of Indolence*, by Burns in *The Cotter's Saturday Night* and by Byron in *Childe Harold.* Pope has cast ridicule on the use of the Alexandrine — the line of six feet or twelve syllables—in the couplet—

"A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along."

The Elegiac Stanza:—

"Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

—GRAY.

Gay's Stanza:—

"'Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclined."

—GAY.

Ballad Stanza:—

O first he sang a merry song,
And then he sang a grave;
And then he pecked his feathers gray,
To her the letter gave.

—*The Gay Goshawk.*

Tennysonian Stanza :—

There twice a day the Severn fills ;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

—*In Memoriam.*

The Scottish Stanza :

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour ;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem ;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.

—Burns.

SYNOPSIS OF LITERATURE

Old English Period (449-1066)

1. Northumbrian English.

Authors.		Chief Works.
Cædmon	.....	*Metrical Paraphrase of the Scriptures*
Bede	.....	*Gospel according to St John* (lost); *Ecclesiastical History* (Latin)

2. Wessex English.

King Alfred . . .	.....	Translations — Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*; Orosius's *History*; Boethius's *Consolation of Philosophy*
Ælfric	.....	*Homilies*; *Old Testament* (part)
....	.....	*The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*

Middle English Period (1066-1485)

Layamon	.....	*The Brut*
Orm or Ormin . . .	.....	*The Ormulum*
....	.....	*The Ancren Riwle*
....	.....	*The Travels of Sir John Mandeville*
John Wycliffe . . .	1324-1384	*The Gospels in Wyclife's Bible*
John Gower . . .	1330?-1408	*Confessio Amantis*
John Barbour . . .	1316-1395	*The Brus*
William Langland . .	1332-1400	*Piers Plowman*
GEOFFREY CHAUCER	1340-1400	*The Canterbury Tales*
William Caxton . .	1421?-1492	First English Printer
James I. of Scotland .	1394-1437	*The King's Quair*
Sir Thomas Malory .	1430-1480	*Morte d'Arthur*
Henry the Minstrel .	1450?-1492	*William Wallace*
William Dunbar . .	465?-1513	*The Thistle and the Rose*
....	.....	*Ballads*

Sixteenth Century, 1485-1603

Authors.		Chief Works.
Gavin Douglas	1474?-1522	Virgil's *Æneid* (Translation)
Sir Thomas More	1478-1535	*Utopia* (Latin)
William Tyndale	1484?-1536	*New Testament* (Translation)
Miles Coverdale	1485-1565	*The Bible* (Translation)
Sir David Lyndsay	1490-1555	*Satire of the Three Estates*
Sir Thomas Wyatt	1503-1542	Sonnets
Nicholas Udall	1505-1556	*Ralph Roister Doister*
Roger Ascham	1515-1568	*The Scholemaster; Toxophilus*
Earl of Surrey	1516-1547	Sonnets; Blank Verse
Sir Philip Sidney	1554-1586	*A Defence of Poesy; Arcadia*
John Foxe	1516-1587	*Book of Martyrs*
EDMUND SPENSER	1552-1599	*The Faerie Queene*
Richard Hooker	1553-1600	*Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*
Sir Thomas Sackville	1536-1608	*The Tragedy of Gorboduc*
Sir Walter Raleigh	1552-1618	*History of the World; Fight of the Revenge*
Christopher Marlowe	1564-1593	*Dr Faustus; Tamburlaine; Edward II.*

Seventeenth Century

Authors.		Chief Works.
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE	1564-1616	Plays; Sonnets
Francis, Lord Bacon	1561-1626	*Essays; Novum Organum* (Latin)
John Donne	1573-1631	Poems
Ben Jonson	1573?-1637	*Every Man in his Humour; Silent Woman; Alchemist*
William Drummond	1585-1649	Poems
Thomas Carew	1598?-1639	Poems
Robert Herrick	1591-1674	*The Hesperides*
George Herbert	1593-1633	*The Temple*
Isaak Walton	1593-1683	*The Compleat Angler*
Sir John Suckling	1608-1642	Poems

Seventeenth Century—*continued*

Authors.		Chief Works.
Sir Thomas Browne	1605-1682	*Religio Medici*
Thomas Fuller	1608-1661	*The Worthies of England and Wales*
Sir John Denham	1615-1669	*Cooper's Hill*
Abraham Cowley	1618-1667	Poems: *The Davideis*
Edmund Waller	1606-1687	Poems
JOHN MILTON	1608-1674	*Paradise Lost; Comus*
Samuel Butler	1612-1680	*Hudibras*
John Dryden	1631-1700	*Absalom and Achitophel; The Hind and the Panther*
Jeremy Taylor	1613-1667	*Holy Living; Holy Dying*
John Bunyan	1628-1688	*The Pilgrim's Progress*
Samuel Pepys	1633-1703	*Diary*
John Locke	1632-1704	*Essay Concerning the Human Understanding*

Eighteenth Century

Authors.		Chief Works
Sir Isaac Newton	1642-1727	*Principia Mathematica*
Joseph Addison	1672-1719	*The Tatler; The Spectator*
Sir Richard Steele	1672-1729	*The Tatler; The Spectator*
Daniel Defoe	1661-1731	*Robinson Crusoe; Journal of the Plague Year*
Alexander Pope	1688-1744	*The Rape of the Lock; Essay on Man; The Dunciad*
Jonathan Swift	1667-1745	*Gulliver's Travels; The Tale of a Tub*
Allan Ramsay	1686-1758	*The Gentle Shepherd*
John Gay	1688-1732	*The Beggar's Opera; Fables*
Isaac Watts	1674-1748	Hymns; *Horæ Lyricæ*
James Thomson	1700-1748	*The Seasons; Castle of Indolence*
Samuel Richardson	1689-1761	*Clarissa Harlowe; Pamela; Sir Charles Grandison*
Henry Fielding	1707-1754	*Joseph Andrews; Tom Jones; Amelia*
Laurence Sterne	1713-1768	*Tristram Shandy; A Sentimental Journey*

Eighteenth Century—*continued*

Authors.		Chief Works.
Tobias George Smollett	1721-1771	*Roderick Random; Peregrine Pickle; Humphrey Clinker*
Samuel Johnson . .	1709-1784	*An English Dictionary; Rasselas; Lives of the Poets*
Thomas Gray . . .	1716-1771	Poems; *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard*
Oliver Goldsmith . .	1728-1774	*The Deserted Village; The Traveller; The Vicar of Wakefield*
David Hume . . .	1711-1776	*History of England*
William Robertson .	1721-1793	*History of America; History of Charles V.*
Adam Smith . . .	1723-1790	*Wealth of Nations*
Edward Gibbon . .	1737-1794	*The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*
Thomas Chatterton .	1752-1770	Poems
James Macpherson .	1736-1796	*Ossian's Poems*
Robert Burns . . .	1759-1796	Poems and Songs
William Cowper . .	1731-1800	*The Task; Olney Hymns; John Gilpin; Letters*
James Boswell . .	1740-1795	*Life of Dr Johnson*
Sir Philip Francis (?) .	1740-1818	*The Junius Letters*

Nineteenth Century.

Authors.		Chief Works.
Richard Brinsley Sheridan	1751-1816	*The Rivals; School for Scandal*
Jane Austen . . .	1775-1817	*Emma; Pride and Prejudice*
George Crabbe . .	1754-1832	*The Village; Tales of the Hall*
Percy Bysshe Shelley .	1792-1821	*Queen Mab; Prometheus Unbound; Adonais*
John Keats . . .	1795-1821	*Endymion; The Eve of St Agnes; Lamia*

Nineteenth Century—*continued*

Authors.		Chief Works.
George Gordon, Lord Byron	1788-1824	*Childe Harold; The Prisoner of Chillon*
Sir Walter Scott	1771-1832	*The Lady of the Lake; Marmion; The Waverley Novels*
Samuel Taylor Coleridge	1772-1834	*The Ancient Mariner; Christabel; Kubla Khan*
James Hogg	1770-1835	*The Queen's Wake*
Charles Lamb	1775-1834	*Essays of Elia; Tales from Shakespeare* (Mary and Charles Lamb)
Robert Southey	1774-1843	*Thalaba; The Curse of Kehama; Life of Nelson*
Thomas Campbell	1777-1844	*The Pleasures of Hope; Gertrude of Wyoming*
Thomas Hood	1799-1845	Poems
William Wordsworth	1770-1850	*The Excursion; The White Doe of Rylstone; Lyrical Ballads*
Thomas Moore	1779-1852	*Irish Melodies; Lalla Rookh*
Henry Hallam	1777-1859	*Constitutional History of England*
Thomas de Quincey	1785-1859	*Confessions of an Opium-Eater*
Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay	1800-1859	*A History of England; Lays of Ancient Rome; Essays*
Sir William Napier	1789-1860	*History of the Peninsular War*
Hugh Miller	1802-1856	*Old Red Sandstone*
Charlotte Brontë	1816-1855	*Jane Eyre*
Lord Lytton	1803-1873	*Harold; Rienzi; Last Days of Pompeii; Lady of Lyons*
John Stuart Mill	1806-1873	*System of Logic*
Thomas Carlyle	1795-1881	*The French Revolution; Sartor Resartus; Cromwell; Frederick the Great*
Henry Thomas Buckle	1822-1862	*History of Civilisation*
William Makepeace Thackeray	1811-1863	*Esmond; Vanity Fair*
Charles Dickens	1812-1870	*David Copperfield; Oliver Twist; Christmas Carol*

Nineteenth Century—*continued*

Authors		Chief Works.
Charles Kingsley . .	1819-1875	*Westward Ho! Water Babies*
Marian Evans, "George Eliot"	1819-1880	*Adam Bede; The Mill on the Floss; Romola*
Robert Browning . .	1812-1889	*The Ring and the Book; Pippa Passes; Dramatic Idylls*
Mrs Elizabeth Barrett Browning . . .	1806-1861	Poems; *Aurora Leigh*
Charles Darwin . .	1809-1882	*Origin of Species; Descent of Man*
Matthew Arnold . .	1822-1888	*Essays in Criticism; Literature and Dogma*
Alfred, Lord Tennyson .	1809-1892	*Idylls of the King; In Memoriam; The Princess; Maud; Enoch Arden; Queen Mary*
Edward A. Freeman .	1823-1892	*History of the Norman Conquest*
John Richard Green .	1837-1883	*Short History of the English People*
James Anthony Froude .	1818-1894	*History of England*
Robert Louis Stevenson	1850-1894	*Treasure Island; Kidnapped*
Thomas Huxley . .	1825-1895	Biologist: *Lay Sermons*
John Ruskin . . .	1819-1900	*Modern Painters; The Stones of Venice; The Seven Lamps of Architecture*
Alexander Bain . .	1818-1903	Philosopher: *The Senses*
Herbert Spencer . .	1820-1904	Philosopher: *Principles of Sociology*
S. R. Gardiner . .	1829-1902	Historian: *History of England*
Sir Edwin Arnold . .	1832-1904	Poet: *The Light of Asia*
Sir Leslie Stephen . .	1832-1904	*Dictionary of National Biography*
W. E. H. Lecky . .	1838-1903	Historian

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